



THE ADVENTURES OF BLAKE & MORTIMER

Based on the characters of EDGAR P. JACOBS

YVES SENTÉ • ANDRÉ JUILLARD

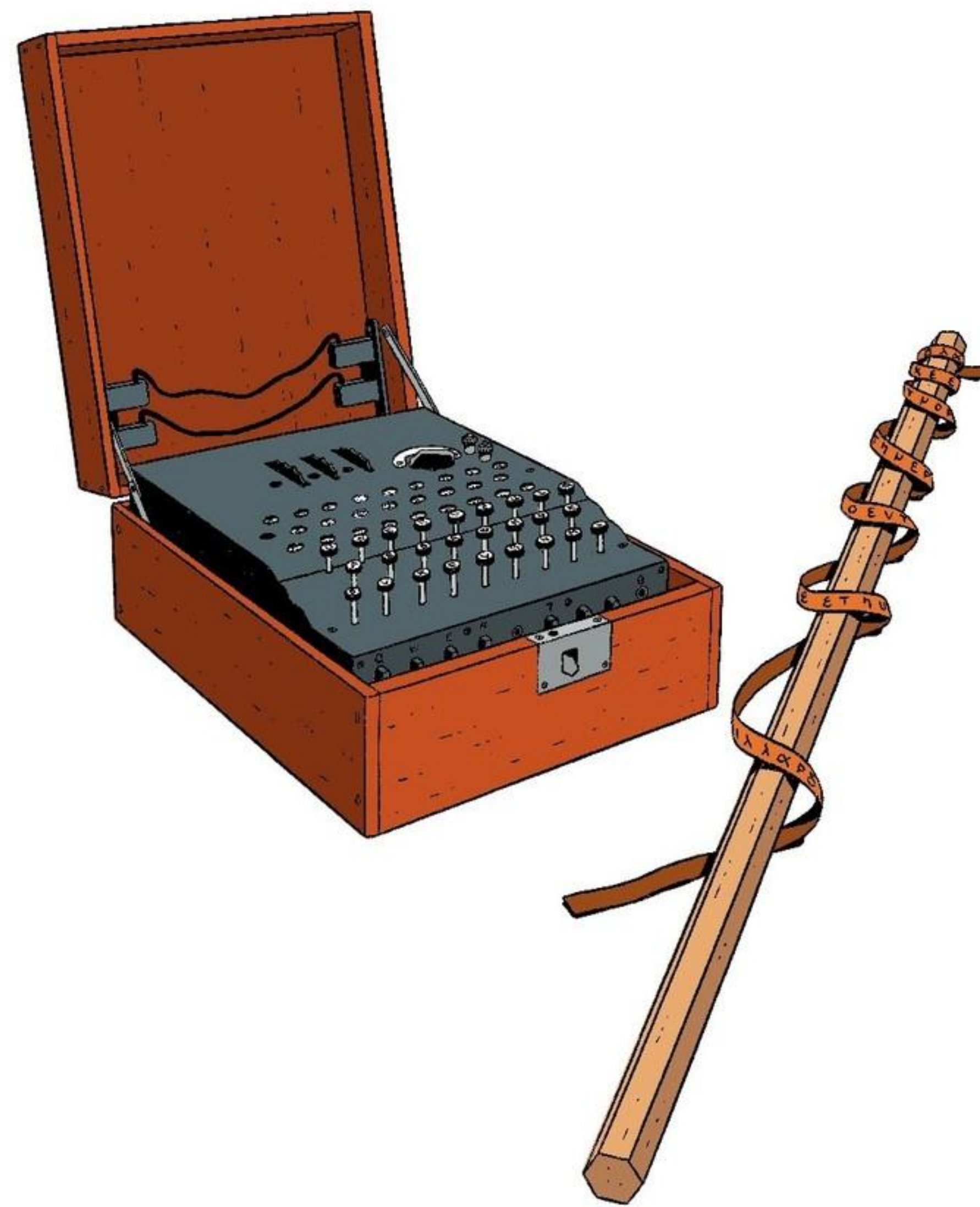
PLUTARCH'S STAFF



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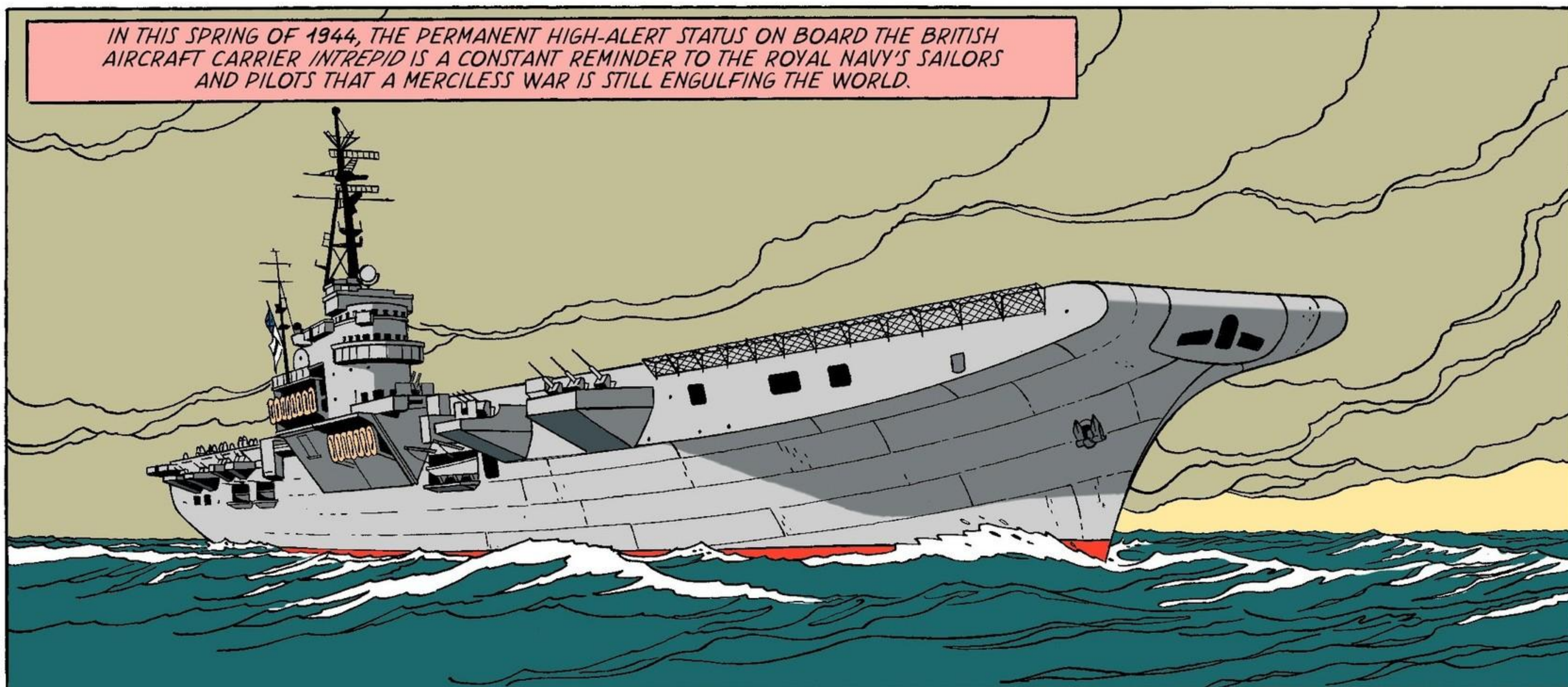
PLUTARCH'S STAFF

Script: Yves Sente • Artwork: André Juillard



Background inking: Étienne Schréder
Colours: Madeleine DeMille

IN THIS SPRING OF 1944, THE PERMANENT HIGH-ALERT STATUS ON BOARD THE BRITISH AIRCRAFT CARRIER INTREPID IS A CONSTANT REMINDER TO THE ROYAL NAVY'S SAILORS AND PILOTS THAT A MERCILESS WAR IS STILL ENGULFING THE WORLD.



ON THE BRIDGE, CAPTAIN HAMILTON IS RECEIVING THE LATEST MISSION REPORT FROM SQUADRON LEADER FRANCIS BLAKE, RAF.

Three submarines sunk! You and your fellows have done great work, Blake!



The men are particularly earnest, Captain. The imminent prospect of an Allied landing in France has seen to that!

Unfortunately, the Germans are expecting it too. The alarming concentration of U-boats off our coasts confirms it.

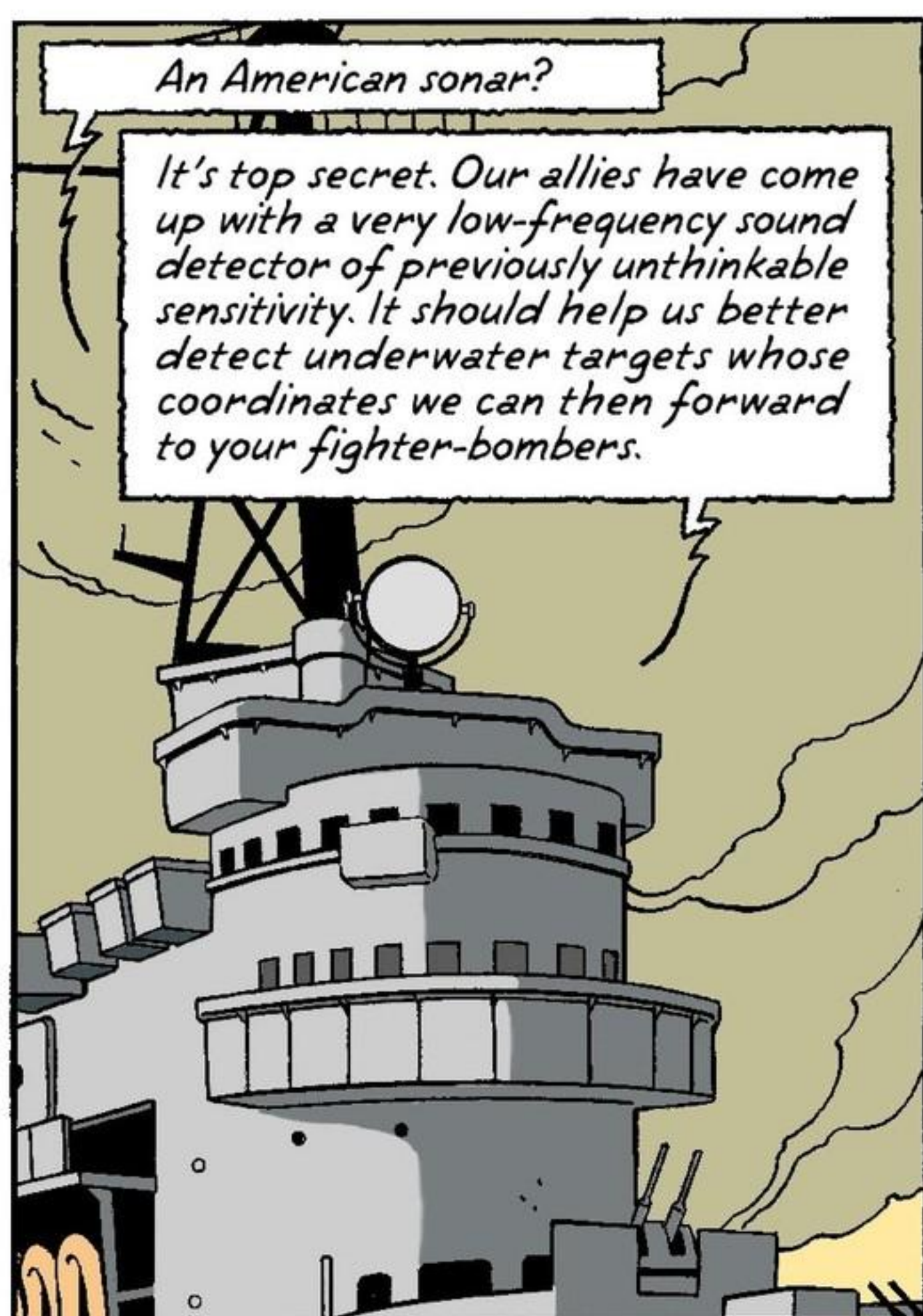


It is imperative that we destroy those killers if we want our troop carriers to have a chance of reaching the continent. And to do that, that new American towed sonar will come in very handy...

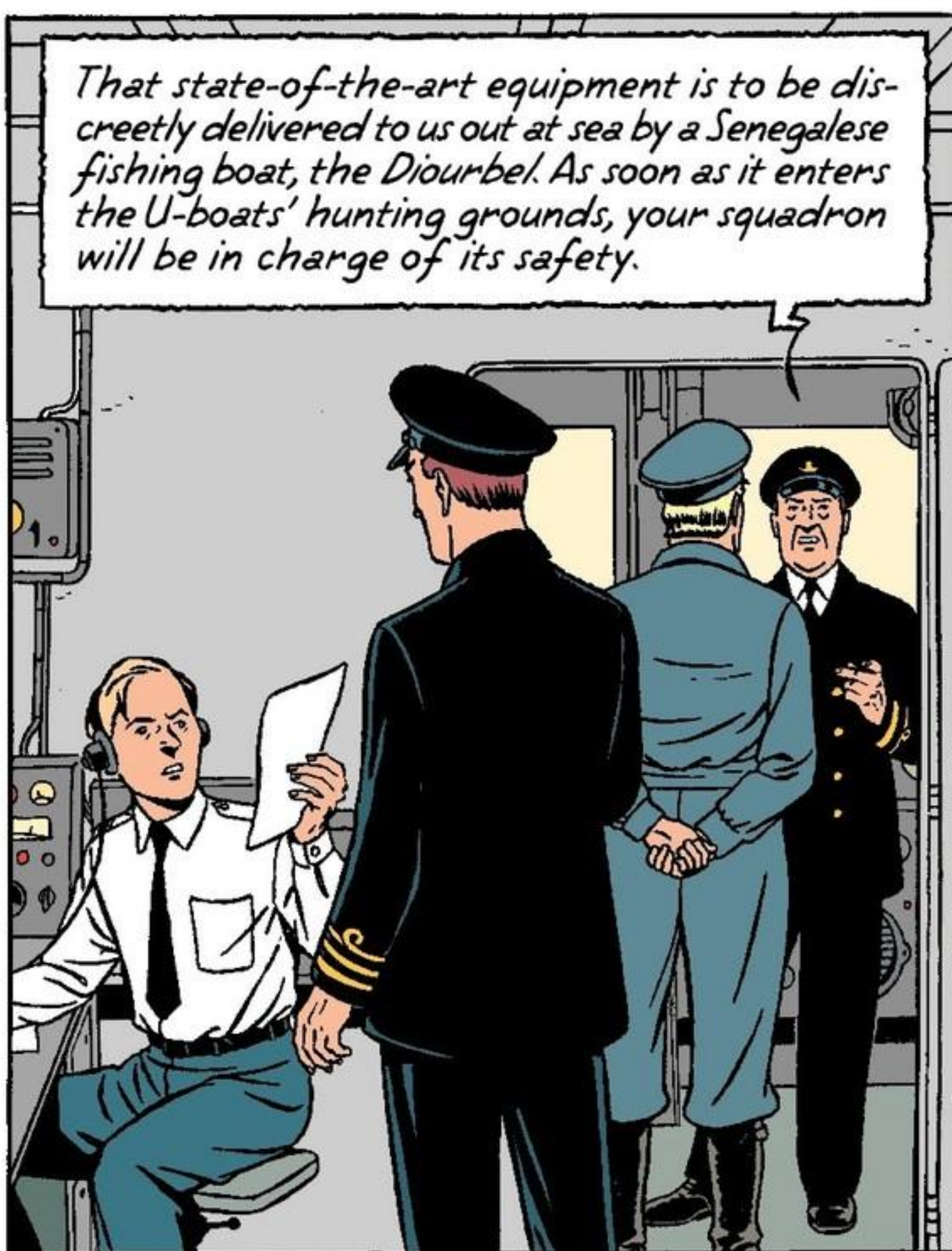


An American sonar?

It's top secret. Our allies have come up with a very low-frequency sound detector of previously unthinkable sensitivity. It should help us better detect underwater targets whose coordinates we can then forward to your fighter-bombers.

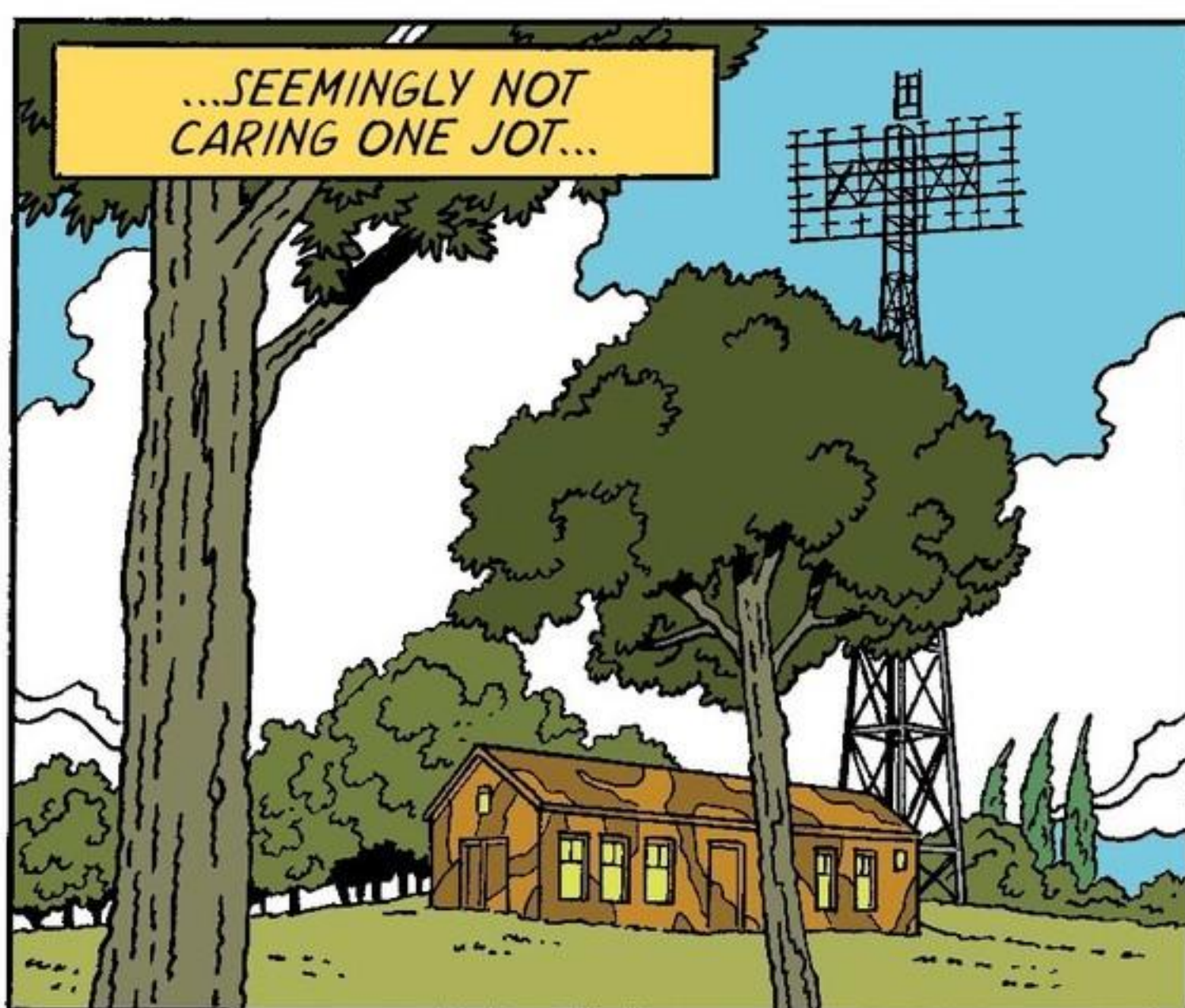
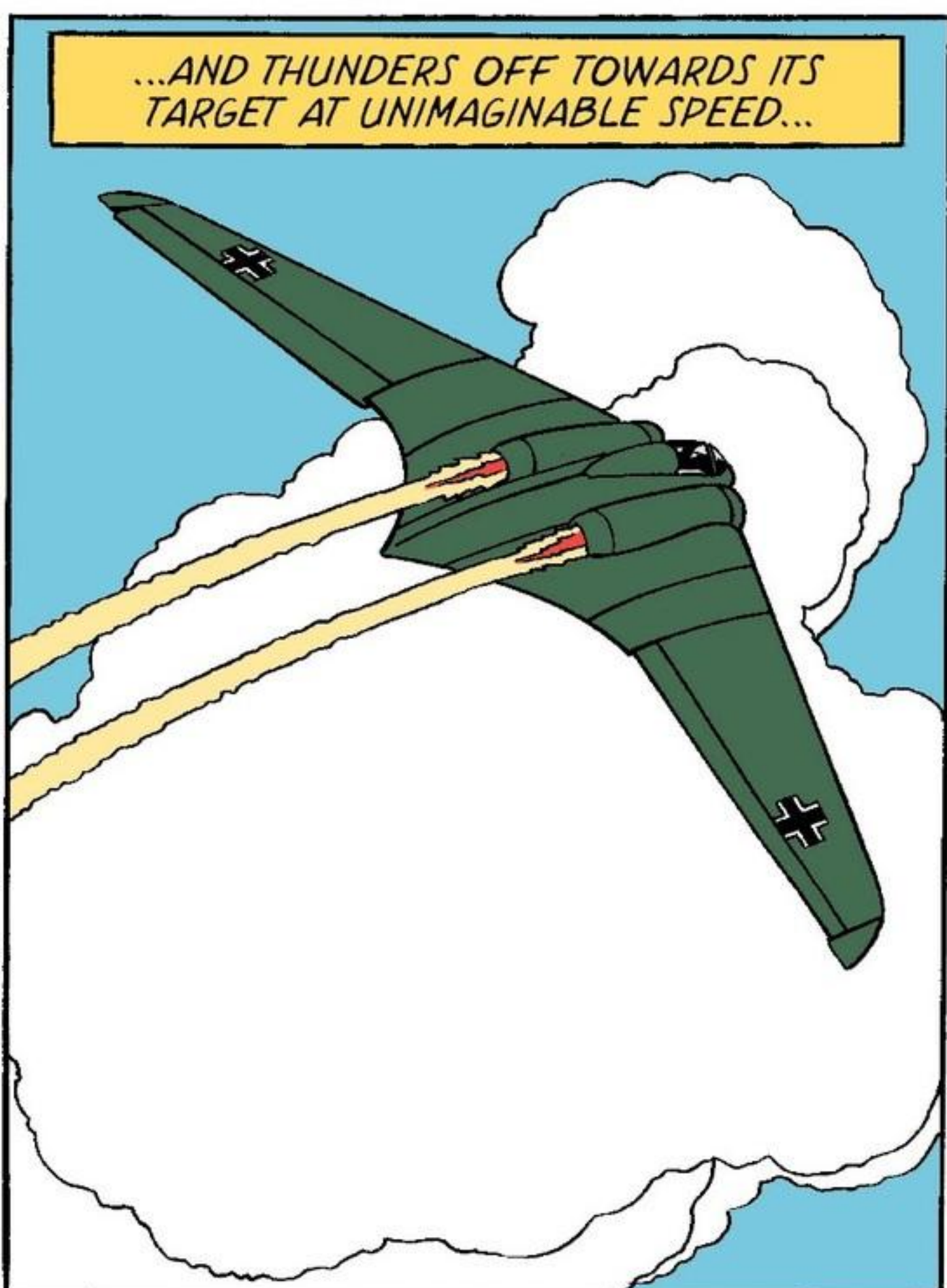
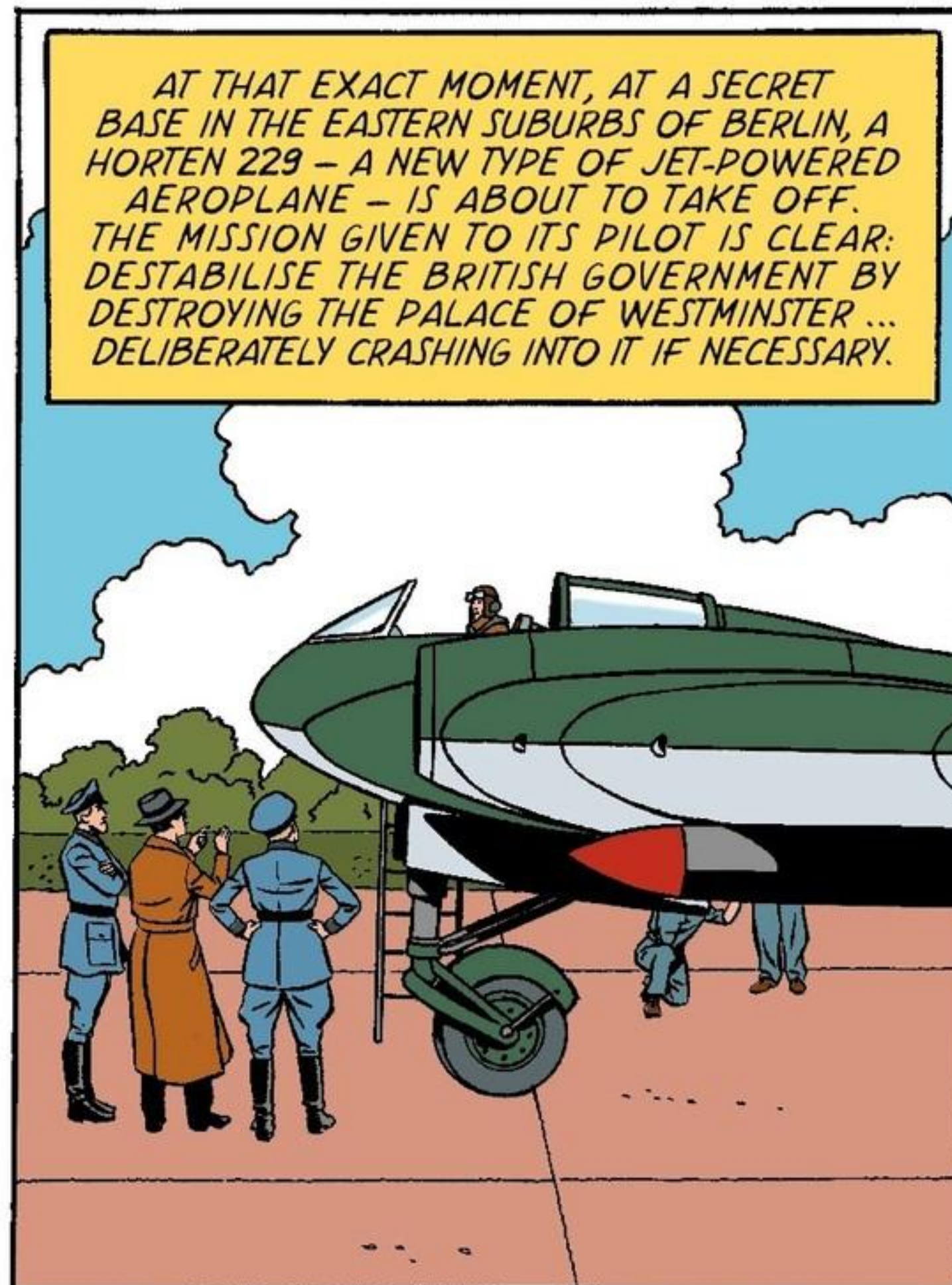
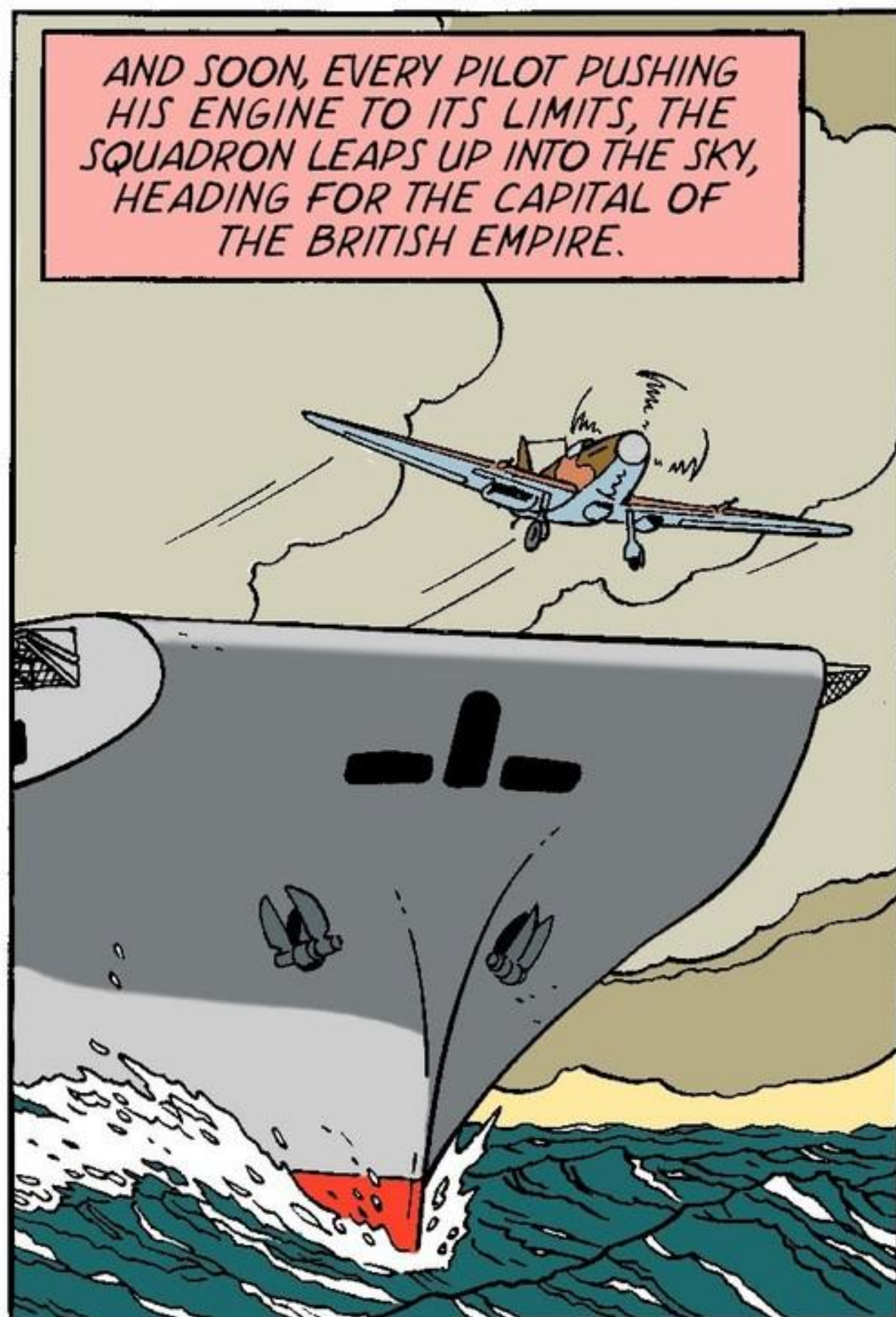
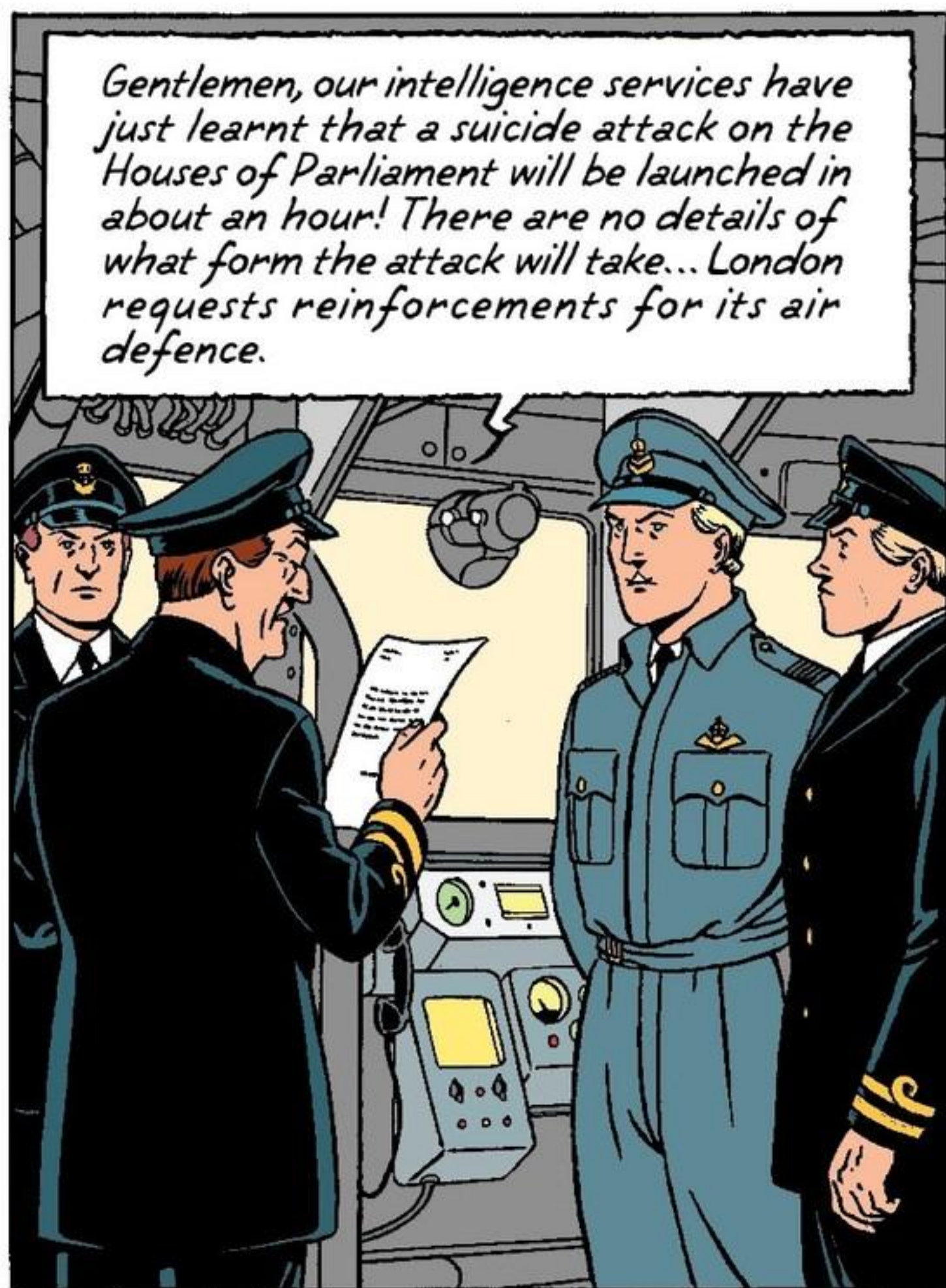


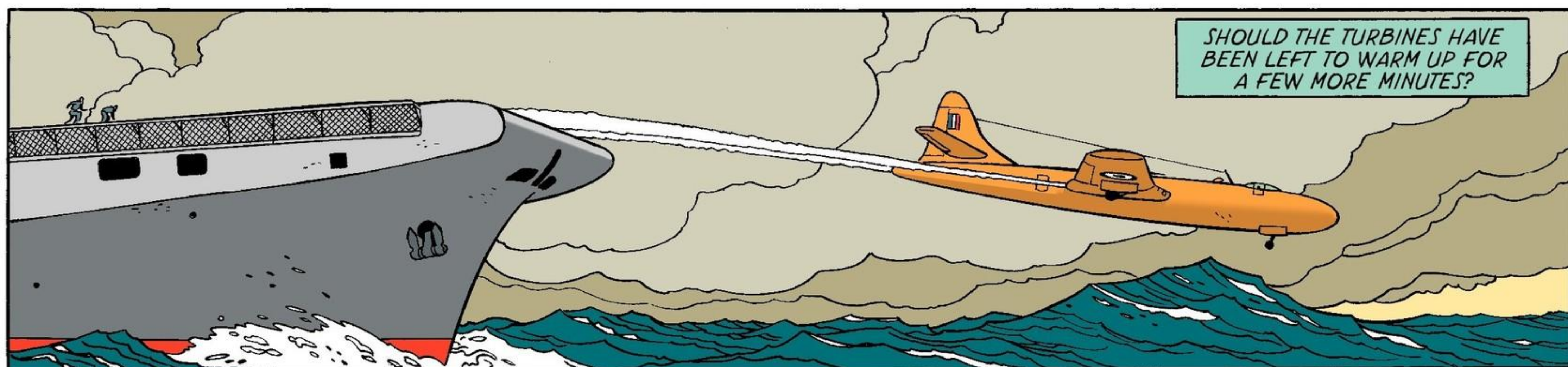
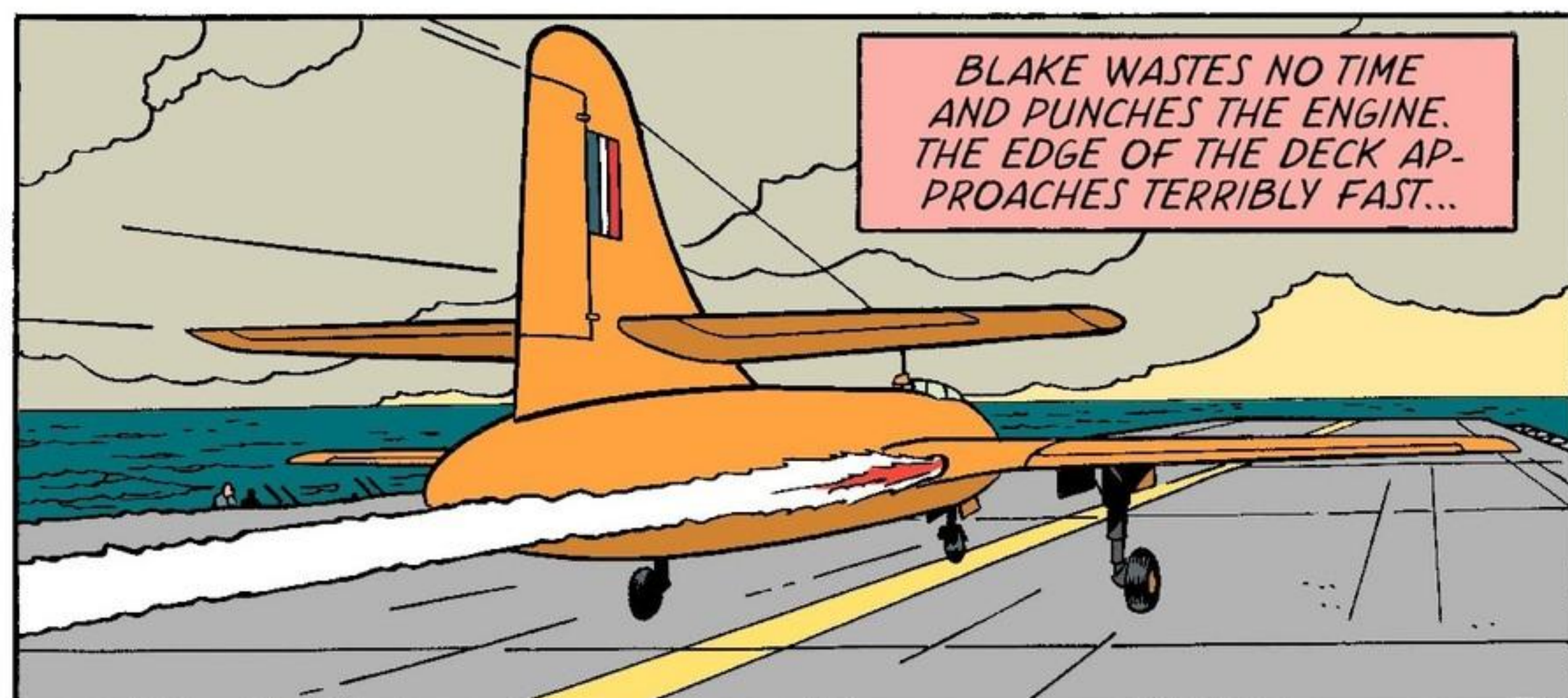
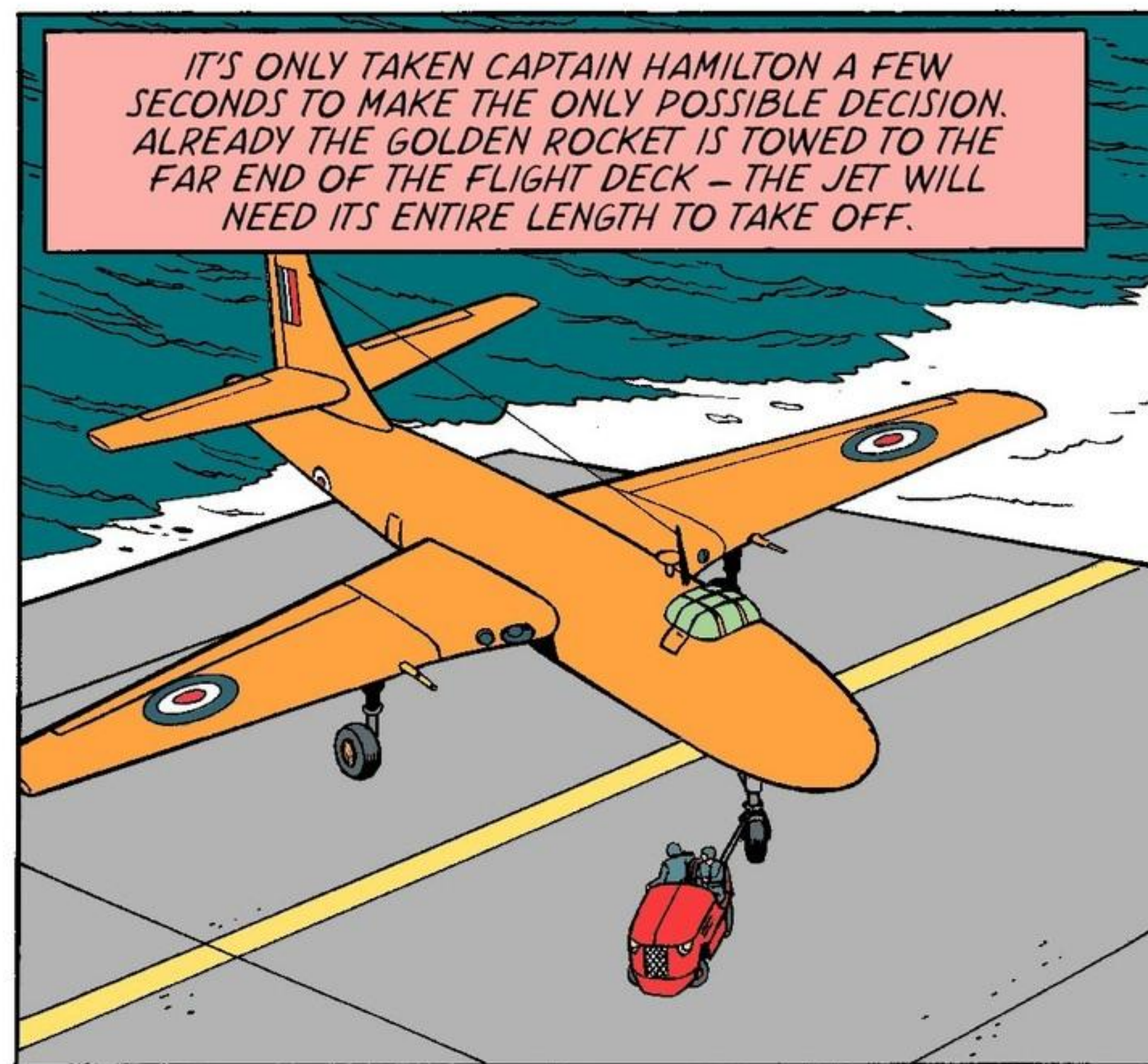
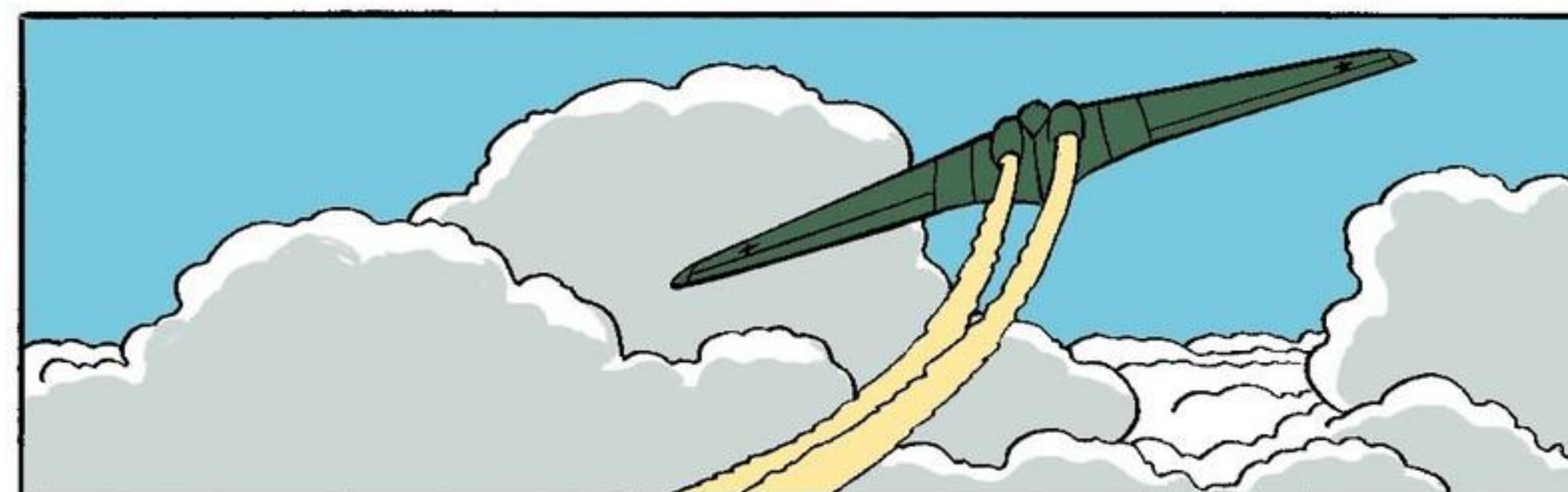
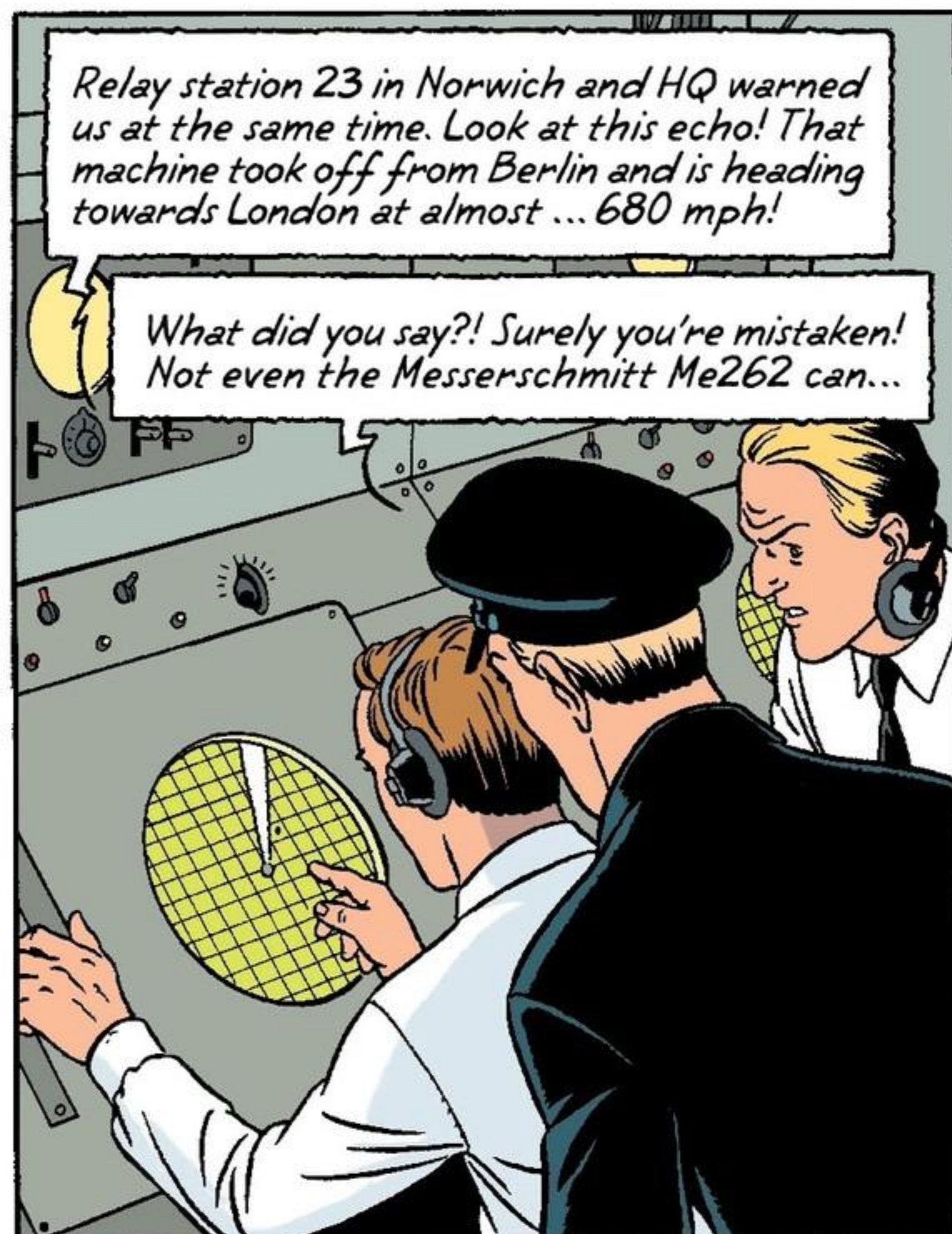
That state-of-the-art equipment is to be discreetly delivered to us out at sea by a Senegalese fishing boat, the Diourbel. As soon as it enters the U-boats' hunting grounds, your squadron will be in charge of its safety.

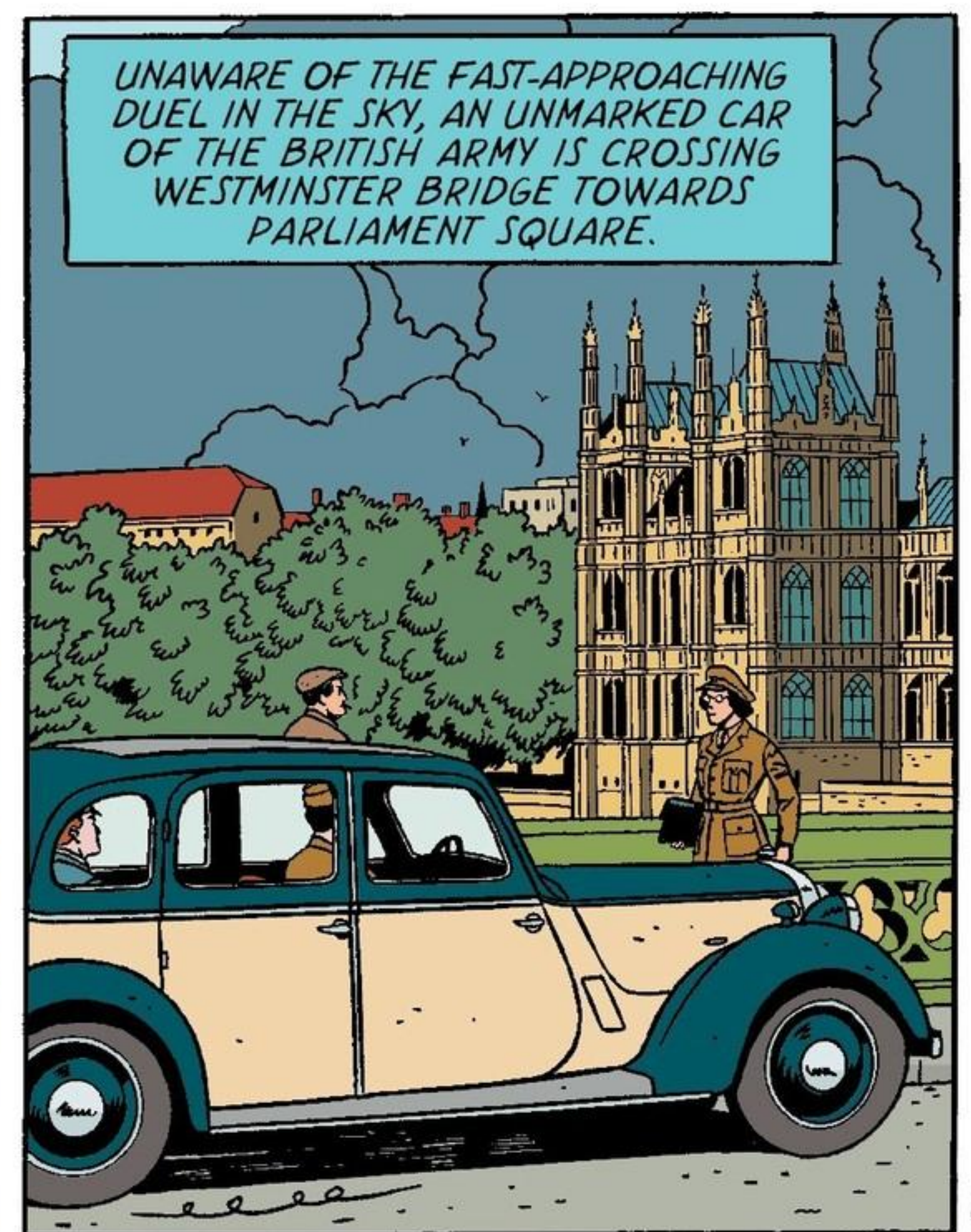
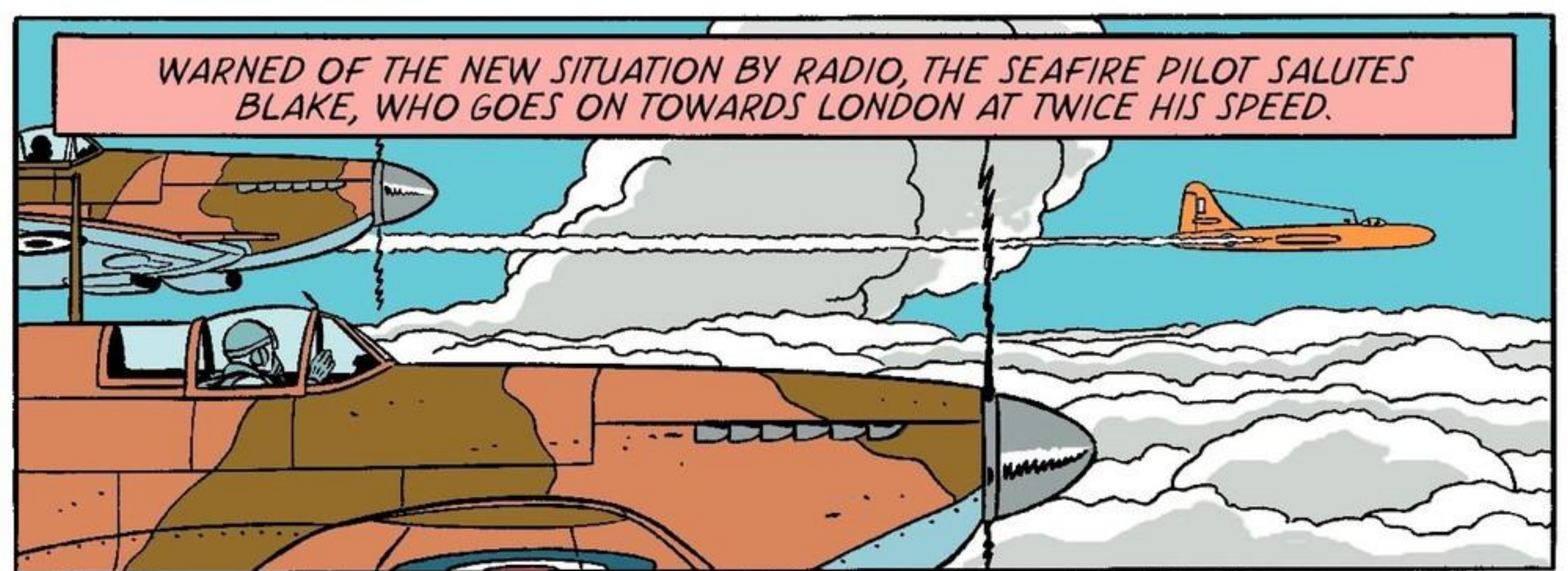
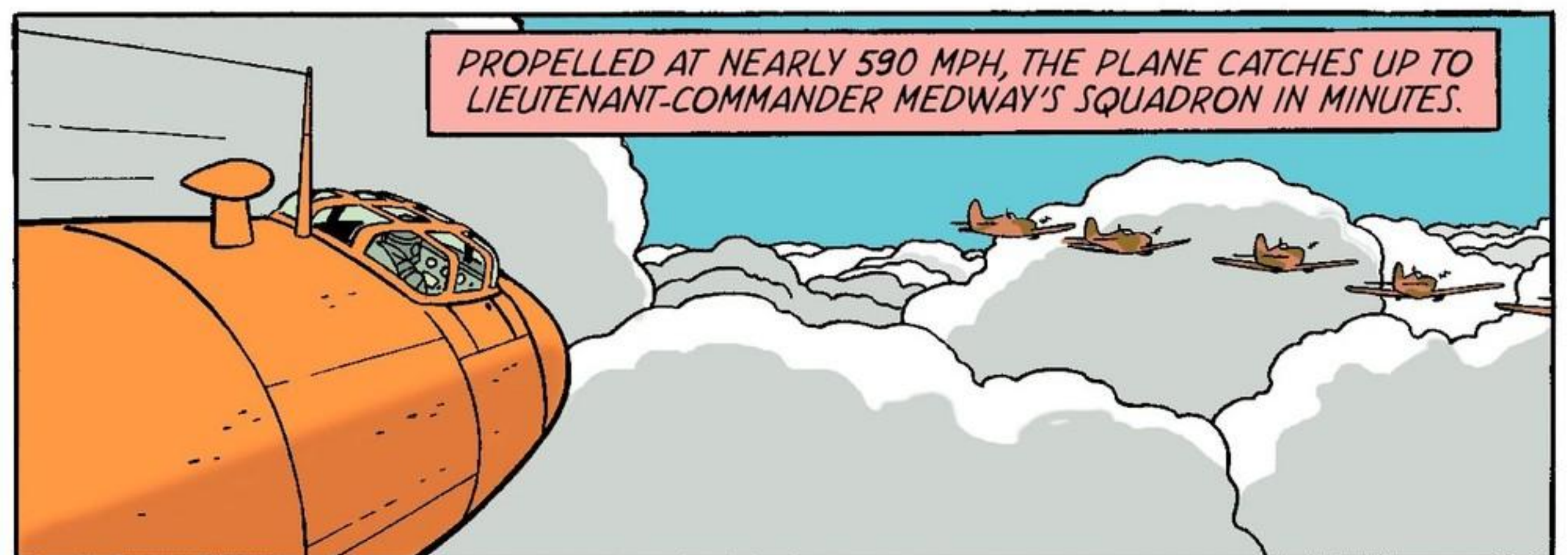
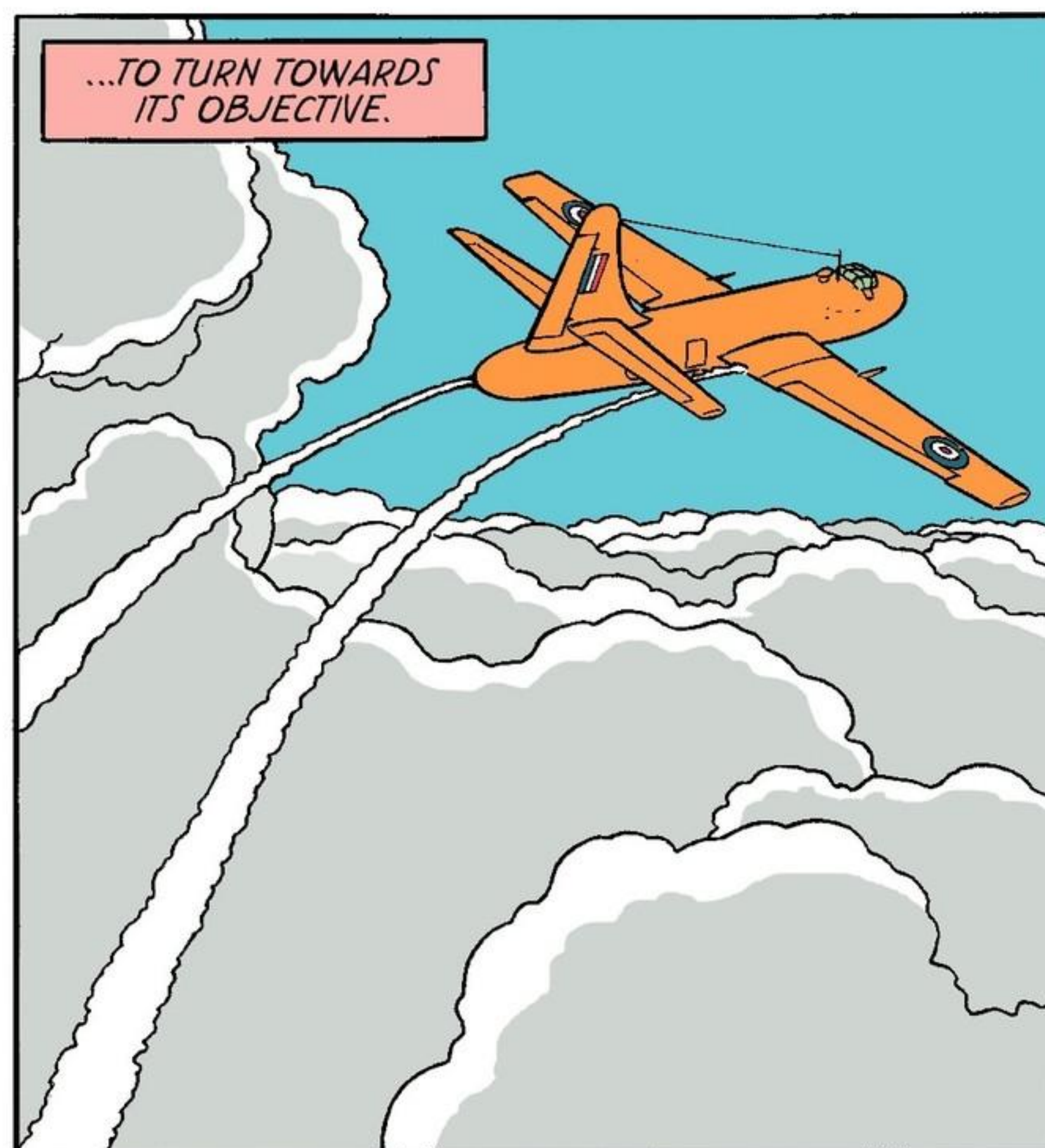
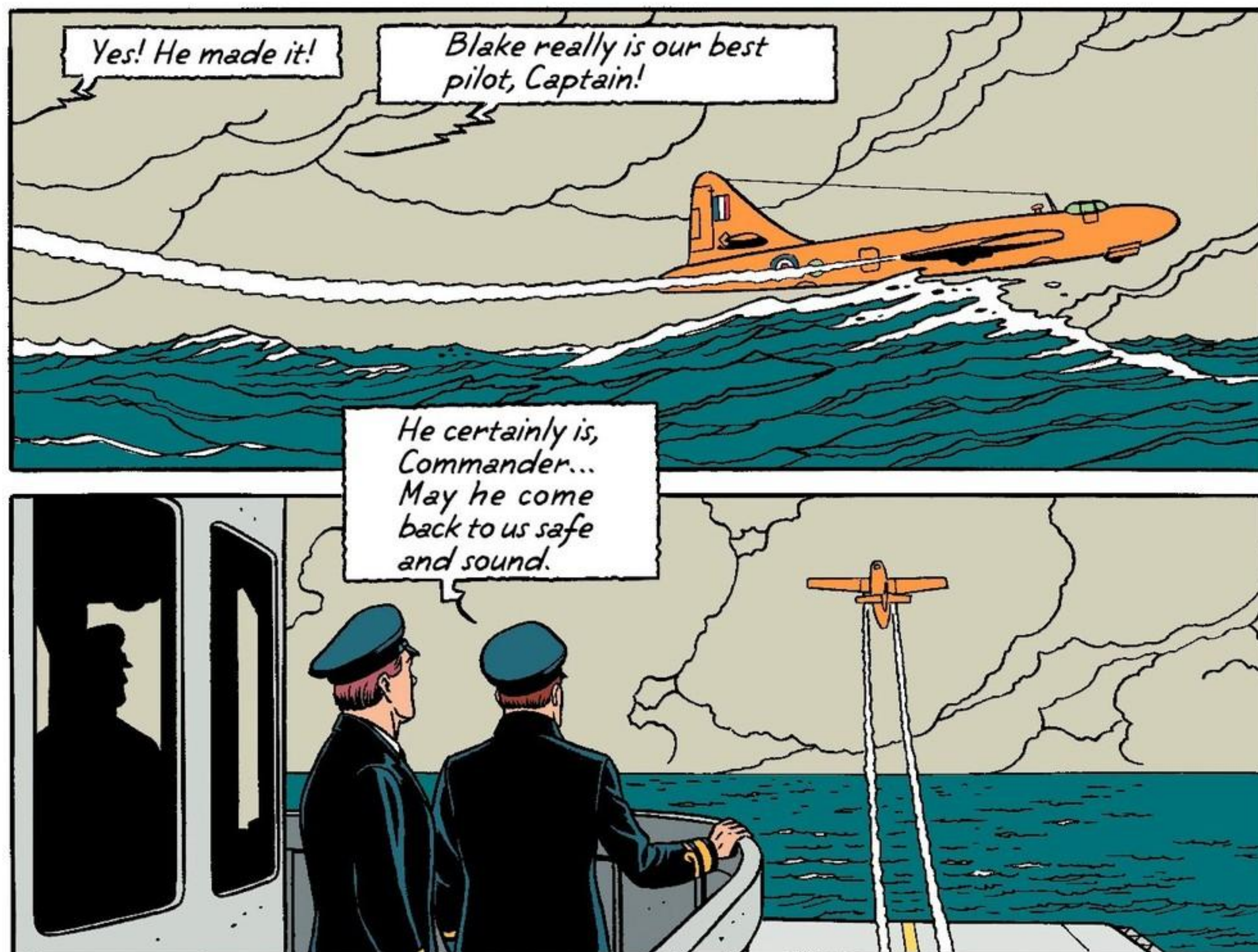


Captain! Urgent message from the Cabinet War Rooms!







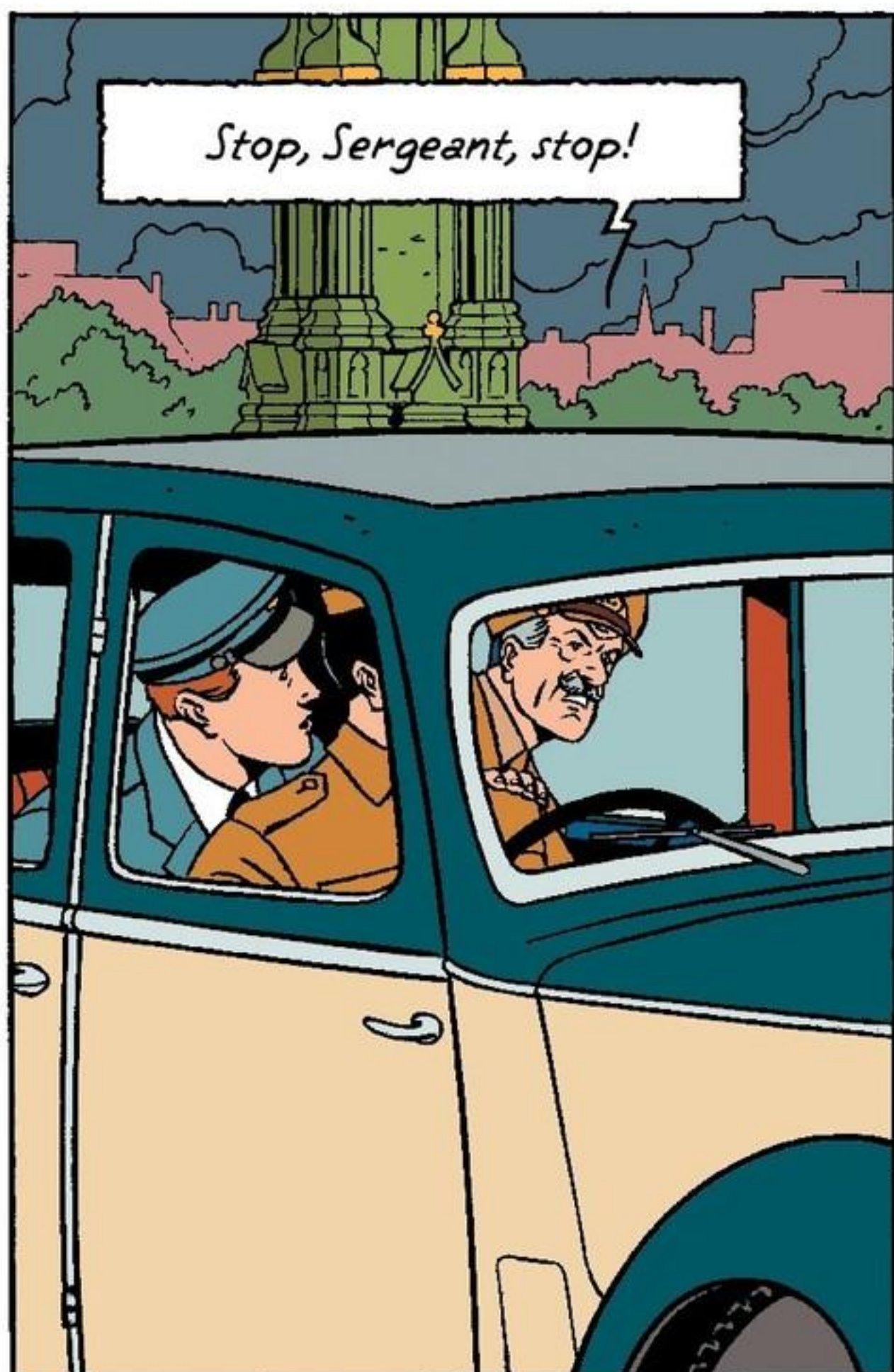




By Saint George! Flight Lieutenant, look! Ten o'clock high...



THE GERMAN PILOT HAS IDENTIFIED HIS TARGET AND MAKES A MOCK PASS, FIRING AN OPPORTUNISTIC BURST FROM HIS MACHINE GUNS AS HE SKIRTS THE BUILDING...



Stop, Sergeant, stop!

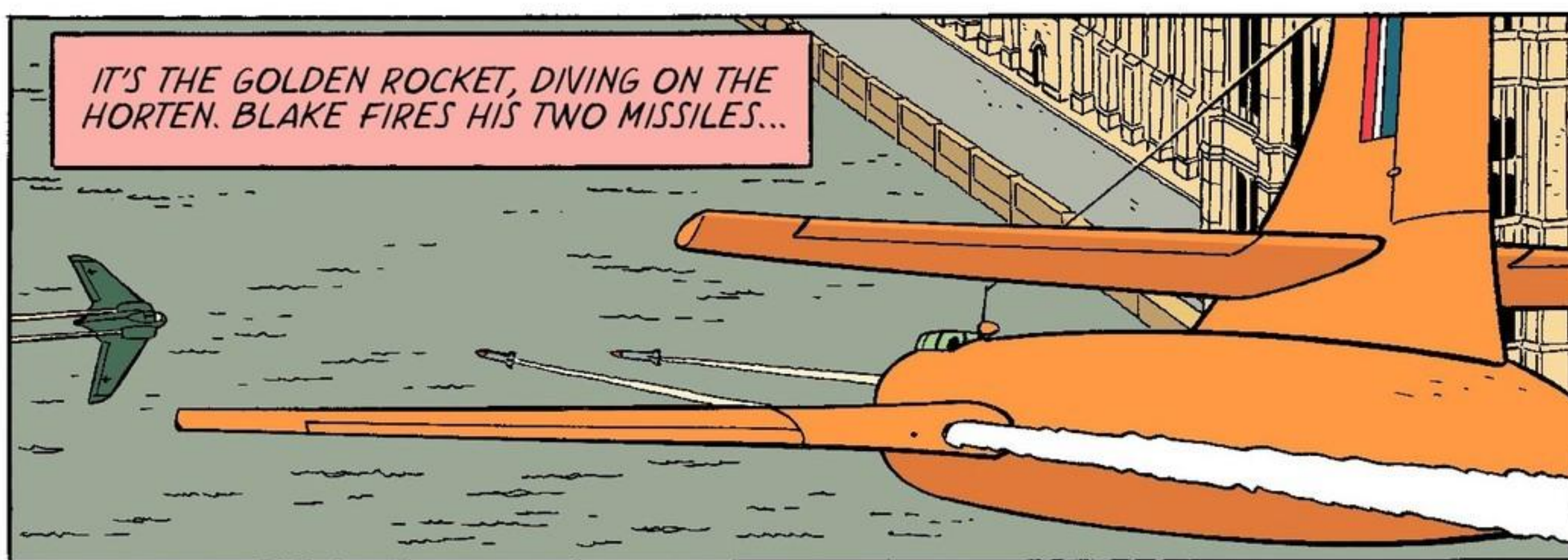


He's coming back! That was just for spotting - now he's going to drop his bombs!

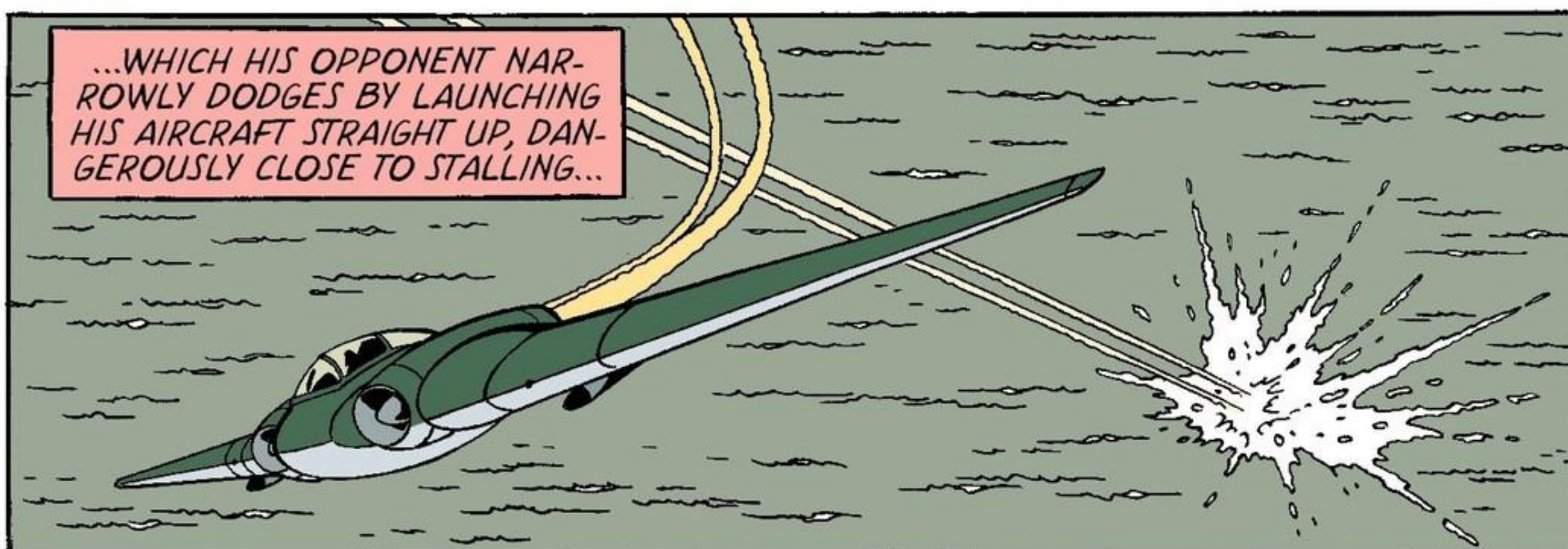


AS THE GERMAN PILOT COMPLETES THE WIDE LOOP BACK TOWARDS TARGET THAT HIS SPEED FORCES UPON HIM, HE SUDDENLY SPOTS AN UNEXPECTED DANGER APPROACHING ALONG THE THAMES.

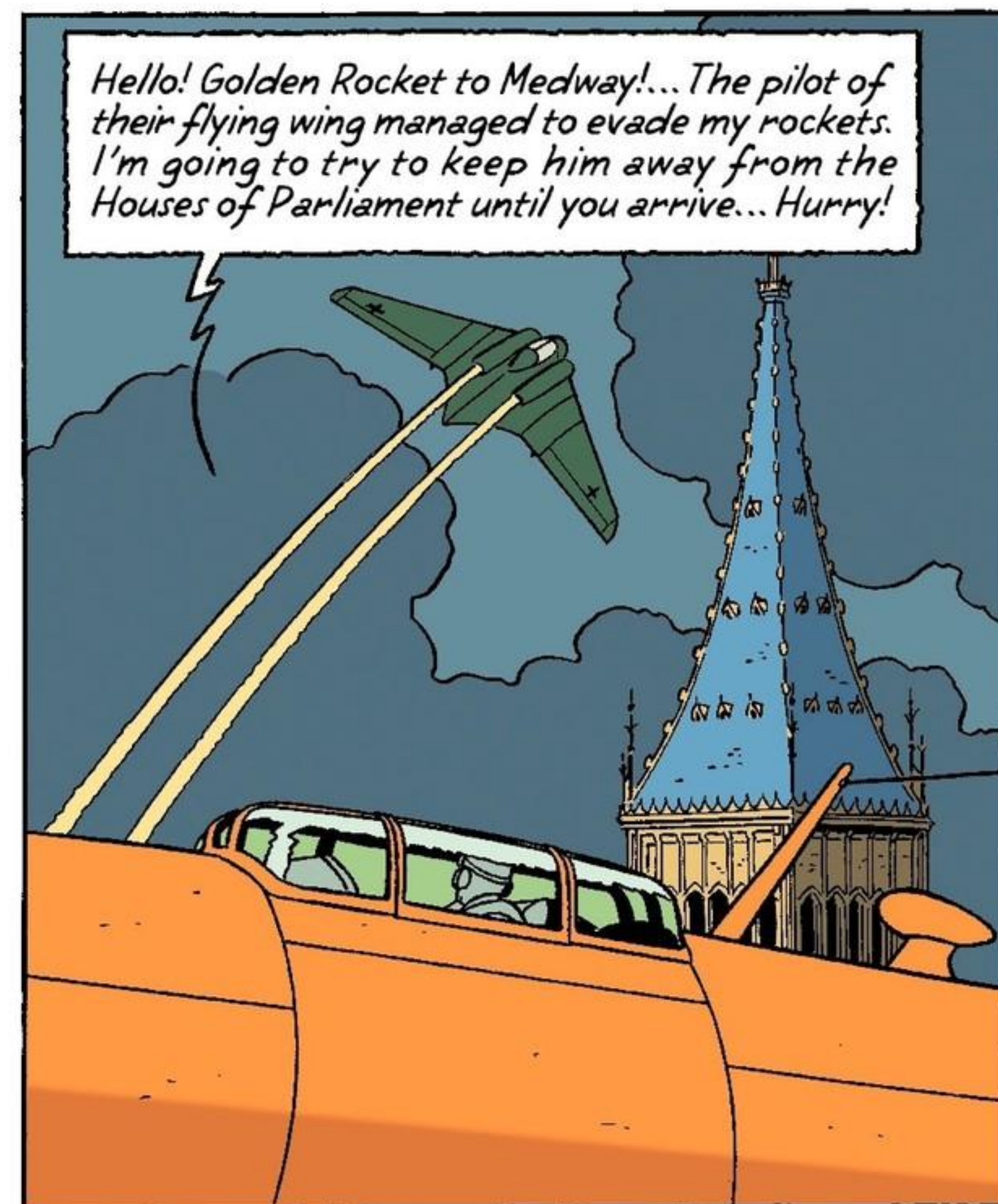
Teufel! Was ist...?!*



IT'S THE GOLDEN ROCKET, DIVING ON THE HORTEN. BLAKE FIRES HIS TWO MISSILES...

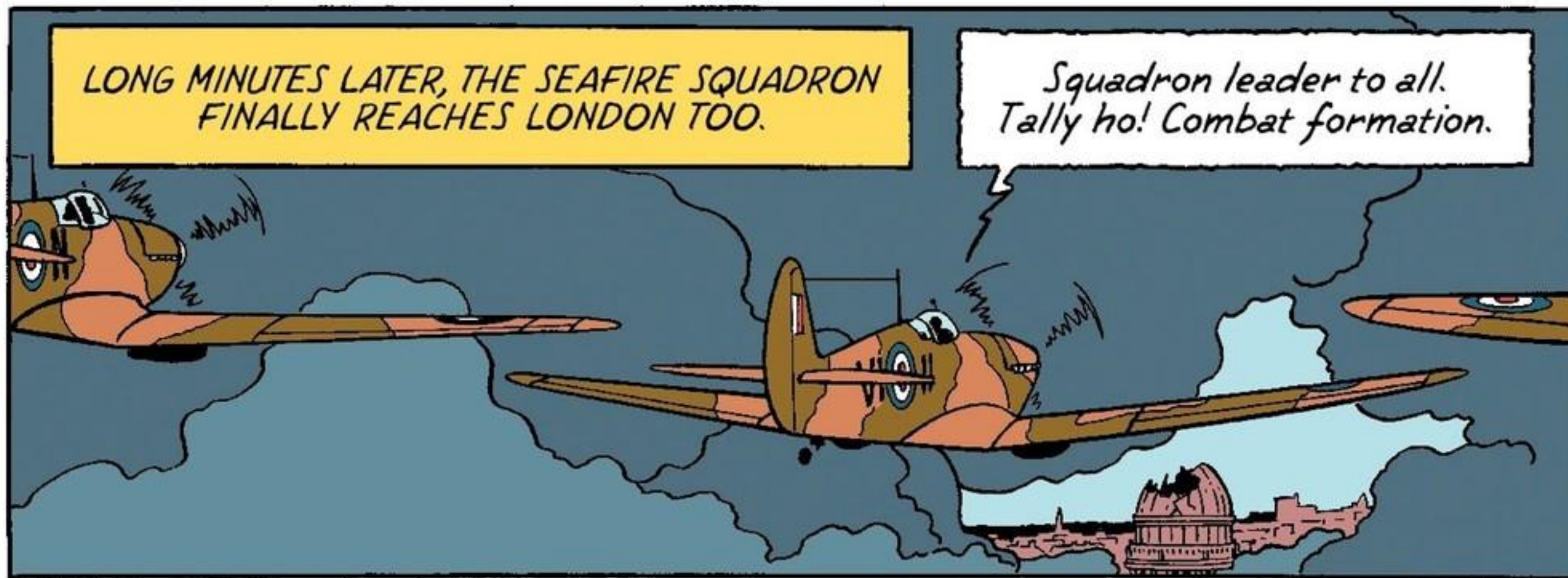


...WHICH HIS OPPONENT NARROWLY DODGES BY LAUNCHING HIS AIRCRAFT STRAIGHT UP, DANGEROUSLY CLOSE TO STALLING...



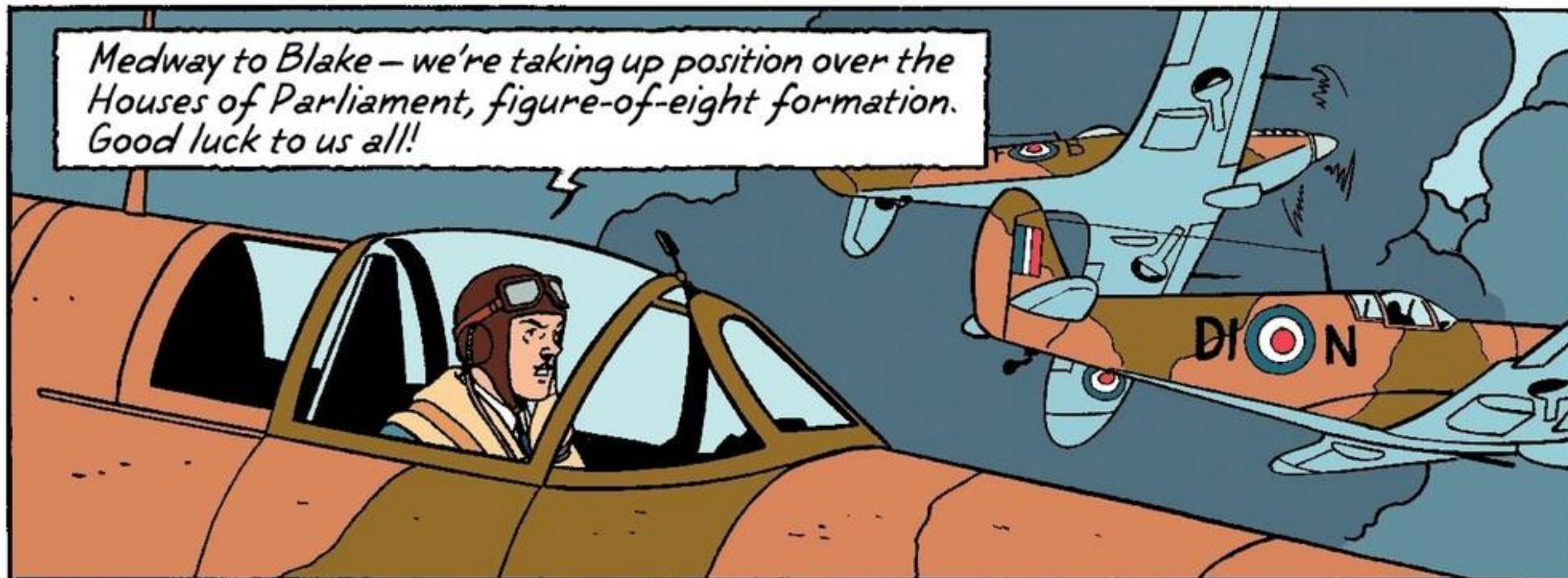
Hello! Golden Rocket to Medway!... The pilot of their flying wing managed to evade my rockets. I'm going to try to keep him away from the Houses of Parliament until you arrive... Hurry!

THE DEVIL! WHAT IS...?!

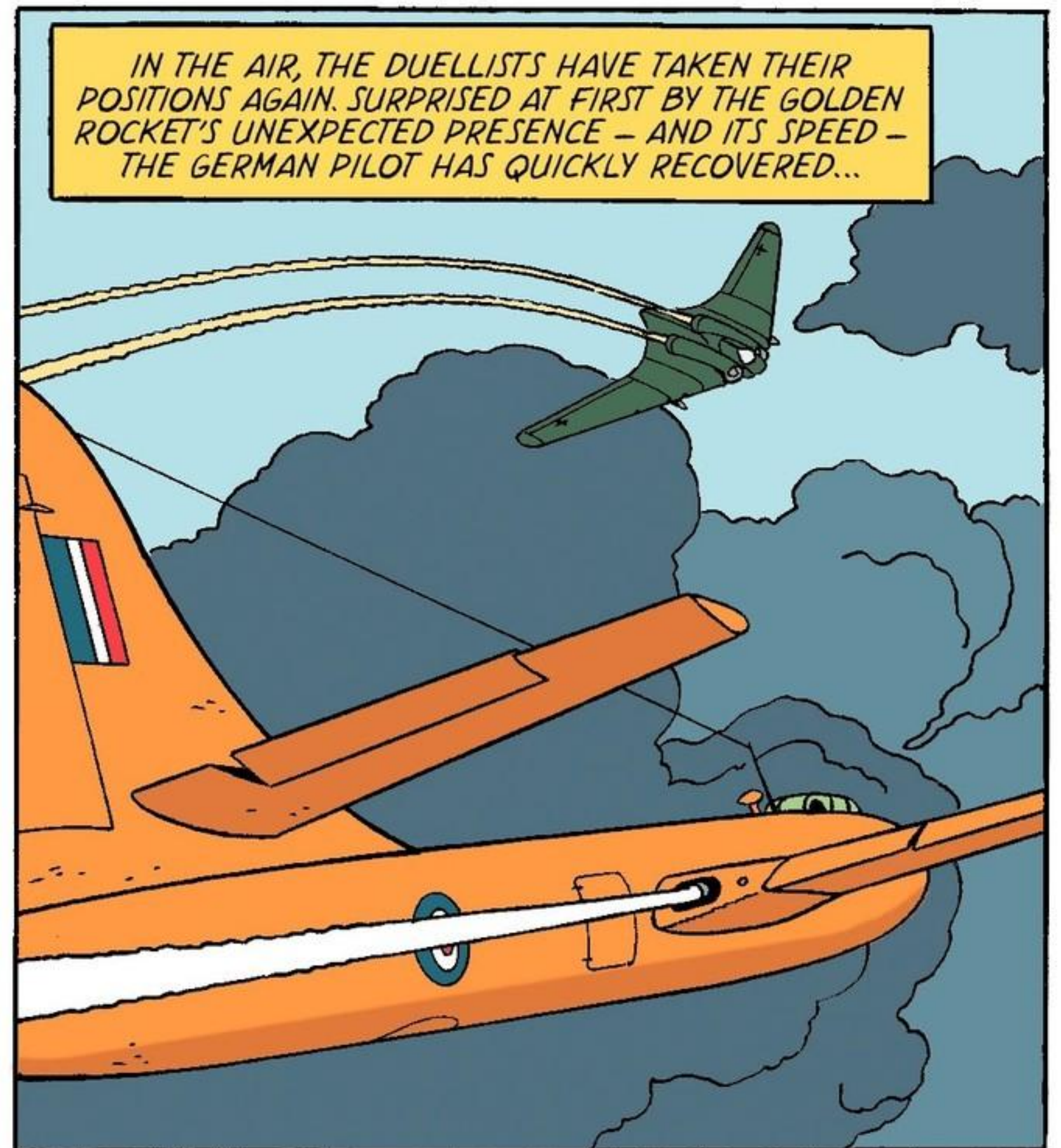


LONG MINUTES LATER, THE SEAFIRE SQUADRON FINALLY REACHES LONDON TOO.

Squadron leader to all.
Tally ho! Combat formation.



Medway to Blake – we're taking up position over the Houses of Parliament, figure-of-eight formation. Good luck to us all!



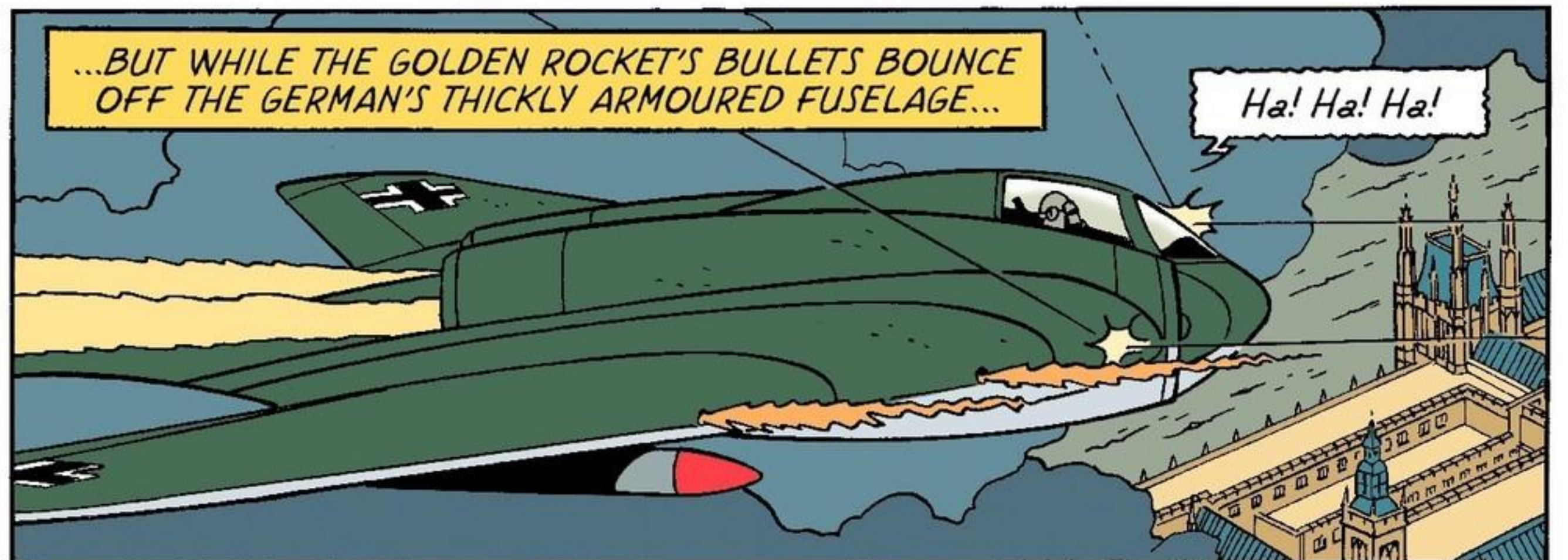
IN THE AIR, THE DUELLISTS HAVE TAKEN THEIR POSITIONS AGAIN. SURPRISED AT FIRST BY THE GOLDEN ROCKET'S UNEXPECTED PRESENCE – AND ITS SPEED – THE GERMAN PILOT HAS QUICKLY RECOVERED...



A Golden Rocket!
I thought it wasn't operational yet!



THE TWO FOES OPEN FIRE SIMULTANEOUSLY IN A FRONTAL PASS...



...BUT WHILE THE GOLDEN ROCKET'S BULLETS BOUNCE OFF THE GERMAN'S THICKLY ARMoured FUSELAGE...

Ha! Ha! Ha!



...THE HORTEN'S 30MM PROJECTILES DAMAGE ONE OF THE BRITISH PLANE'S WINGS.

Blast!

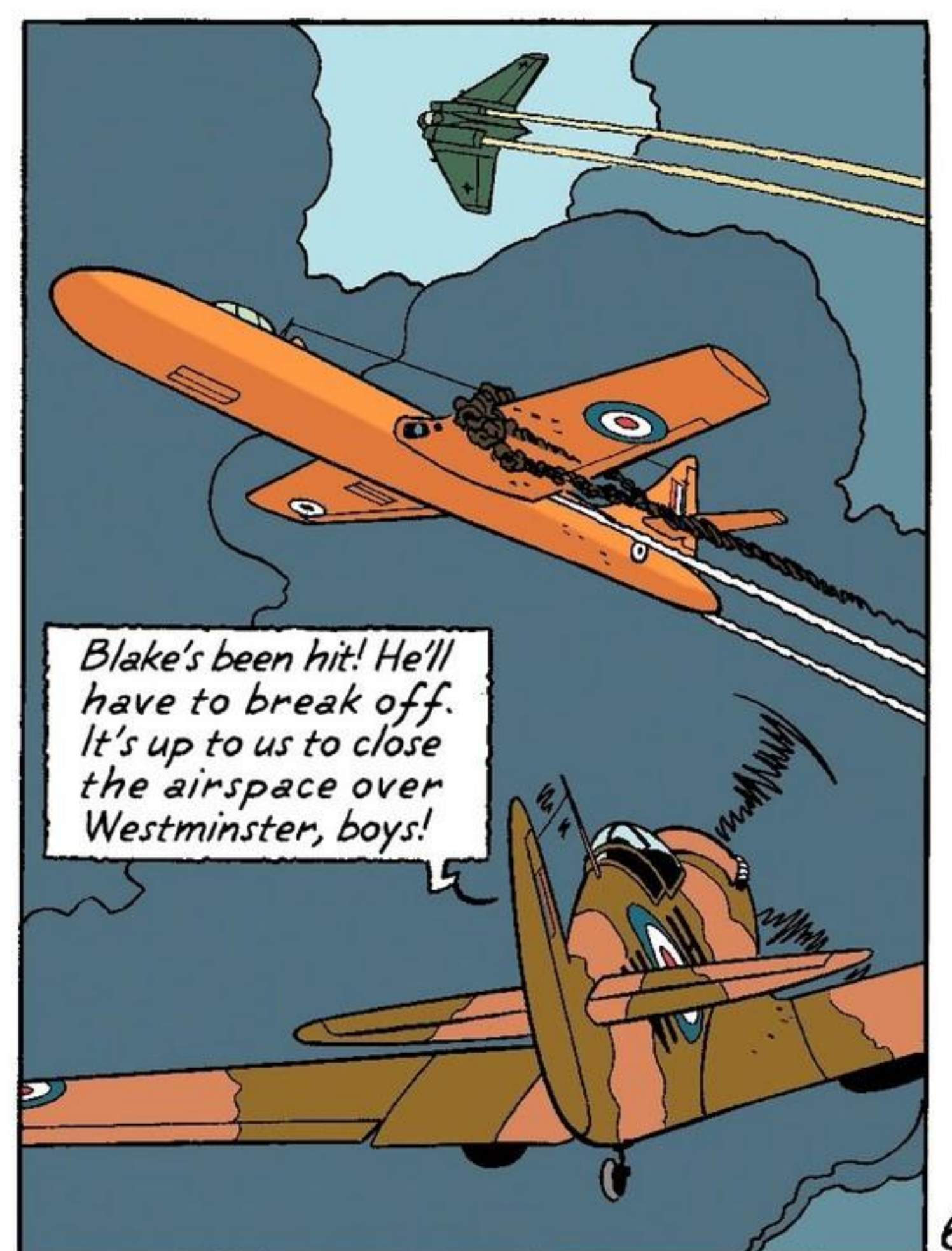


Heavens!
He's been hit!

Yes, but
he's not giving up!



If the Golden Rocket can't handle that ruddy thing, our Seafires don't stand a chance. They're going to get blown out of the sky!



Blake's been hit! He'll have to break off. It's up to us to close the airspace over Westminster, boys!

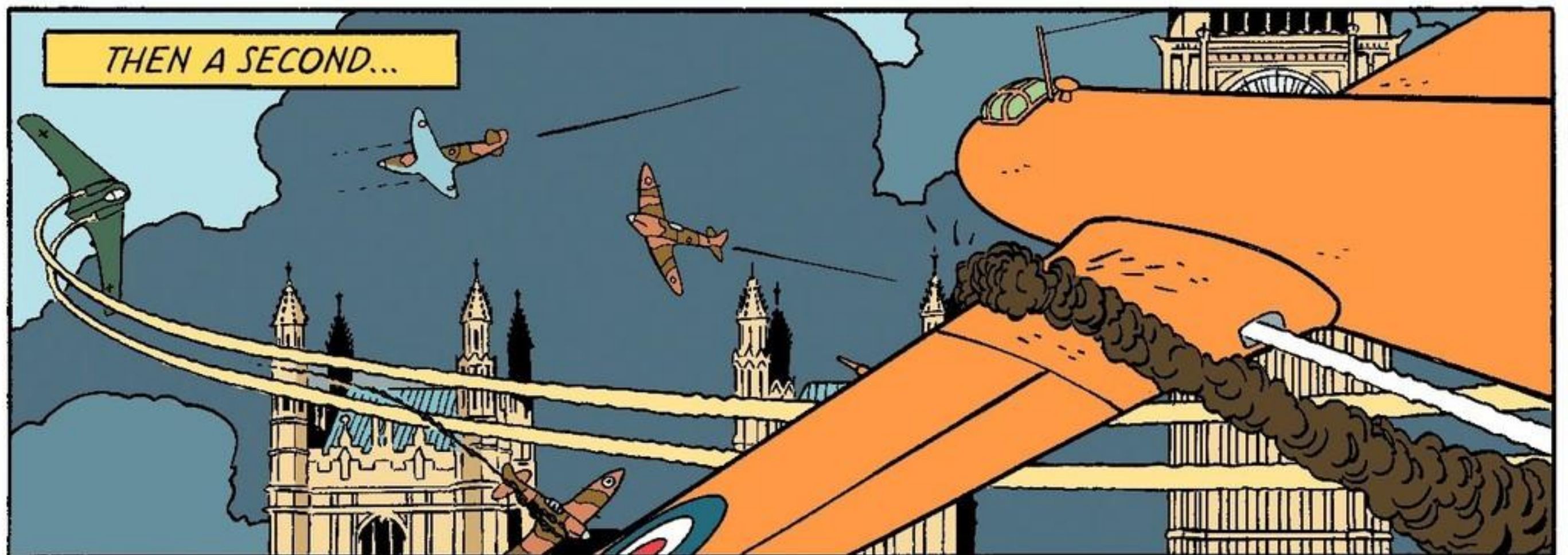


TWISTING IN HIS COCKPIT, BLAKE OBSERVES HIS COMPANIONS' HEROIC MANOEUVRE.

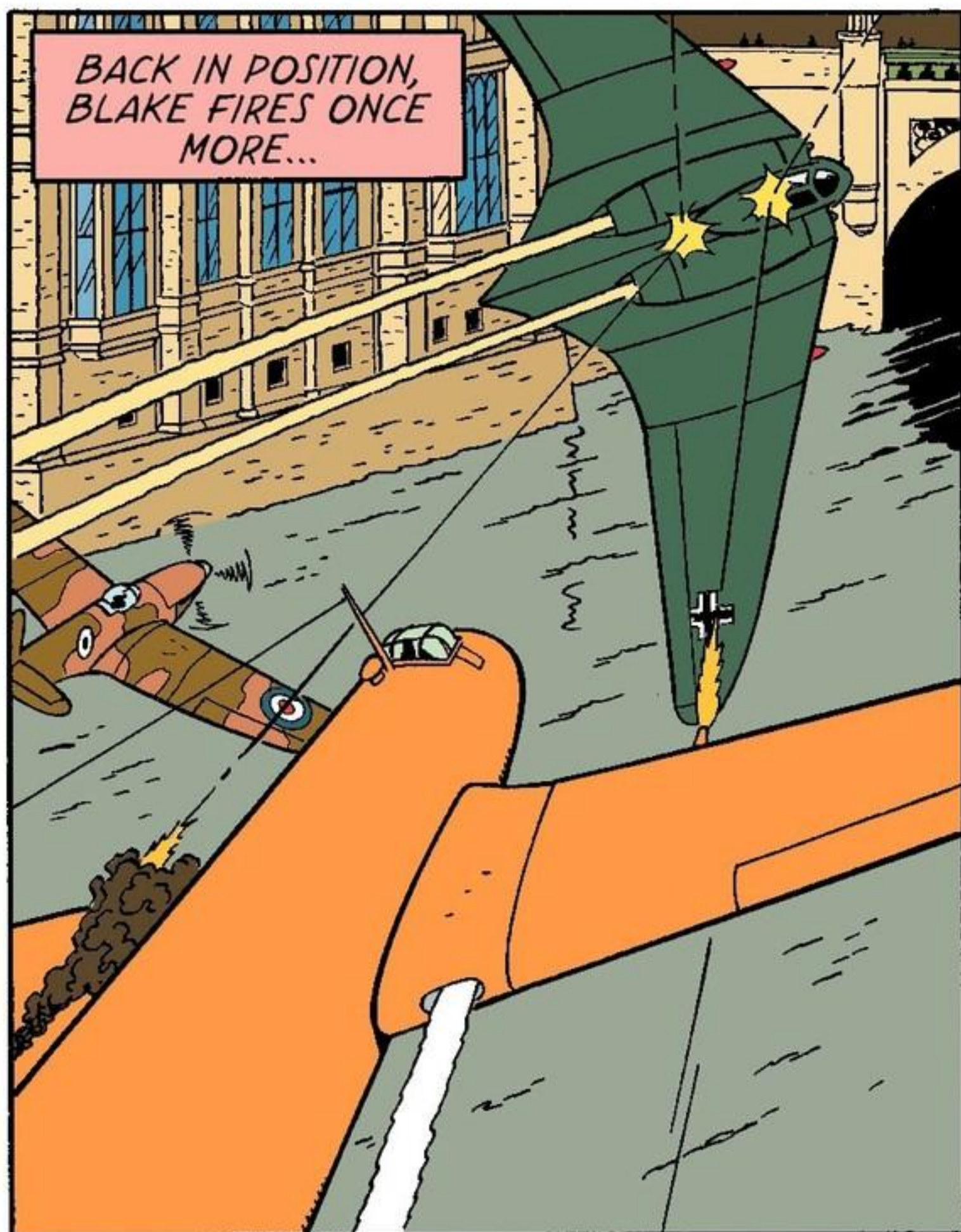
Good Lord! They'll be slaughtered!



ALREADY A SEAFIRE GOES DOWN...



THEN A SECOND...



BACK IN POSITION, BLAKE FIRES ONCE MORE...



...TO NO AVAIL.

Lord almighty! That thing is invulnerable!



AFTER A LAST - AND UNSUCCESSFUL - ATTEMPT TO SHOOT DOWN HIS ENEMY, BLAKE REALISES THAT THE SITUATION IS DESPERATE. ESPECIALLY AS HIS OWN AIRCRAFT IS GETTING INCREASINGLY DIFFICULT TO FLY...



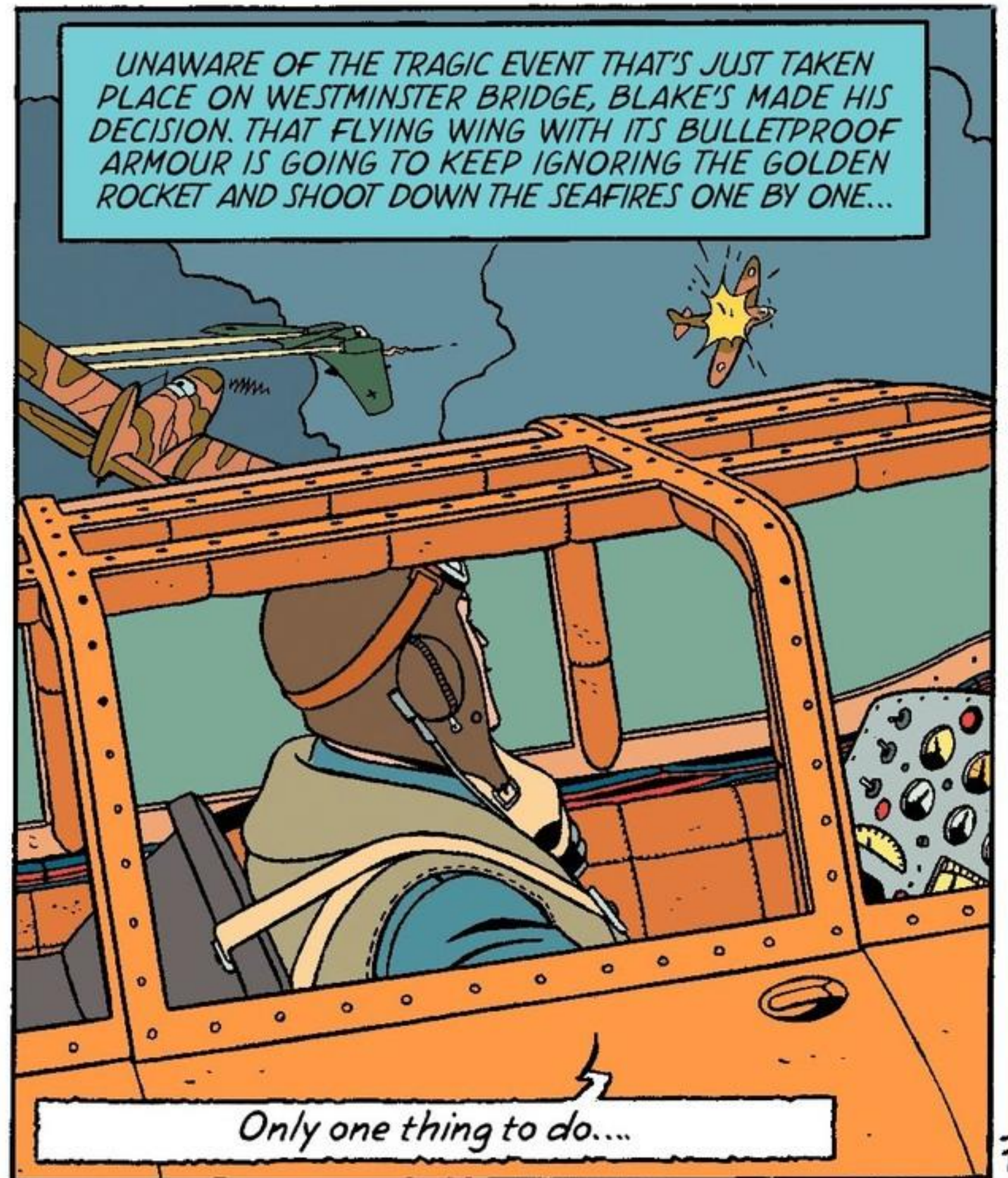
?!

KRASH



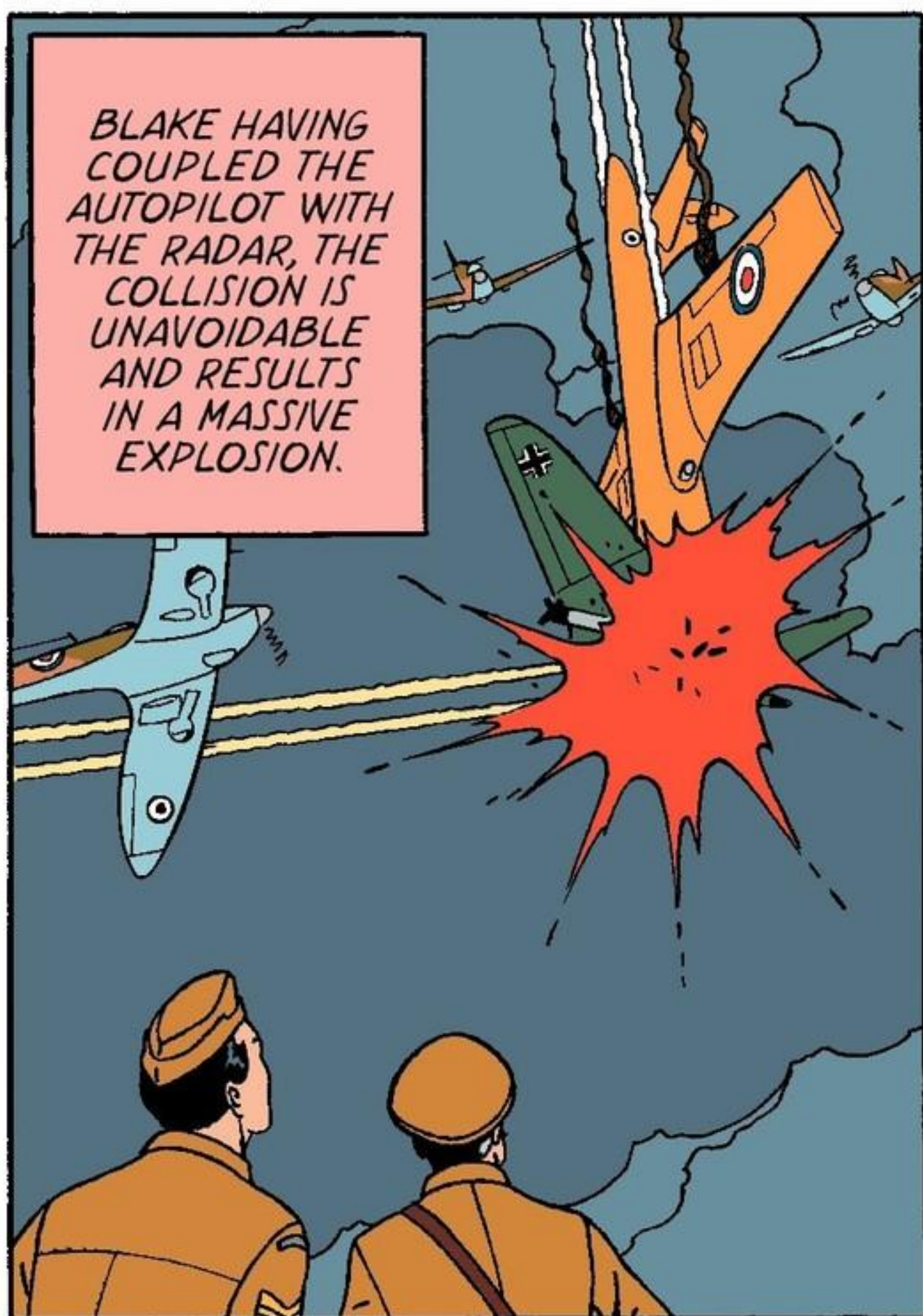
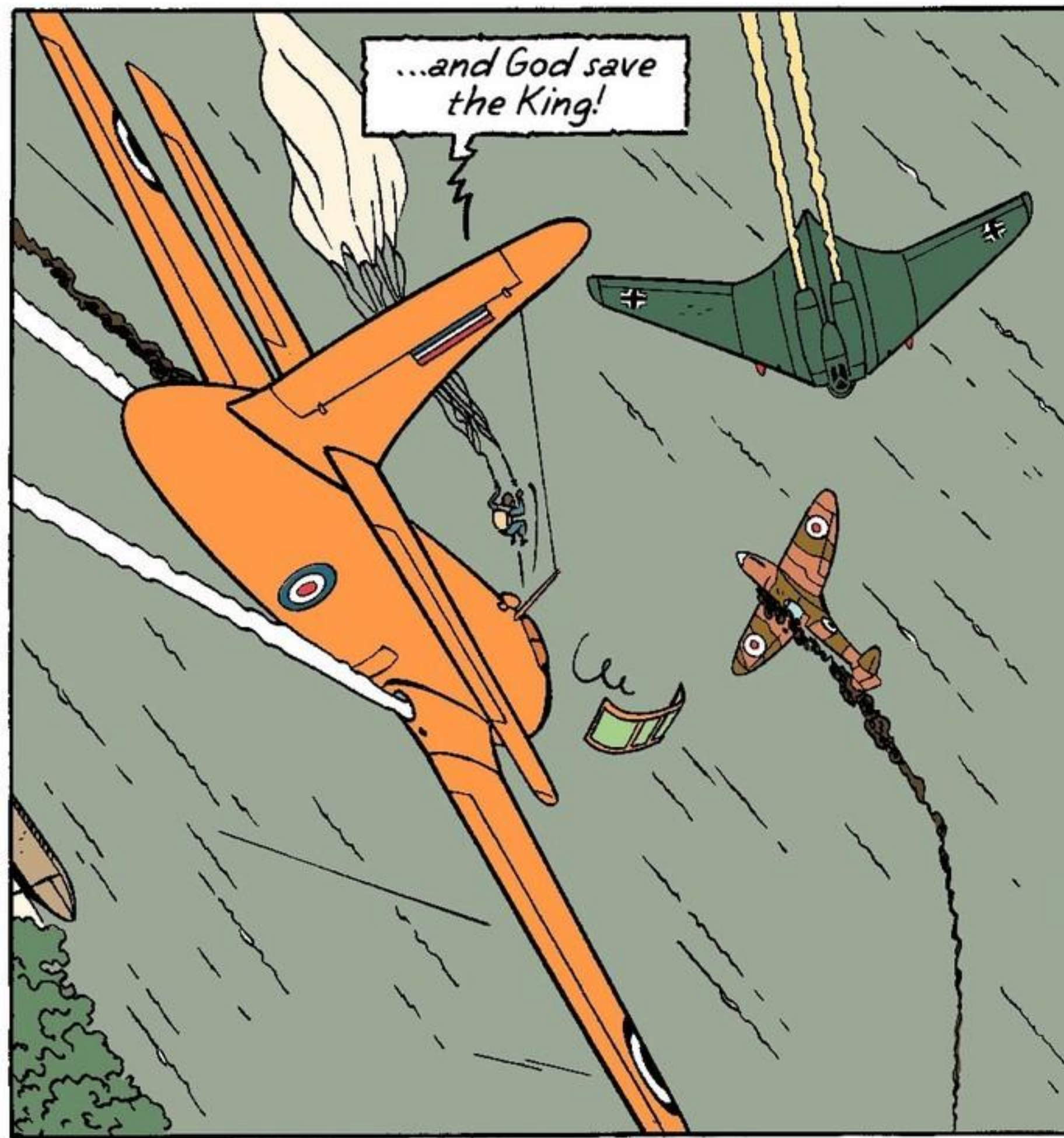
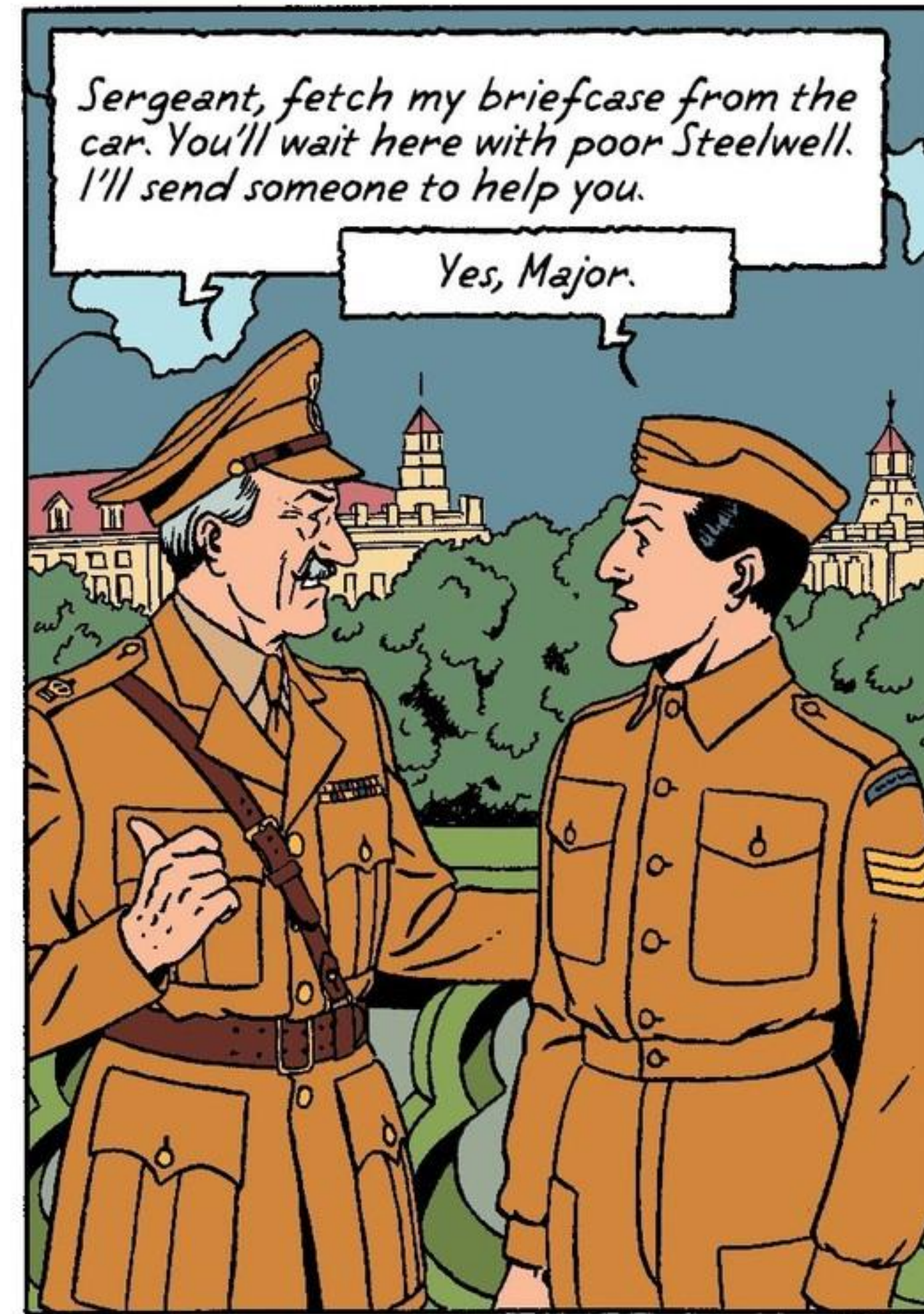
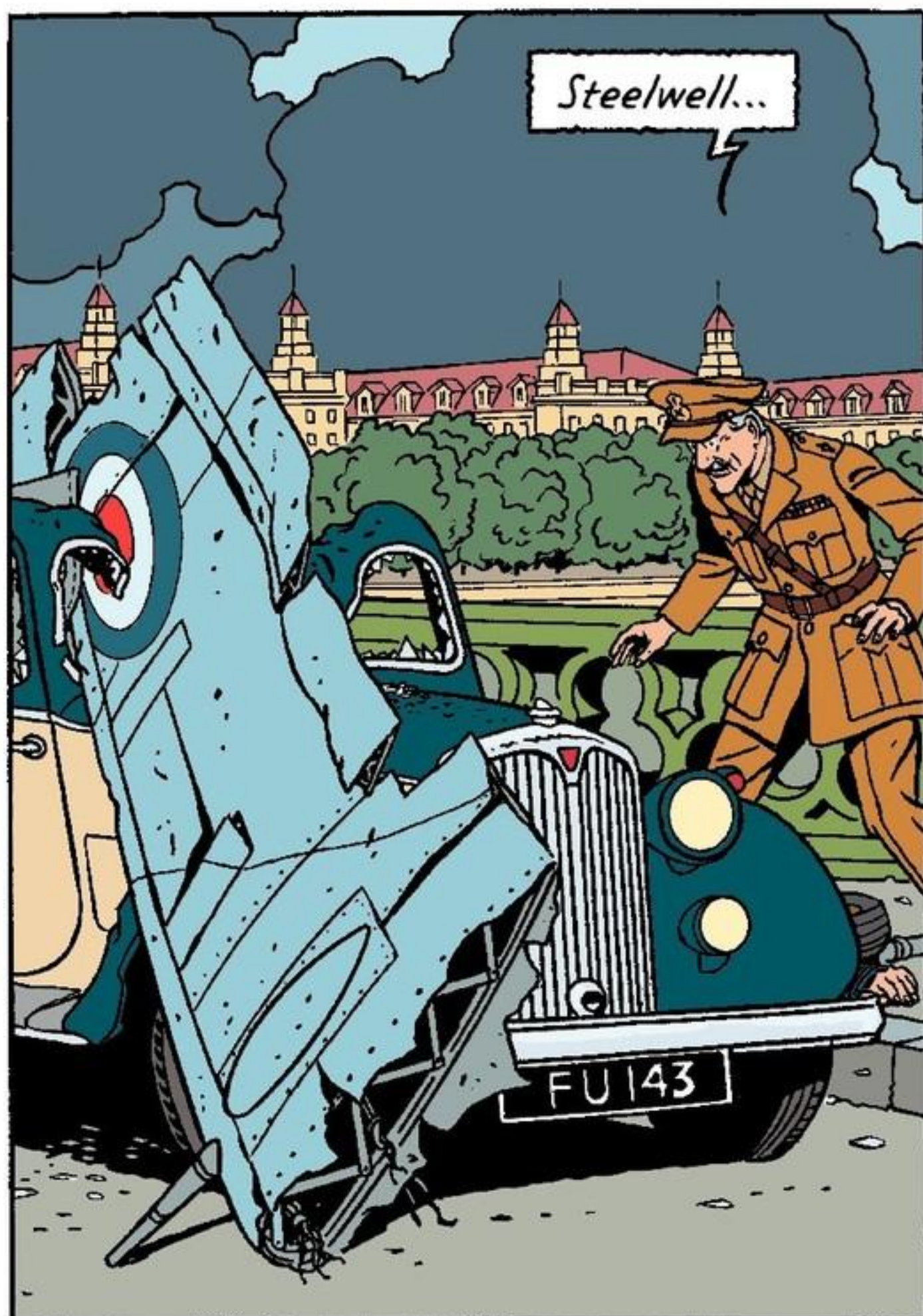
Steelwell! Look...

Ow!

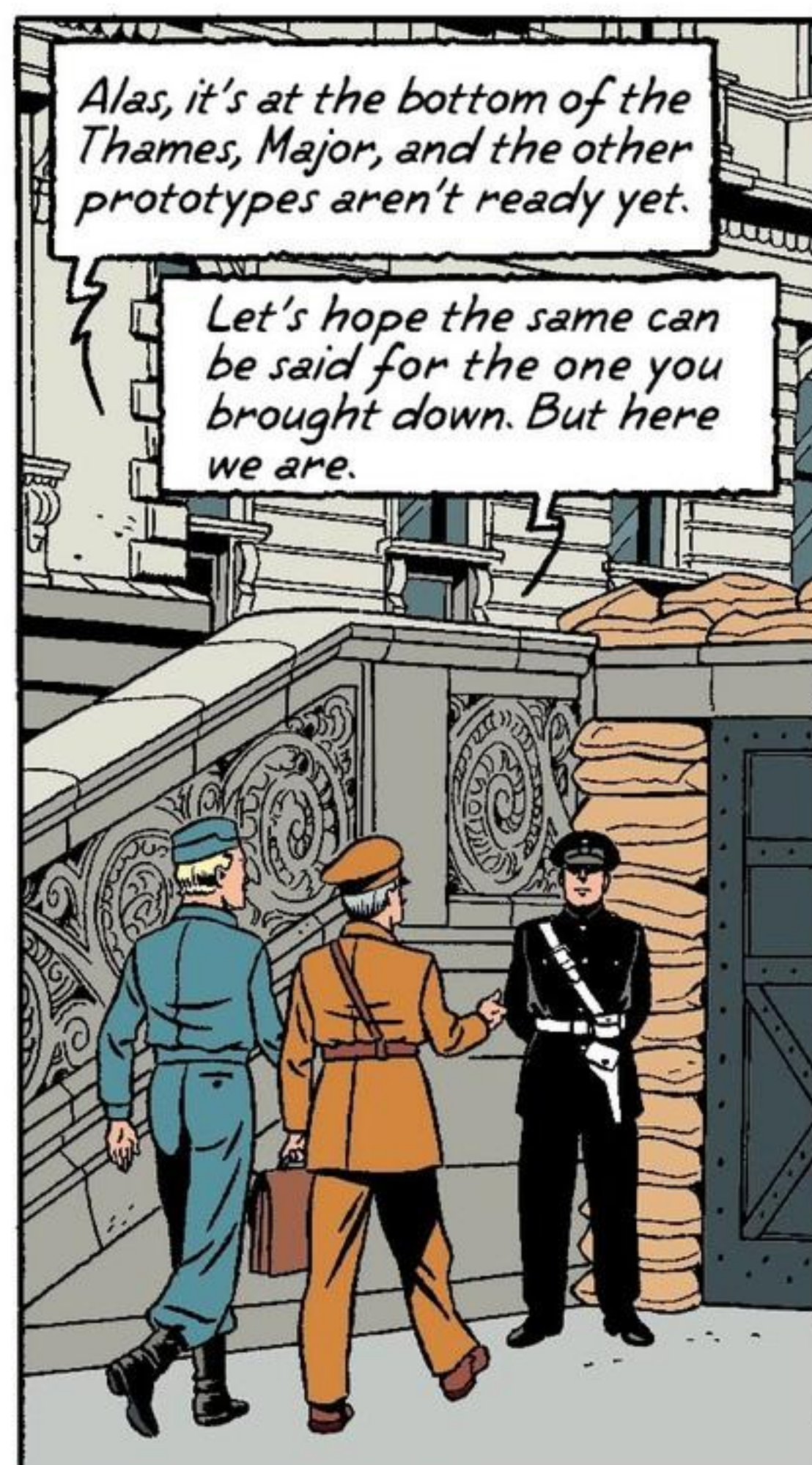
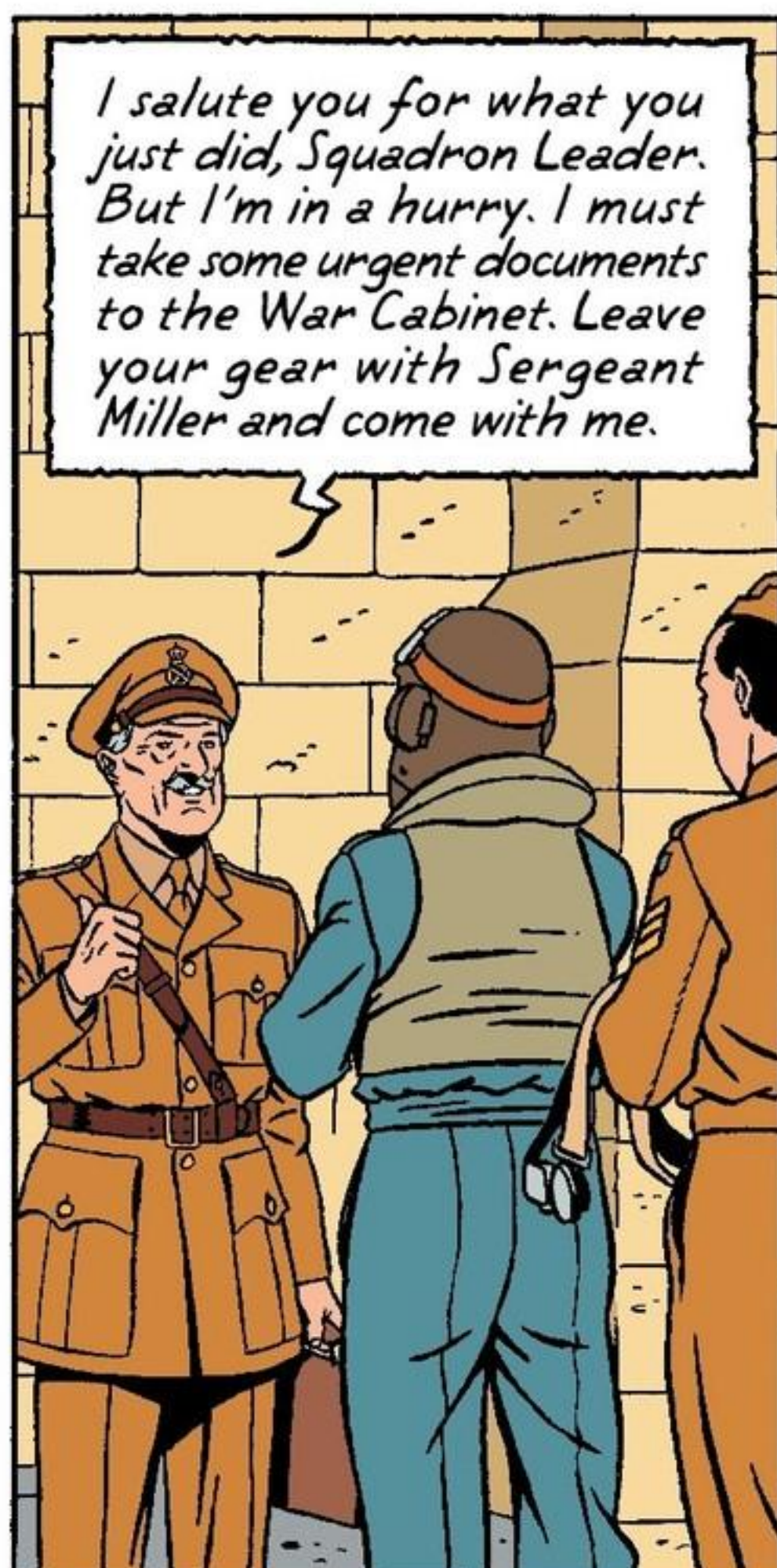
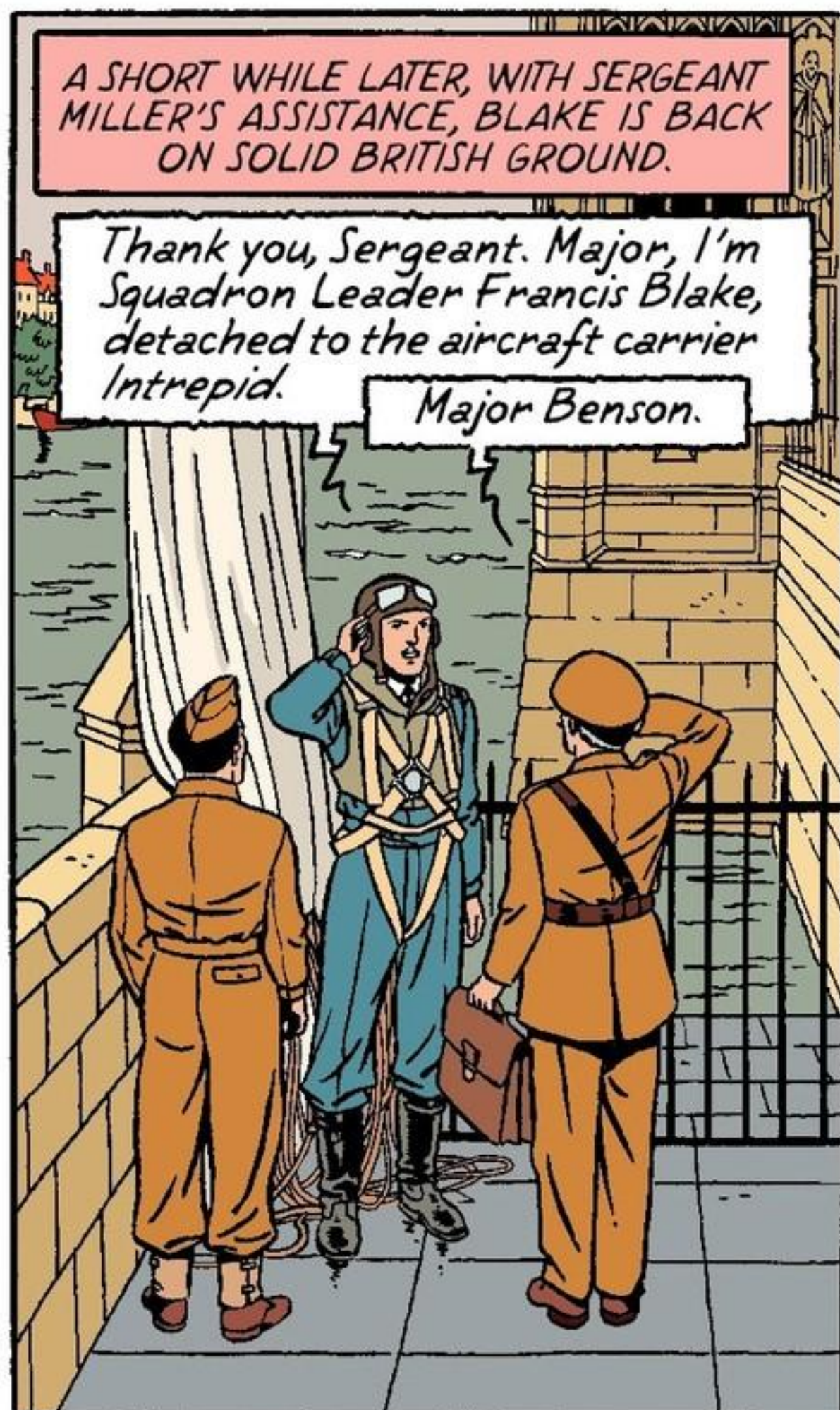


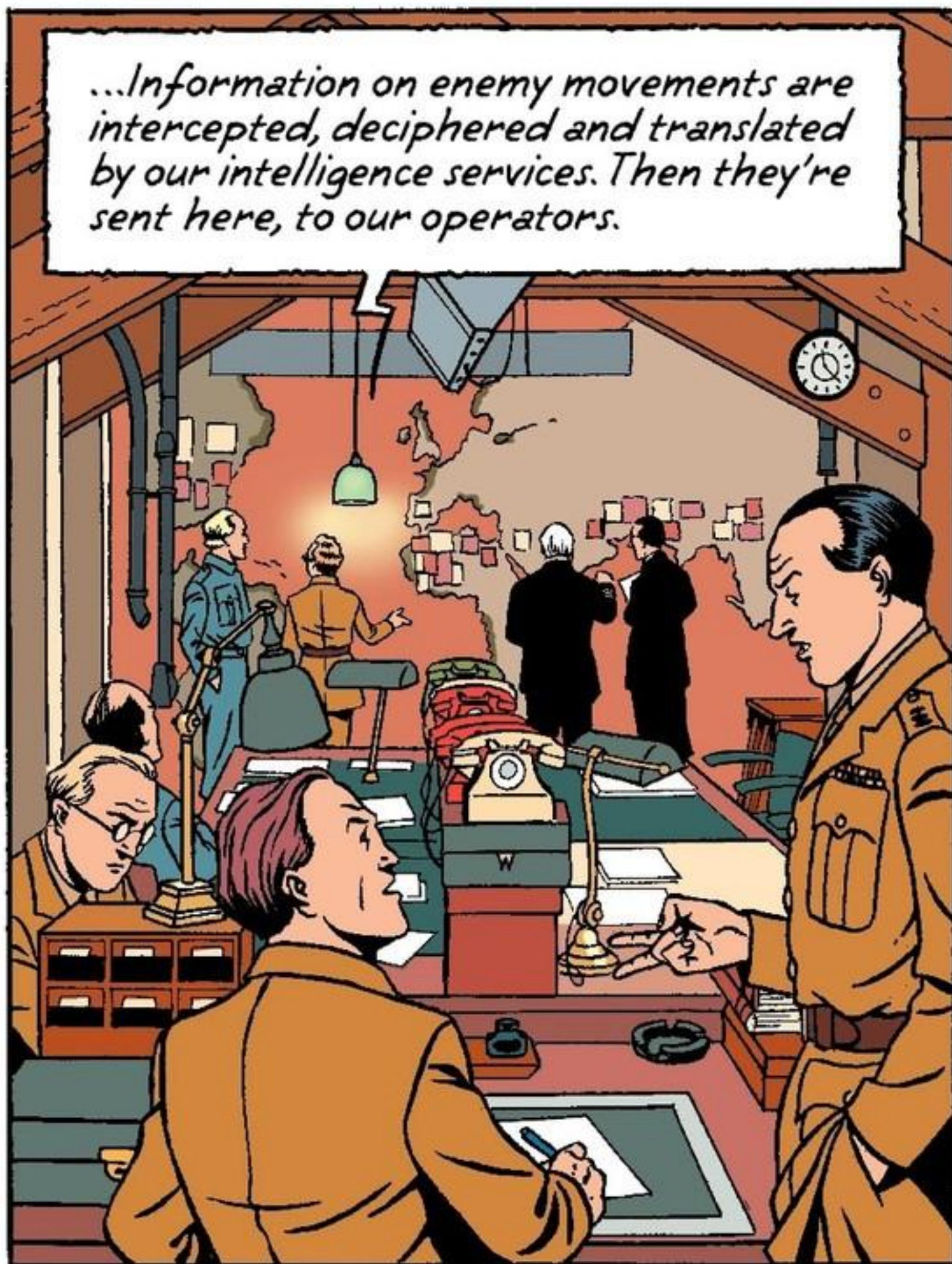
UNAWARE OF THE TRAGIC EVENT THAT'S JUST TAKEN PLACE ON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE, BLAKE'S MADE HIS DECISION. THAT FLYING WING WITH ITS BULLETPROOF ARMOUR IS GOING TO KEEP IGNORING THE GOLDEN ROCKET AND SHOOT DOWN THE SEAFIRES ONE BY ONE...

Only one thing to do....



*BUT... NO! THAT'S NOT POSSIBLE!





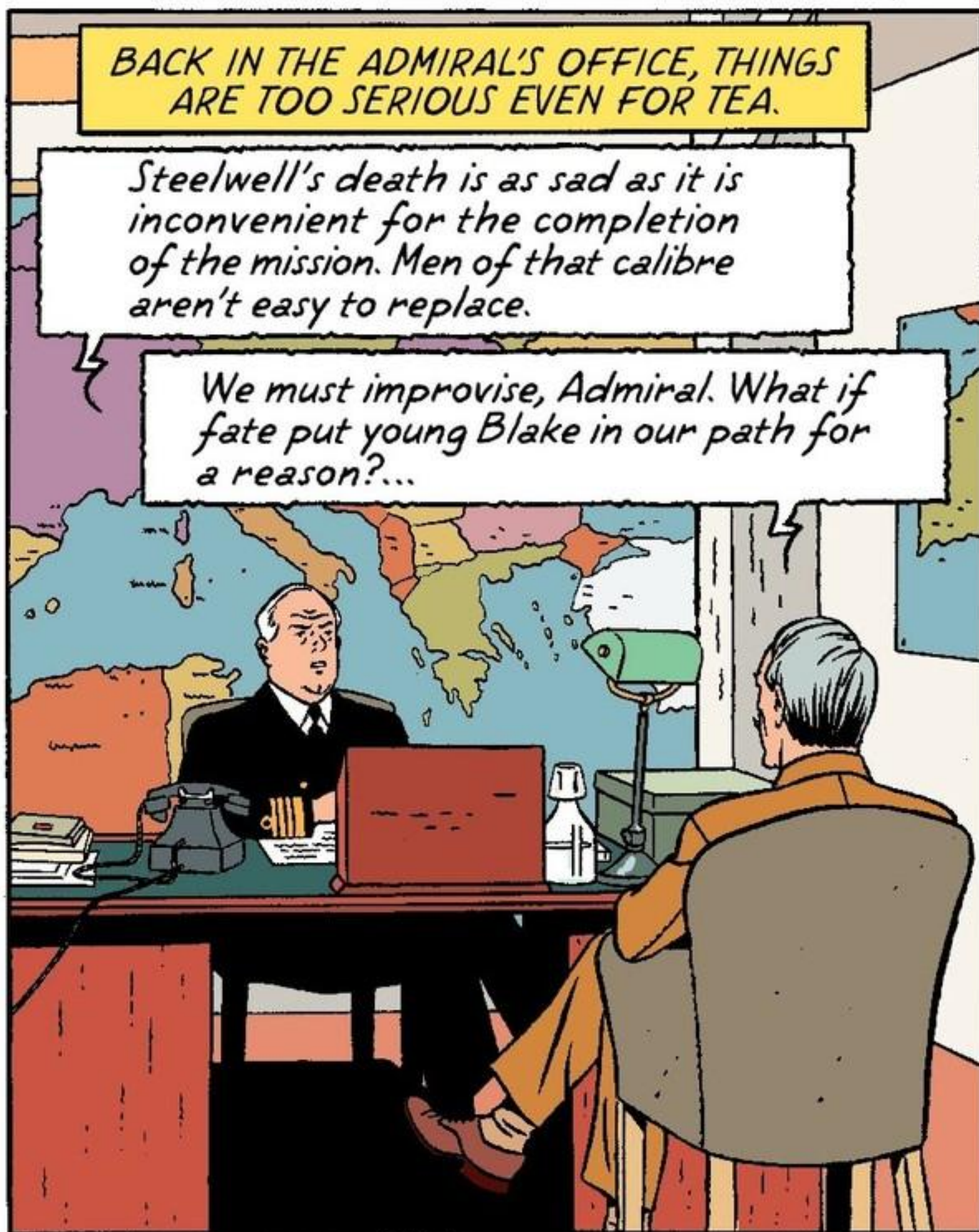
...Information on enemy movements are intercepted, deciphered and translated by our intelligence services. Then they're sent here, to our operators.



Our analysts then propose several counter-move options to the Combined Staff, which makes a decision and relays it to the men on the ground.



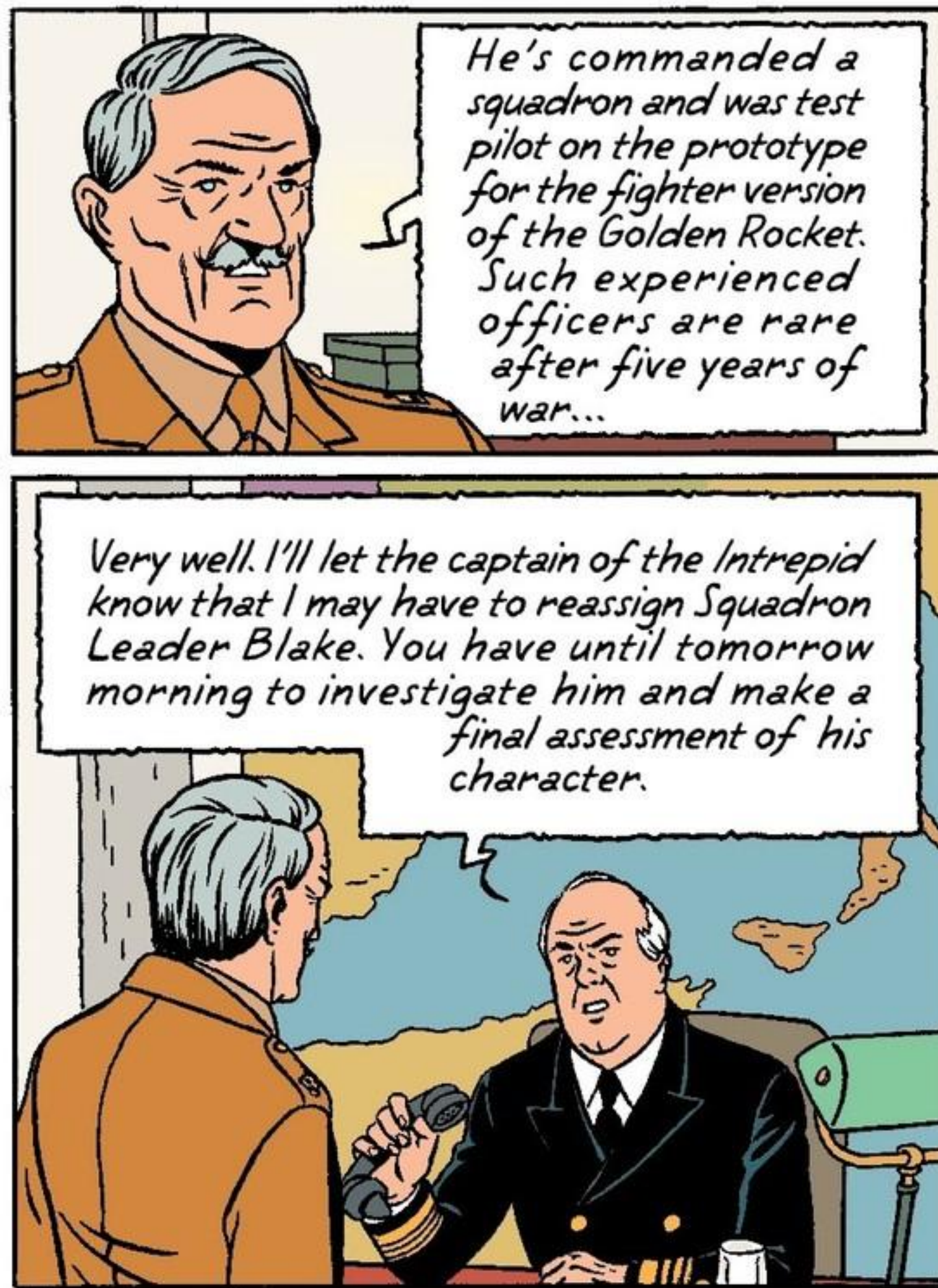
We're almost at my office. I'll explain in more detail how complicated a path the gathered data has to follow. Not forgetting tea, of course!



BACK IN THE ADMIRAL'S OFFICE, THINGS ARE TOO SERIOUS EVEN FOR TEA.

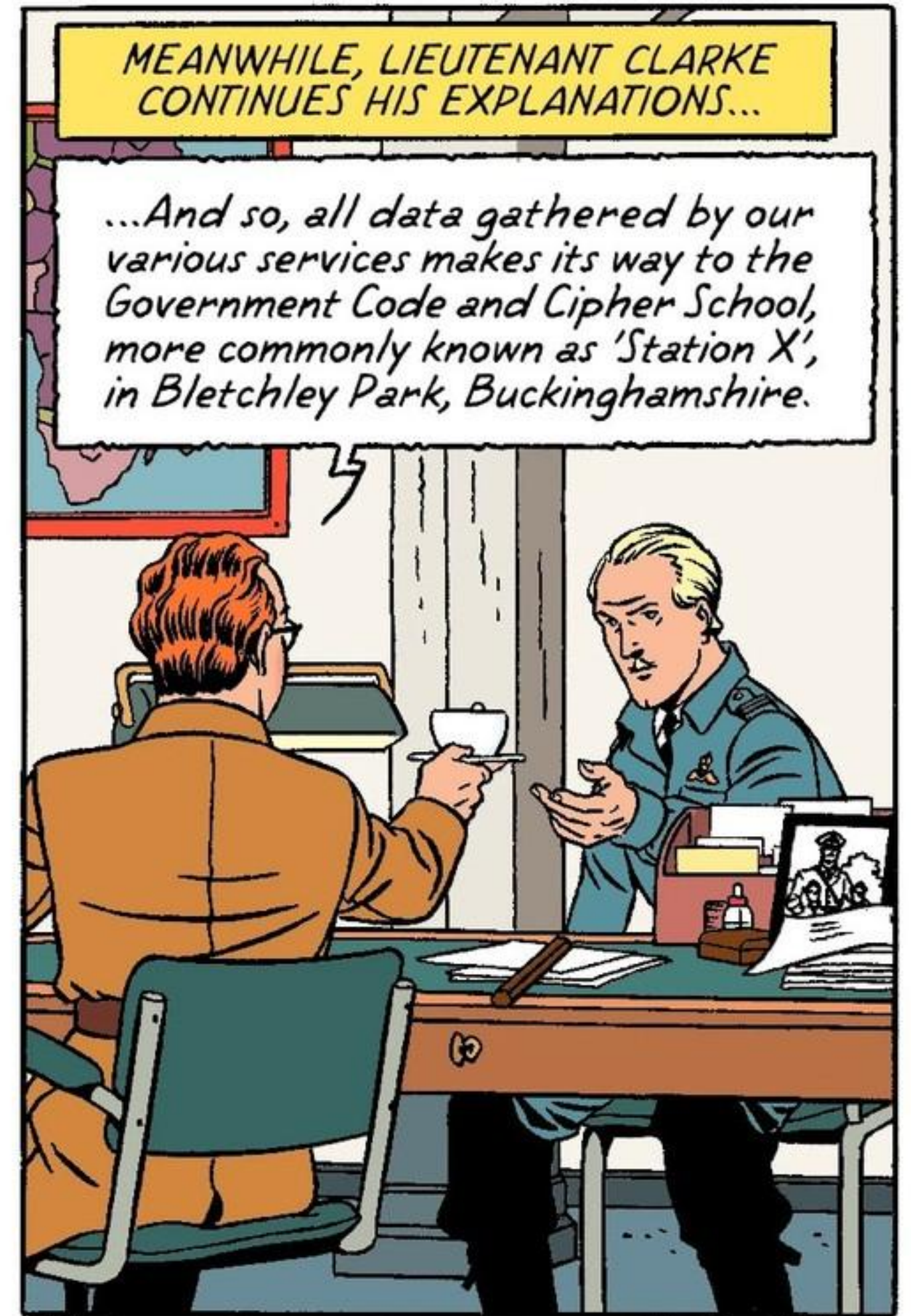
Steelwell's death is as sad as it is inconvenient for the completion of the mission. Men of that calibre aren't easy to replace.

We must improvise, Admiral. What if fate put young Blake in our path for a reason?...



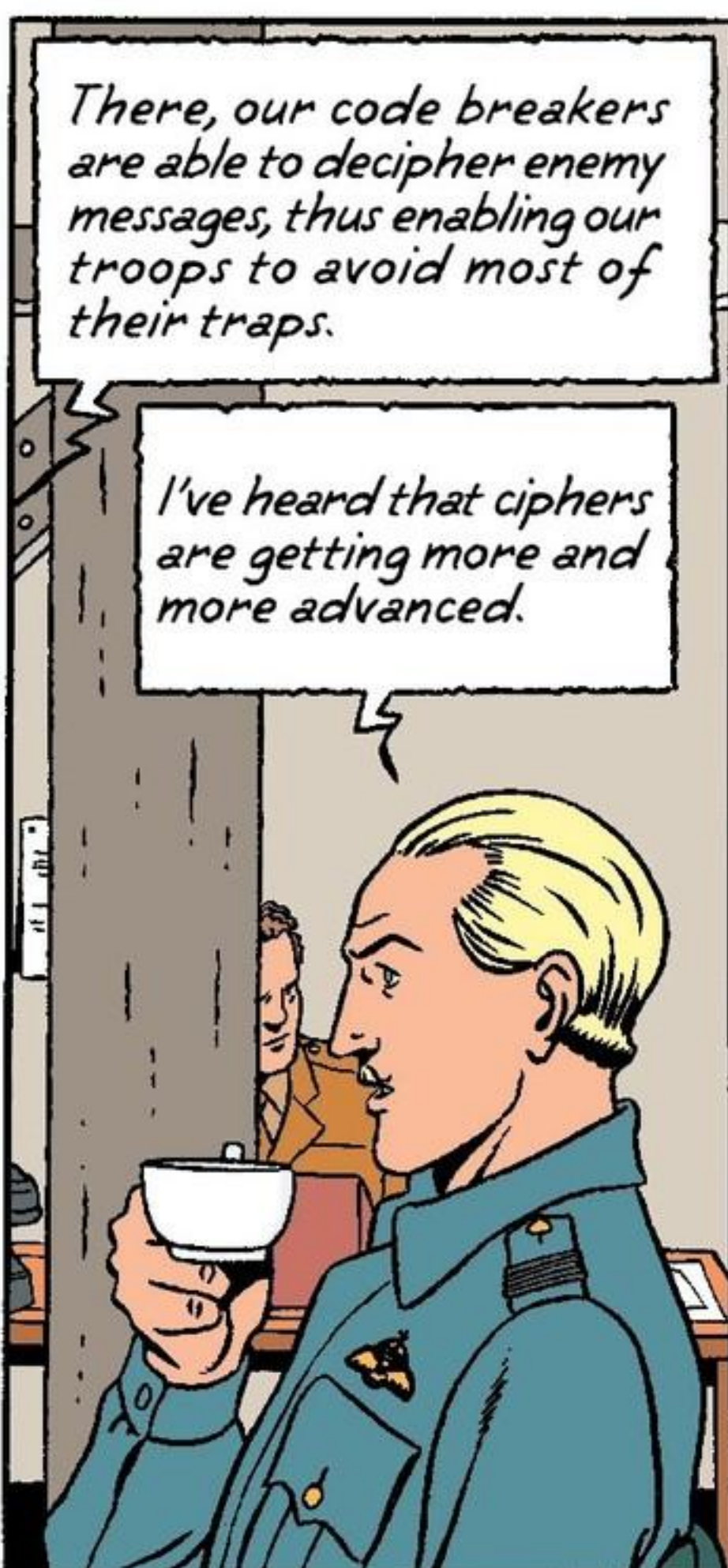
He's commanded a squadron and was test pilot on the prototype for the fighter version of the Golden Rocket. Such experienced officers are rare after five years of war...

Very well. I'll let the captain of the *Intrepid* know that I may have to reassign Squadron Leader Blake. You have until tomorrow morning to investigate him and make a final assessment of his character.



MEANWHILE, LIEUTENANT CLARKE CONTINUES HIS EXPLANATIONS...

...And so, all data gathered by our various services makes its way to the Government Code and Cipher School, more commonly known as 'Station X', in Bletchley Park, Buckinghamshire.



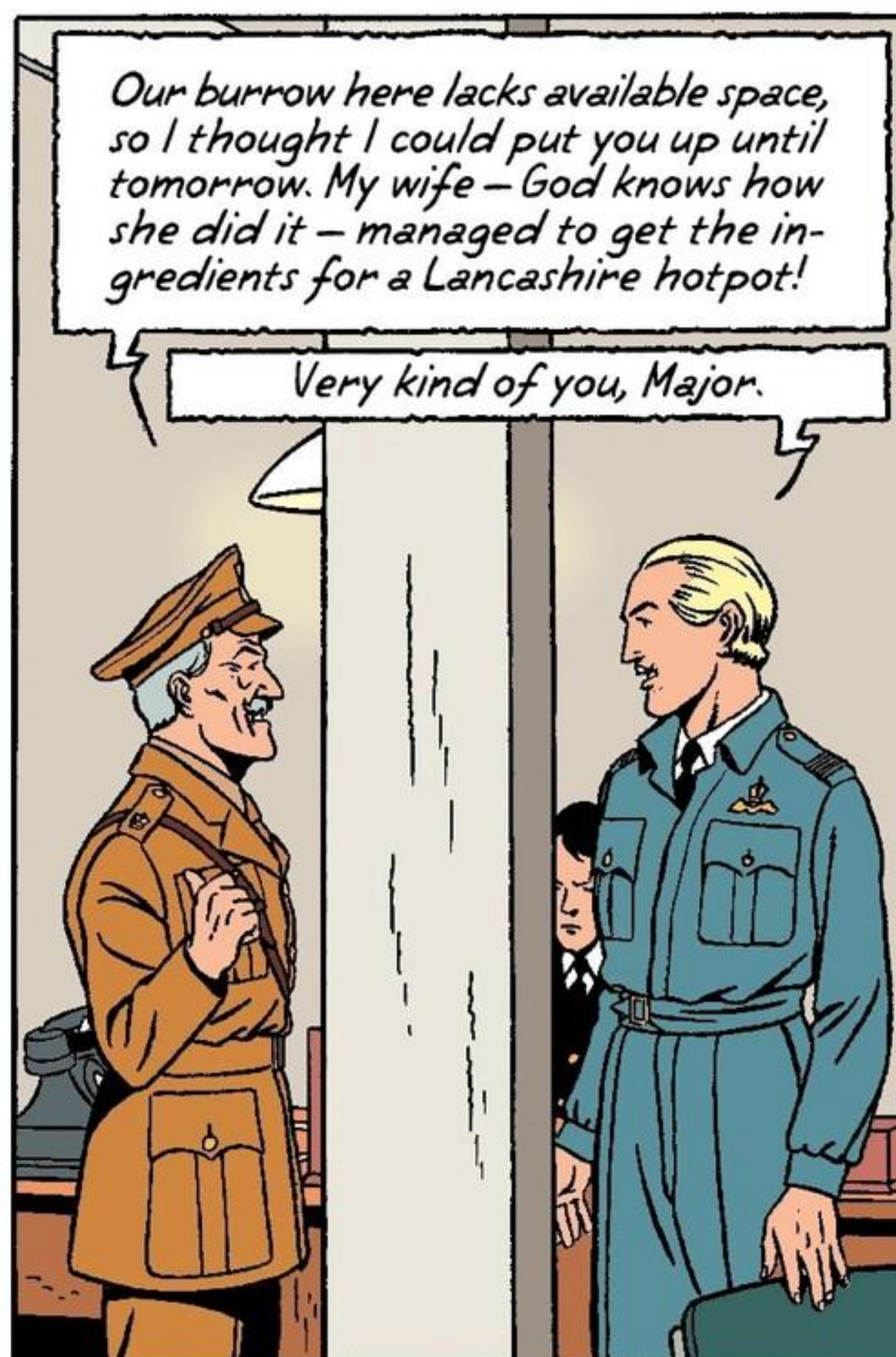
There, our code breakers are able to decipher enemy messages, thus enabling our troops to avoid most of their traps.

I've heard that ciphers are getting more and more advanced.



Secret codes have changed a lot since antiquity. Today, intelligence services throughout the world employ armies of mathematicians who...

Blake!

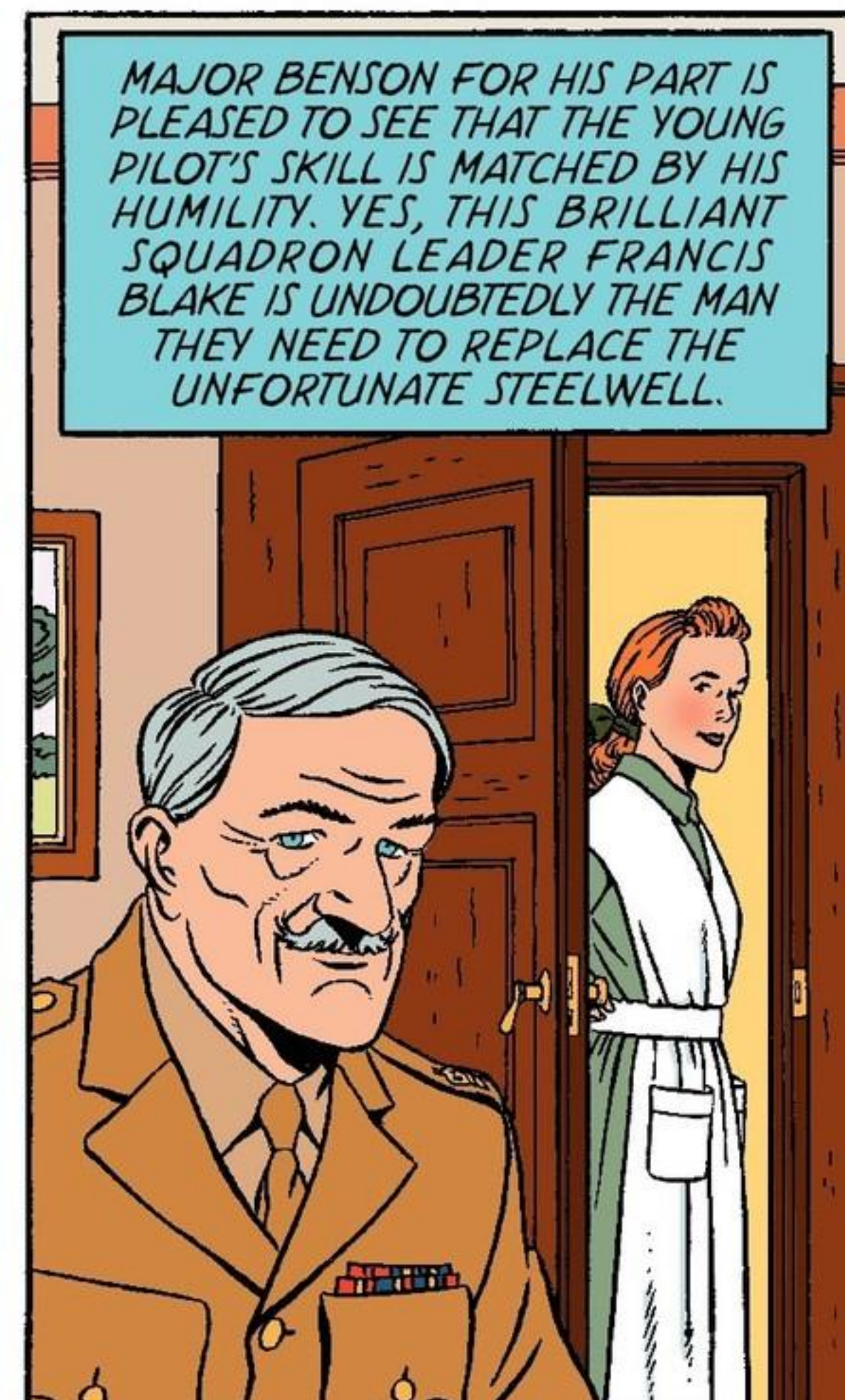
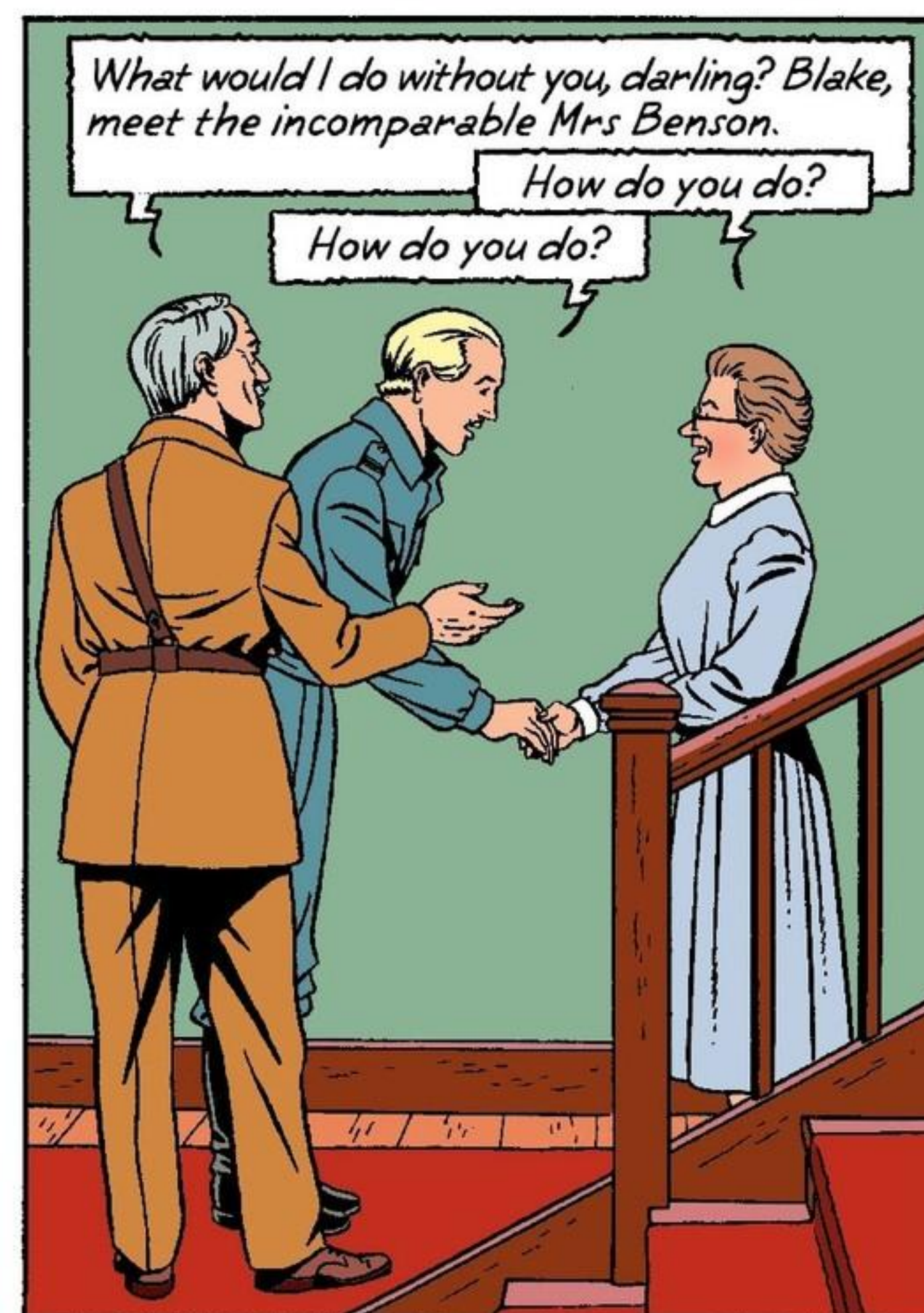


Our burrow here lacks available space, so I thought I could put you up until tomorrow. My wife - God knows how she did it - managed to get the ingredients for a Lancashire hotpot!

Very kind of you, Major.



Mrs Benson will be delighted to hear the tale of your daring deeds!





BLAKE IS ABOUT TO SHUT THE DOOR OF HIS ROOM...



...BUT CURIOSITY GETS THE BETTER OF HIM WHEN THE VISITOR SPEAKS. WHERE HAS HE HEARD THAT VOICE BEFORE?

Good evening, Major!



I'm sorry to bother you so late. I just received new reports from Station X...



Honestly, Lieutenant, this data could have waited until tomorrow.

Er... I also have a small package that I'd hoped you could... You know...



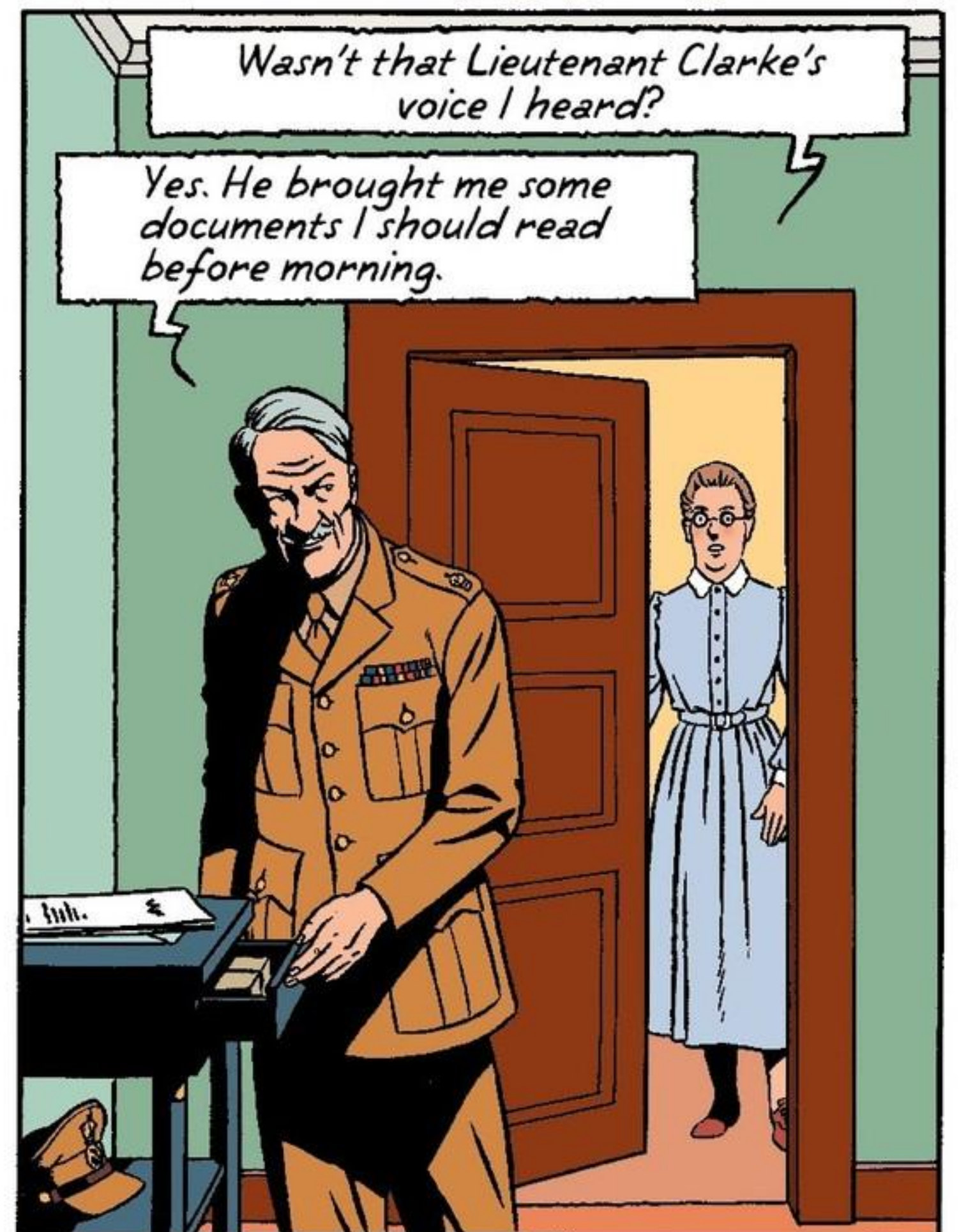
Oh, I see! Well, give it to me then get some sleep.

Thank you very much, Major. I...



Right, right. Goodnight, Lieutenant.

Er... Goodnight, Major.



Wasn't that Lieutenant Clarke's voice I heard?

Yes. He brought me some documents I should read before morning.



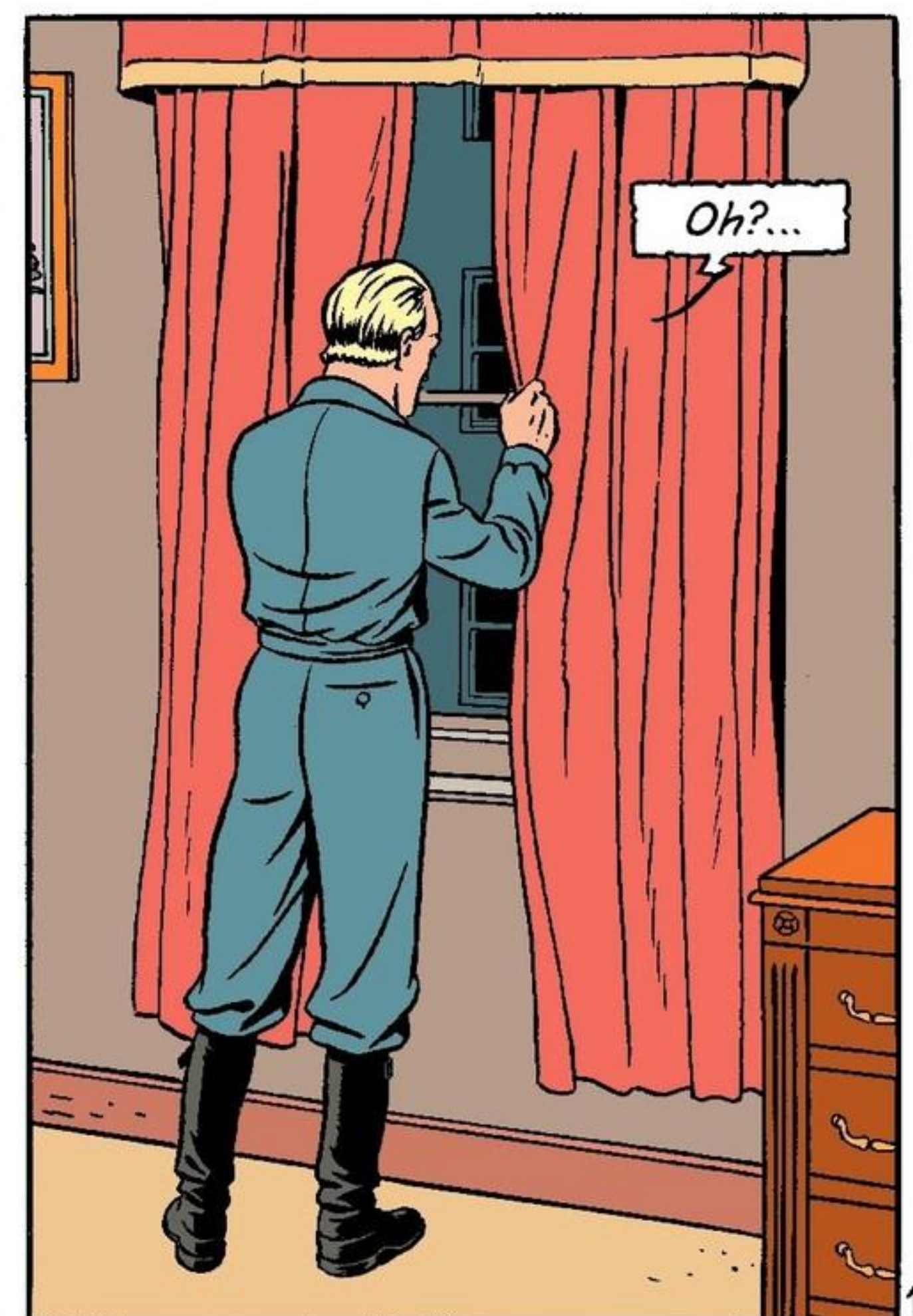
At this hour? Your own headquarters will be the death of you—more surely than the Germans...



BLAKE CAN'T HELP BUT ASK HIMSELF: WHAT SECRETS DOES MAJOR BENSON SHARE WITH THAT LIEUTENANT CLARKE?



BUT QUICKLY, SLIGHTLY ASHAMED OF HIS SUSPICIOUS THOUGHTS TOWARDS HIS HOST, HE DECIDES IT'S TIME FOR HIM TO GO TO BED.



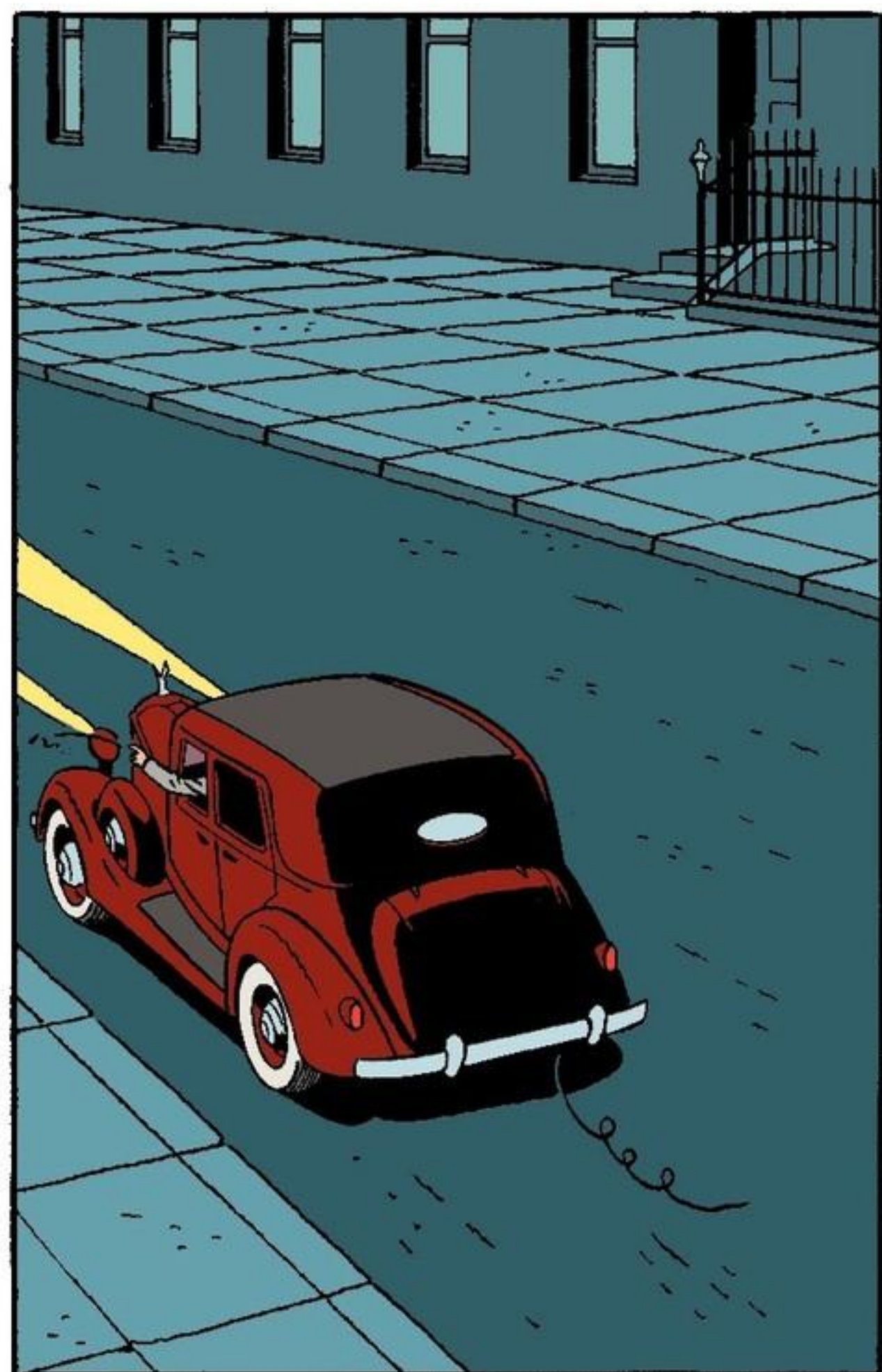
Oh?...



Lieutenant Clarke?
Why isn't he going
home?



What's he waiting for?



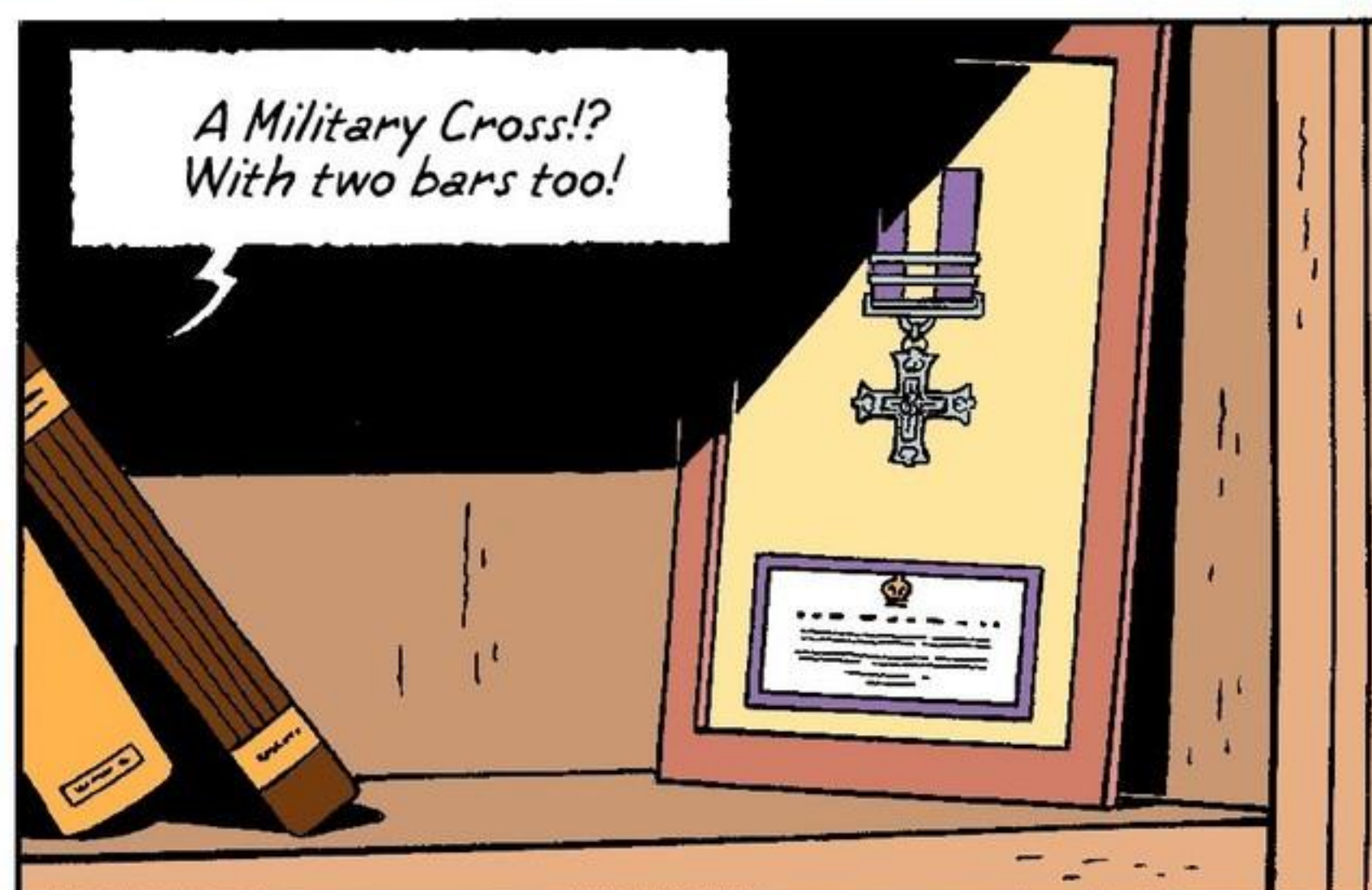
A WORRIED BLAKE CAN'T HELP
BUT THINK THAT THIS LATE VISIT BY
THE YOUNG OFFICER IS DECIDEDLY
STRANGE.



Francis, old boy, a
good night's sleep
will do wonders...



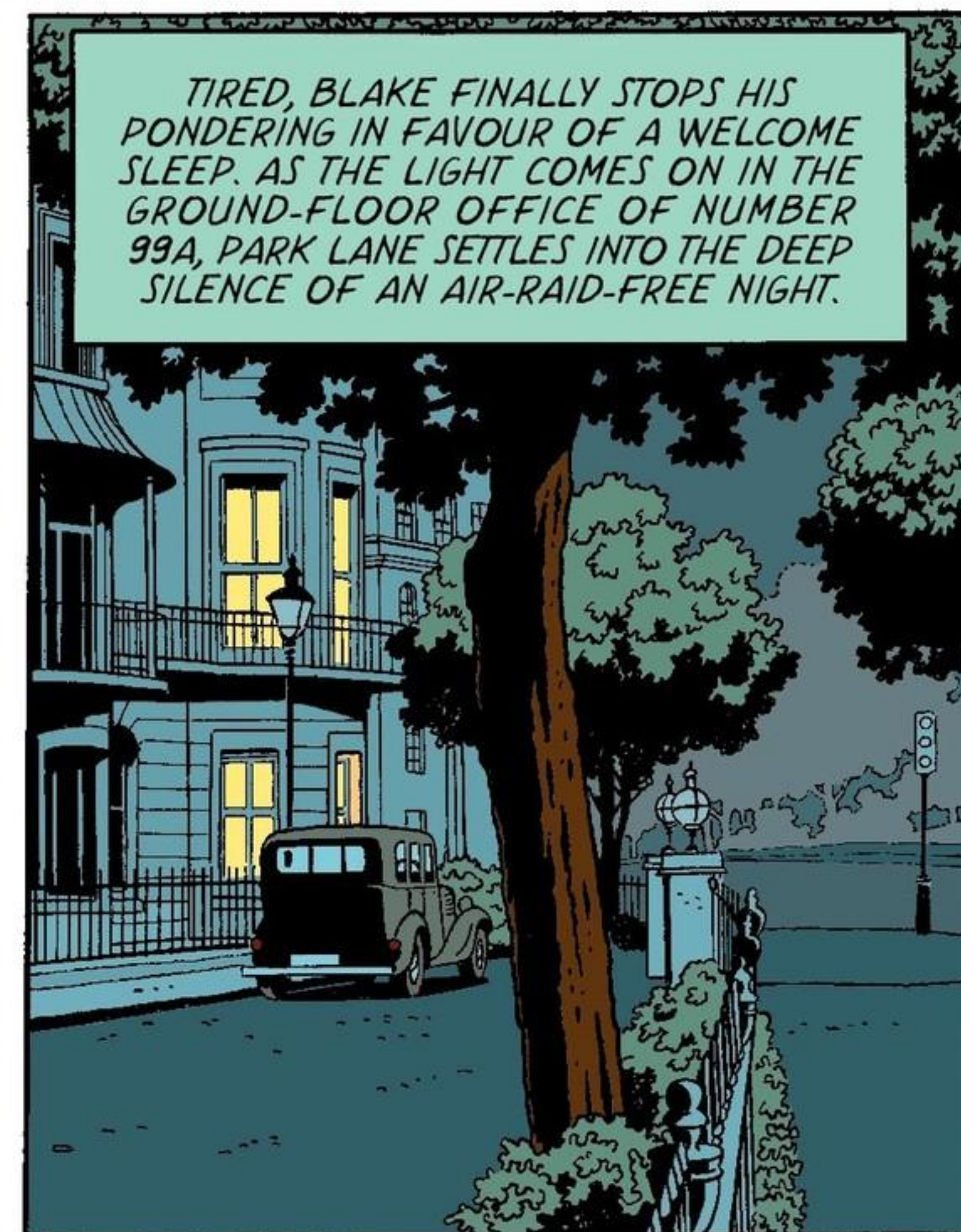
My goodness! Is this really...?



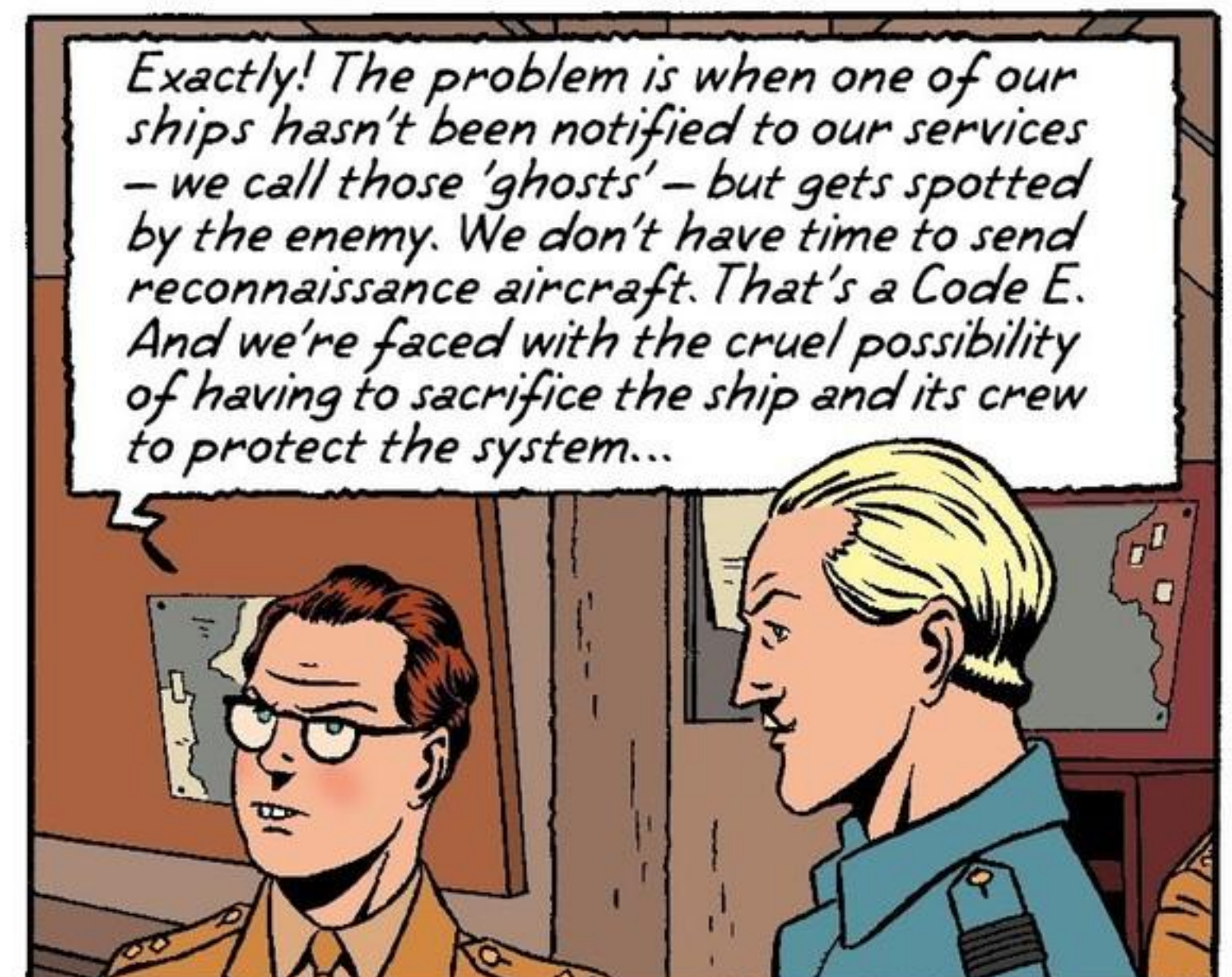
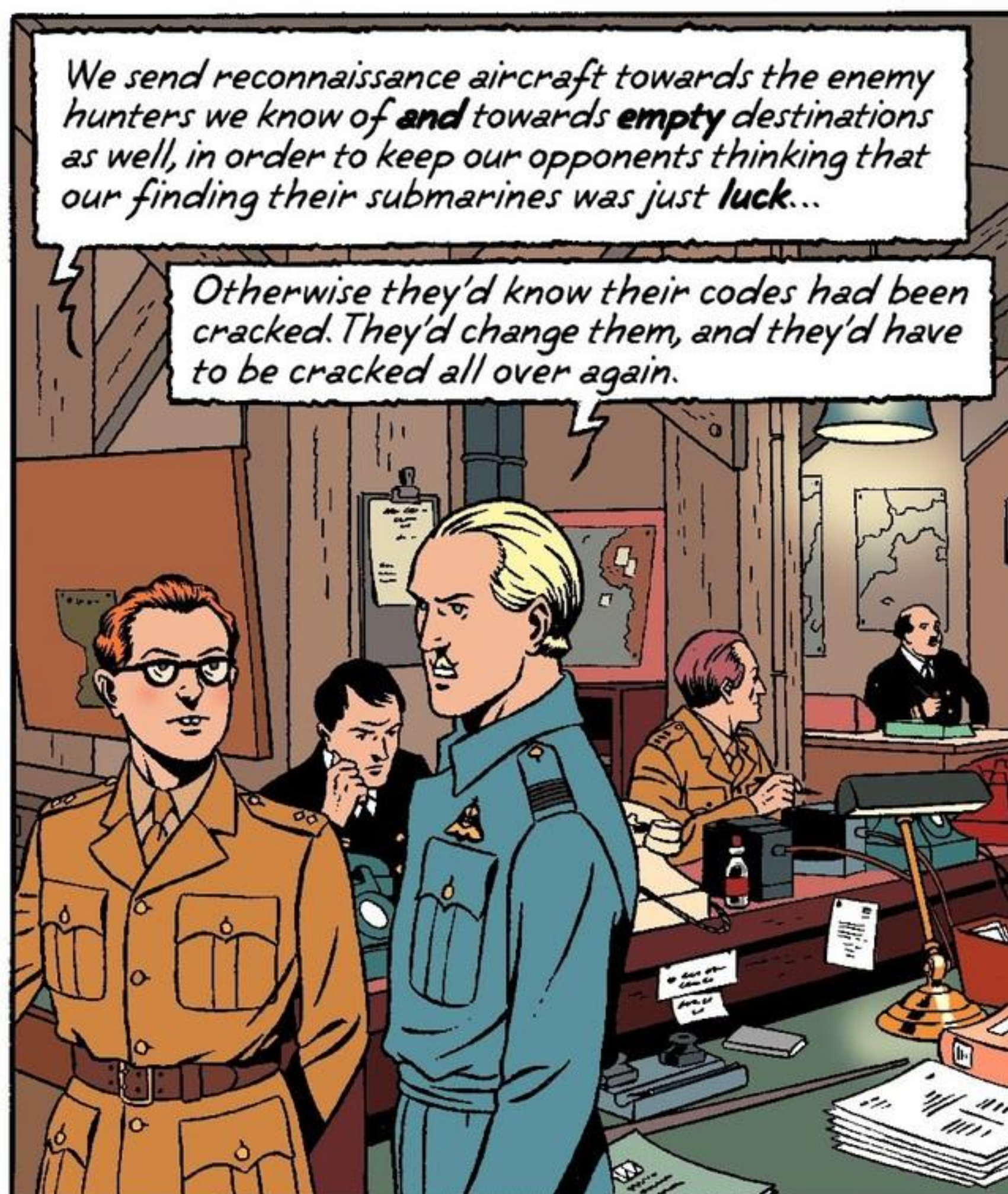
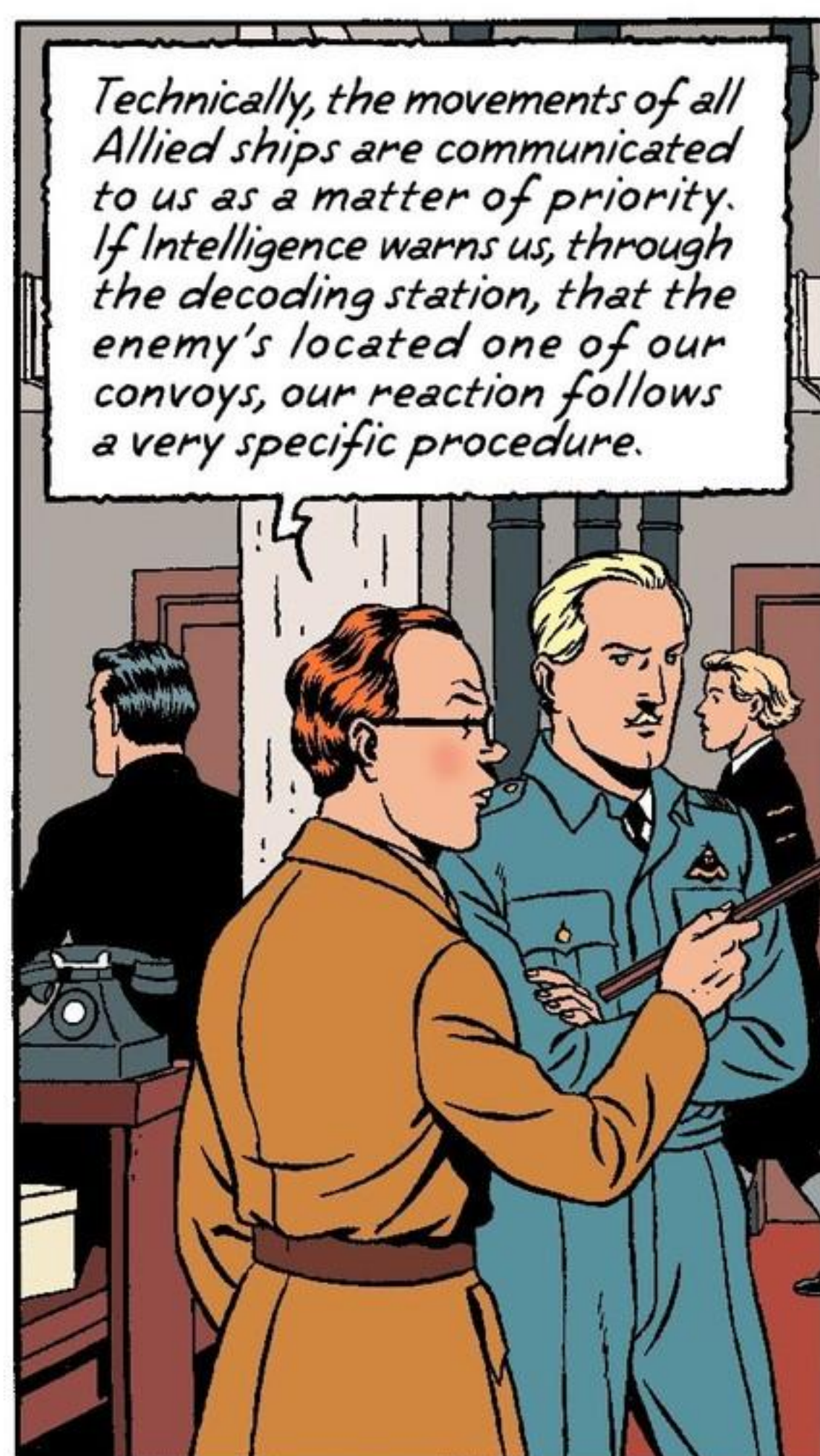
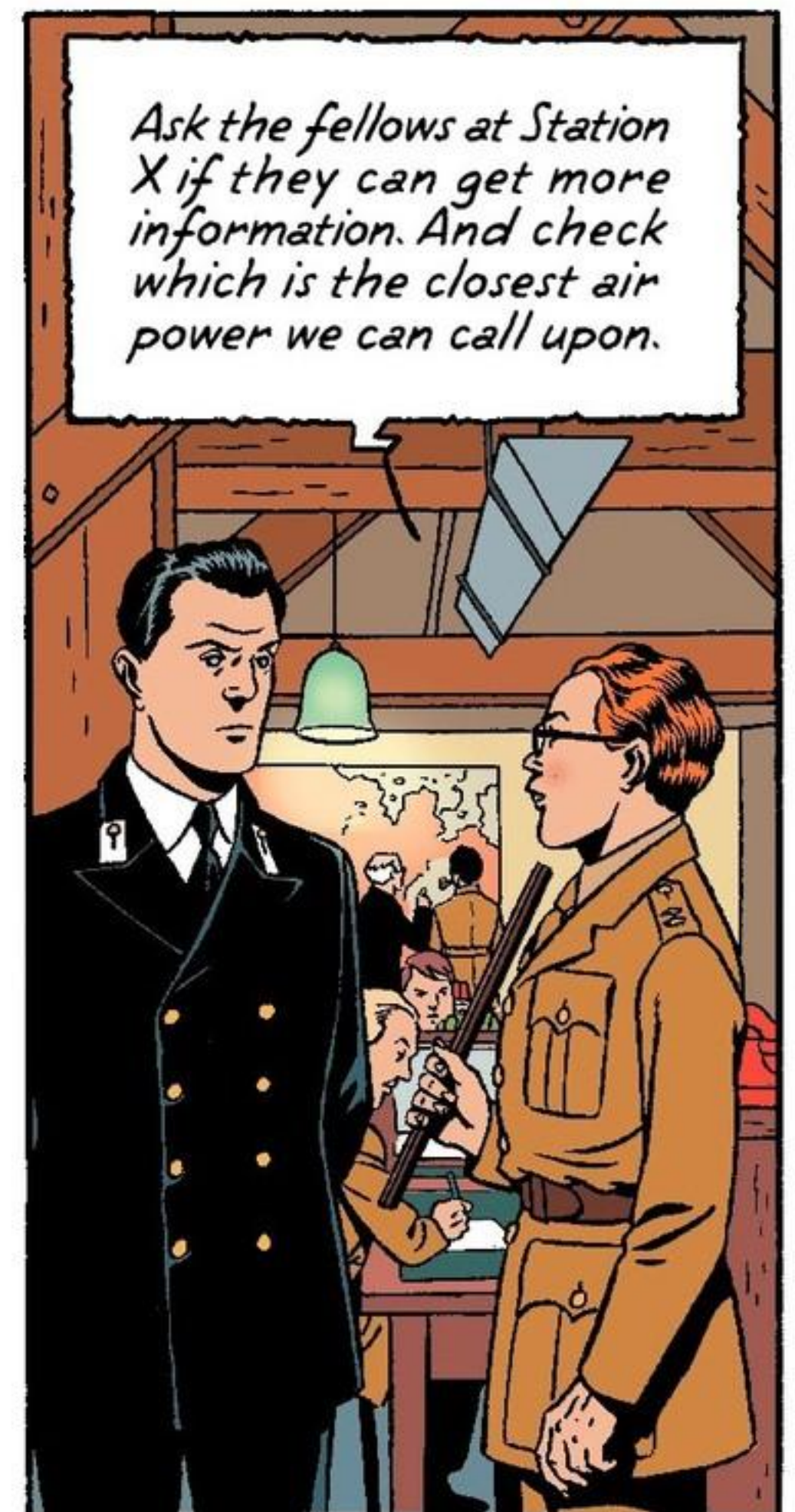
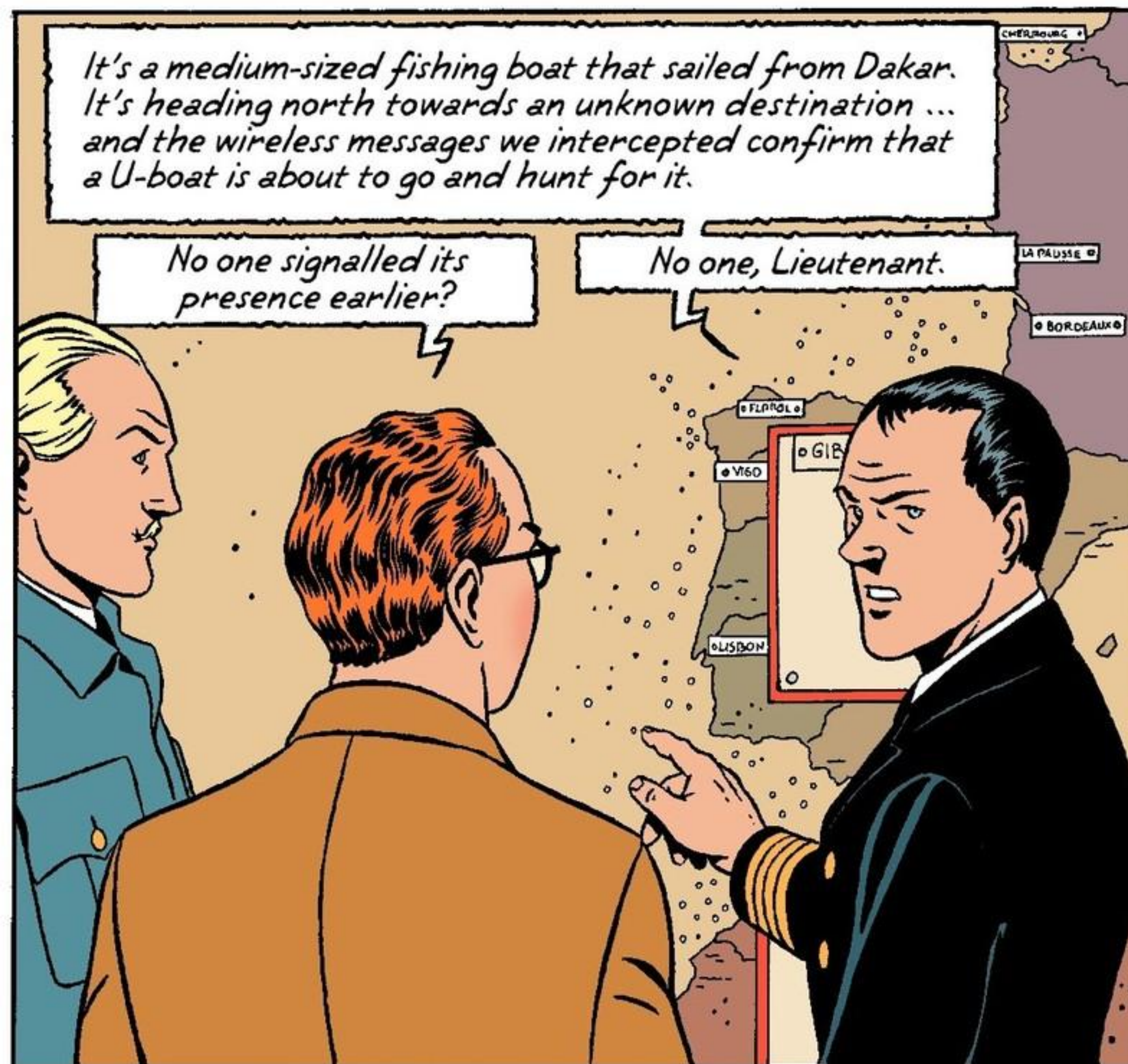
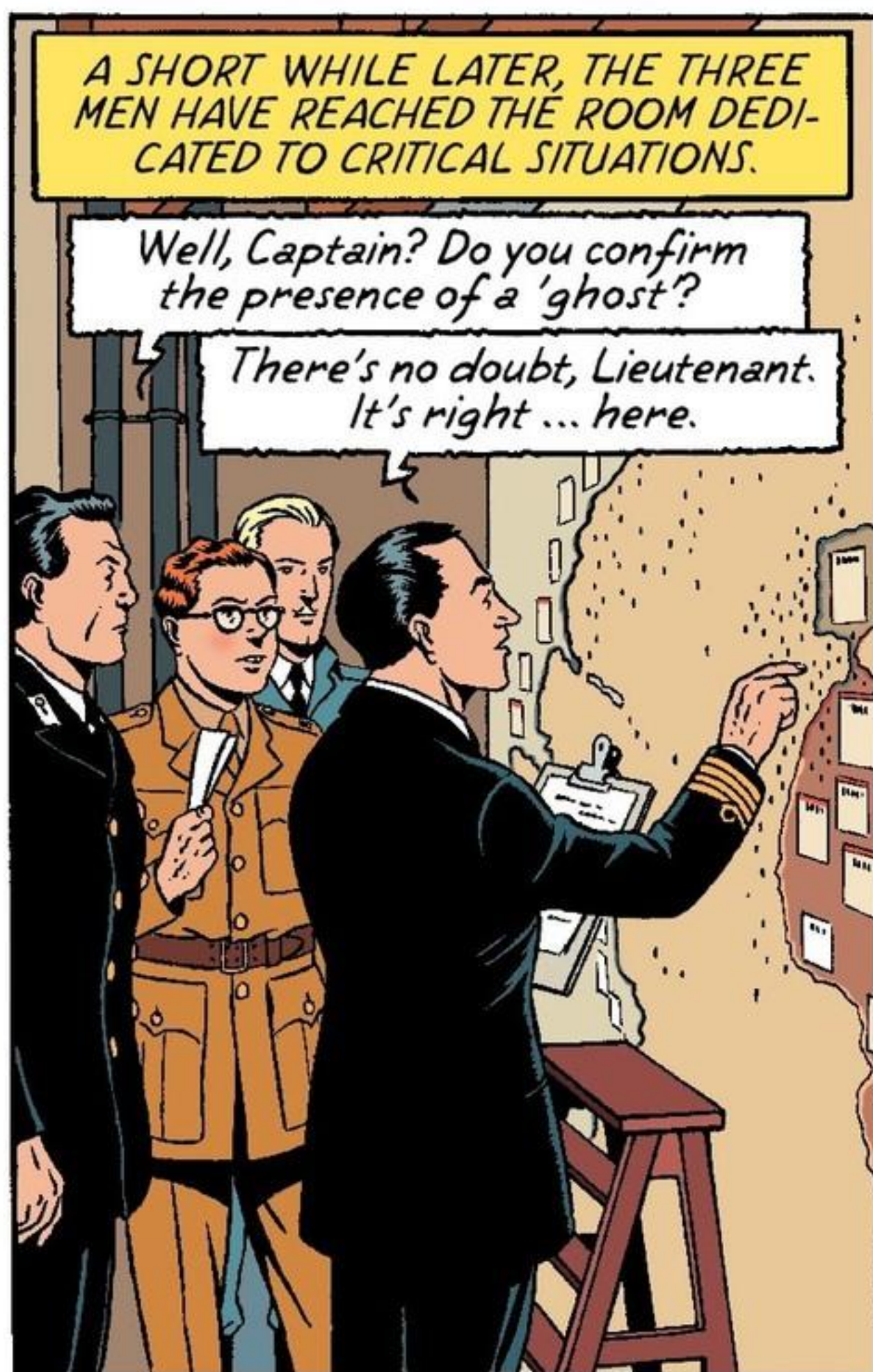
A Military Cross!?
With two bars too!

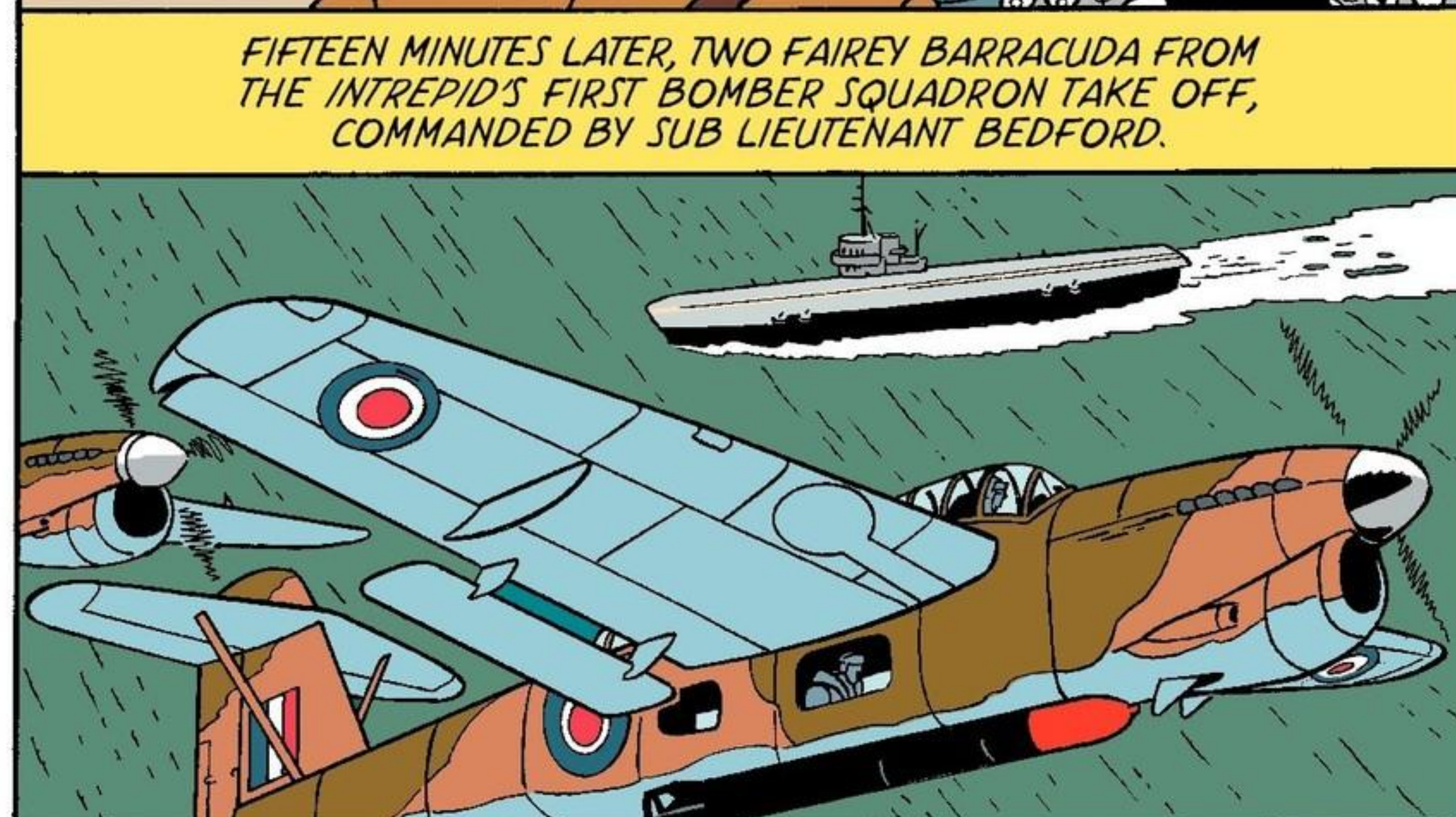
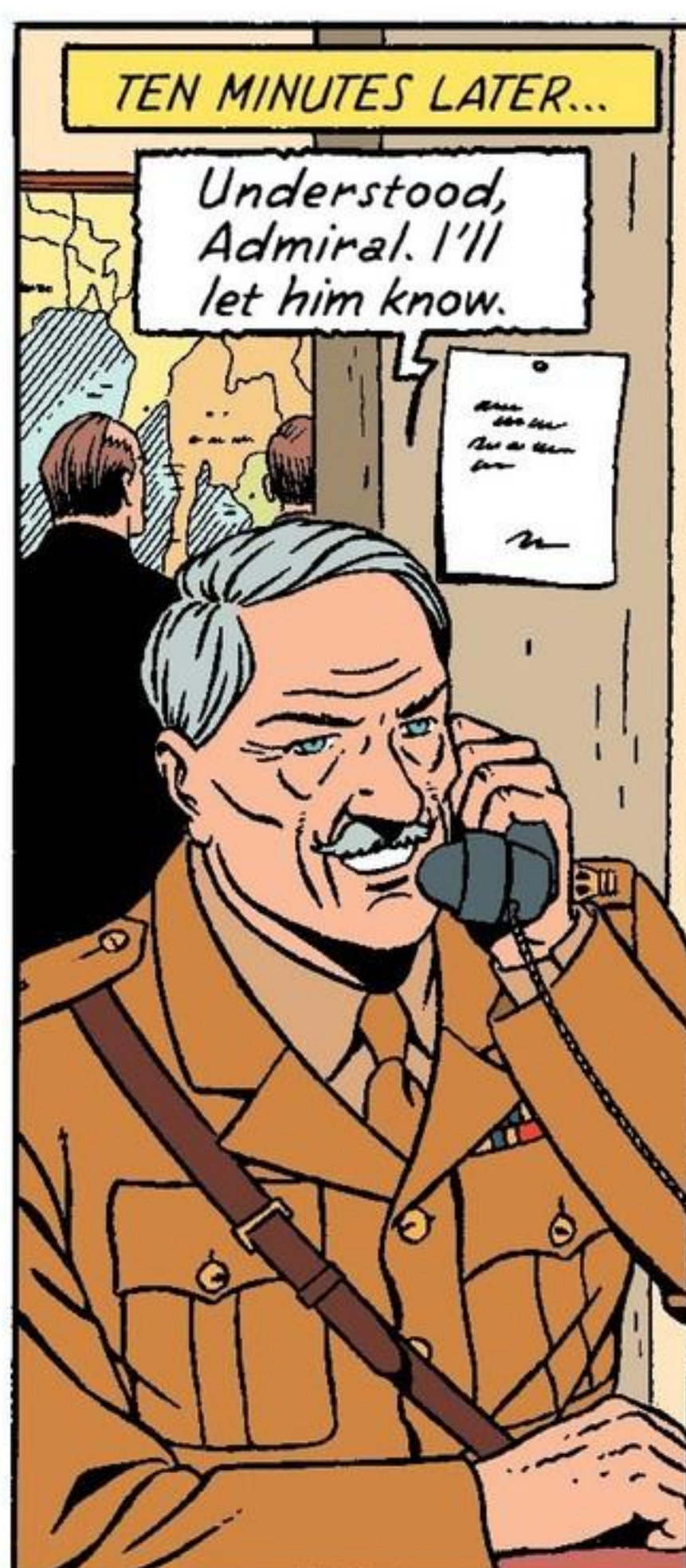
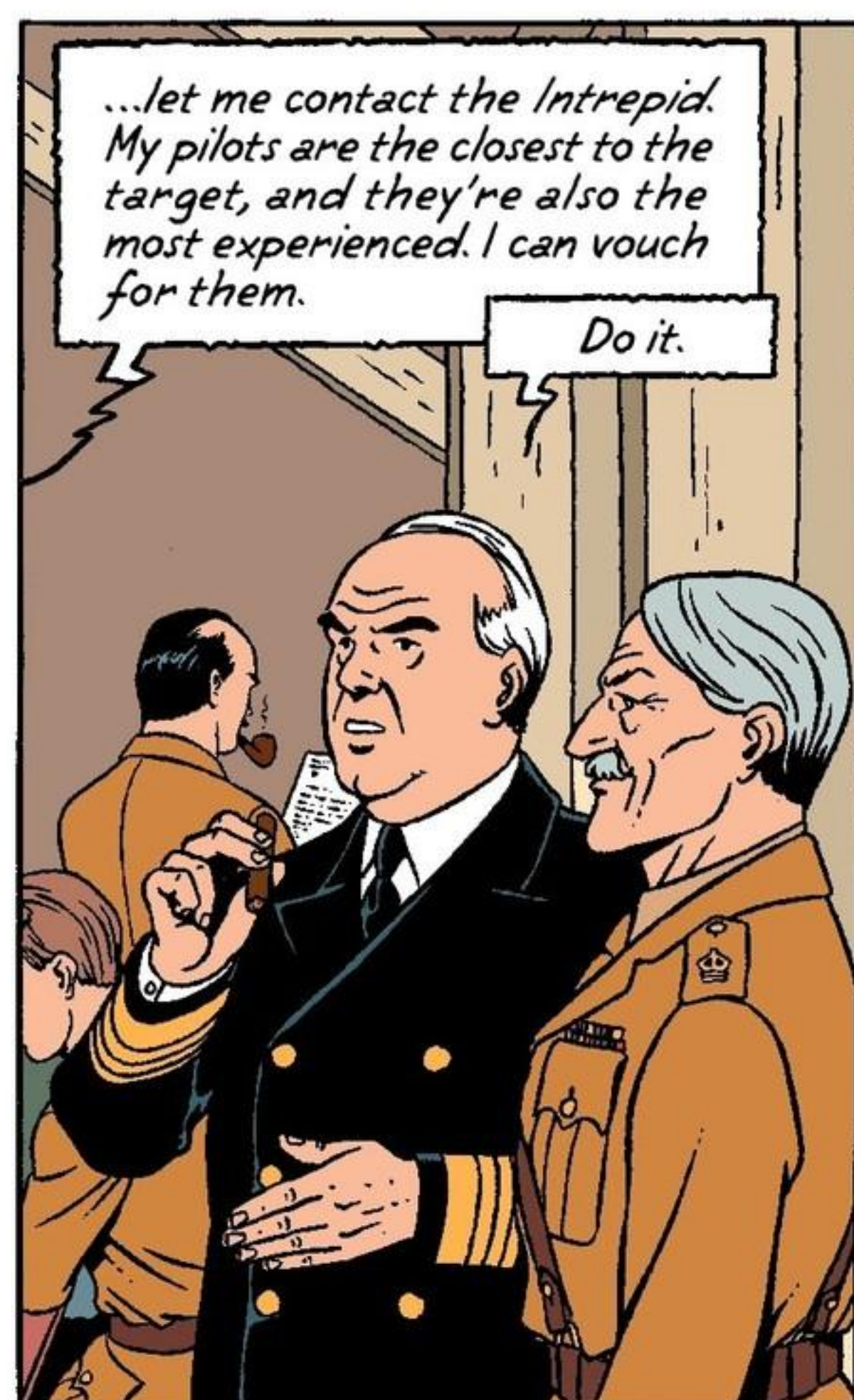
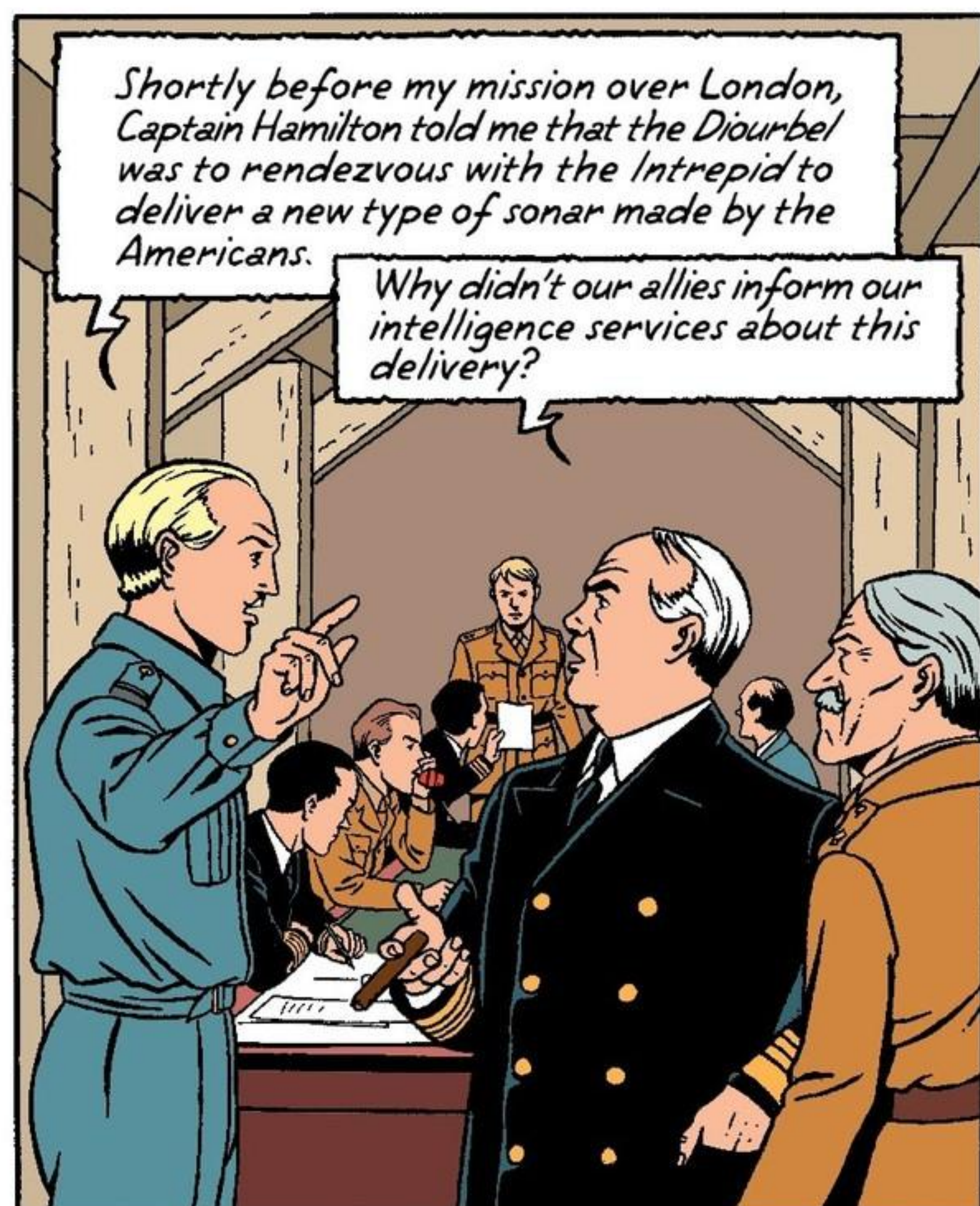
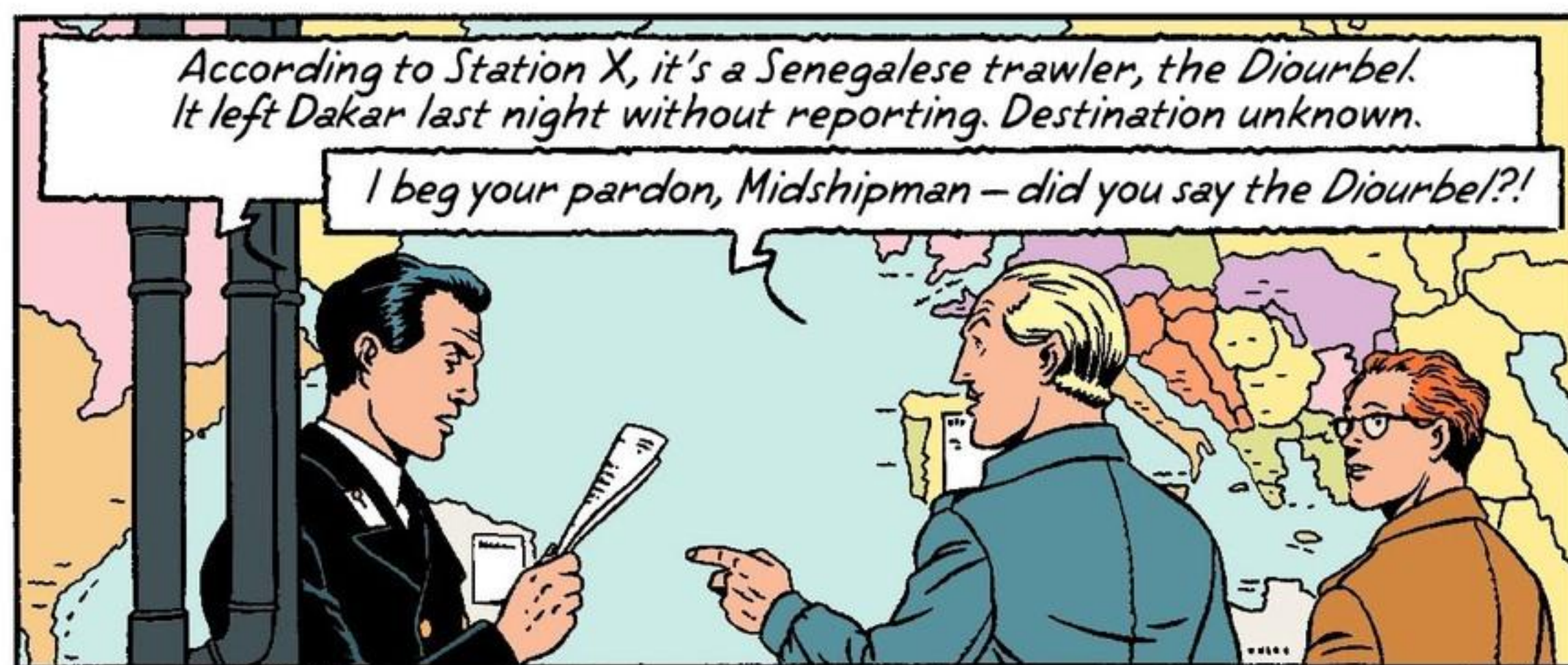


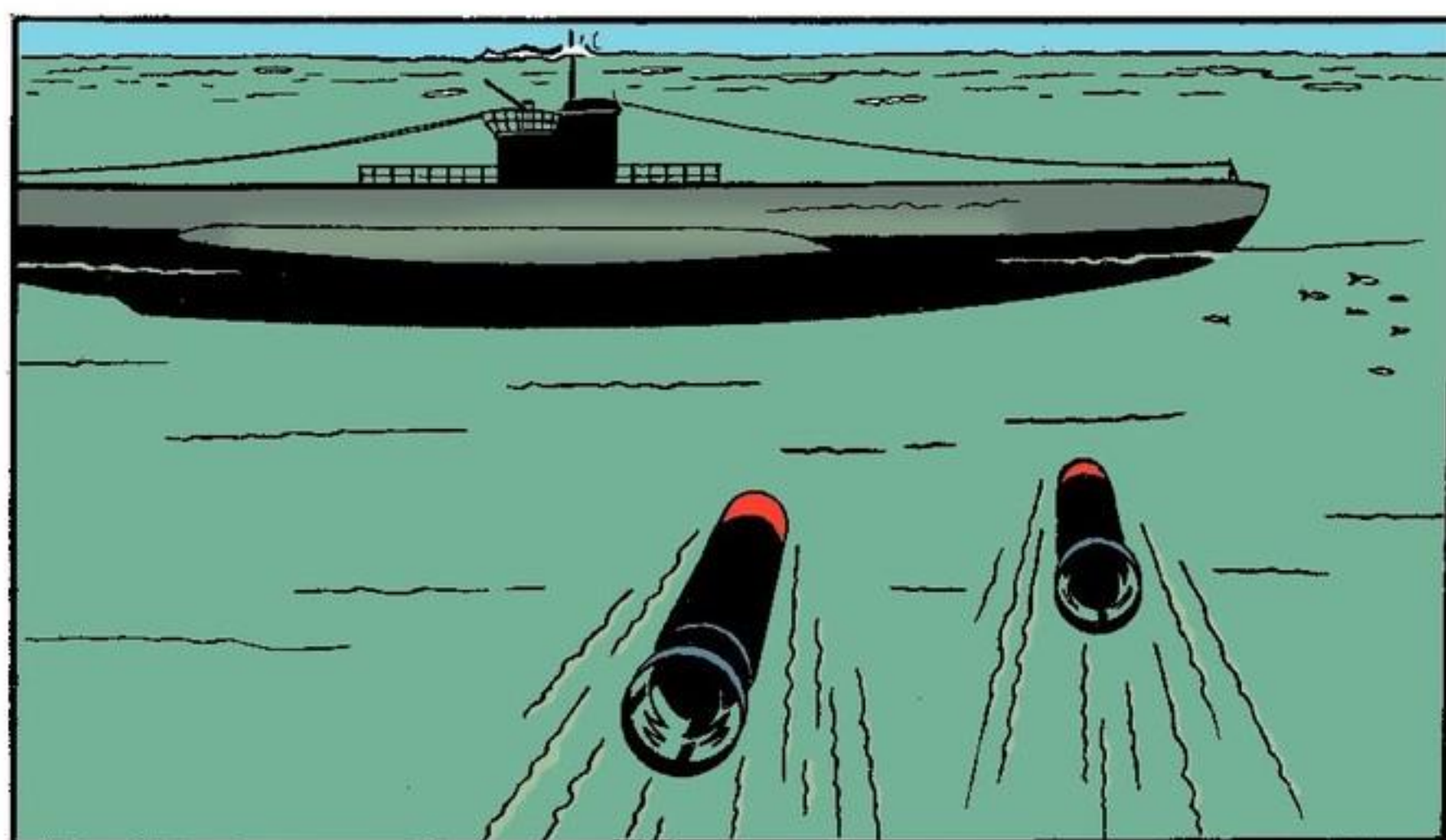
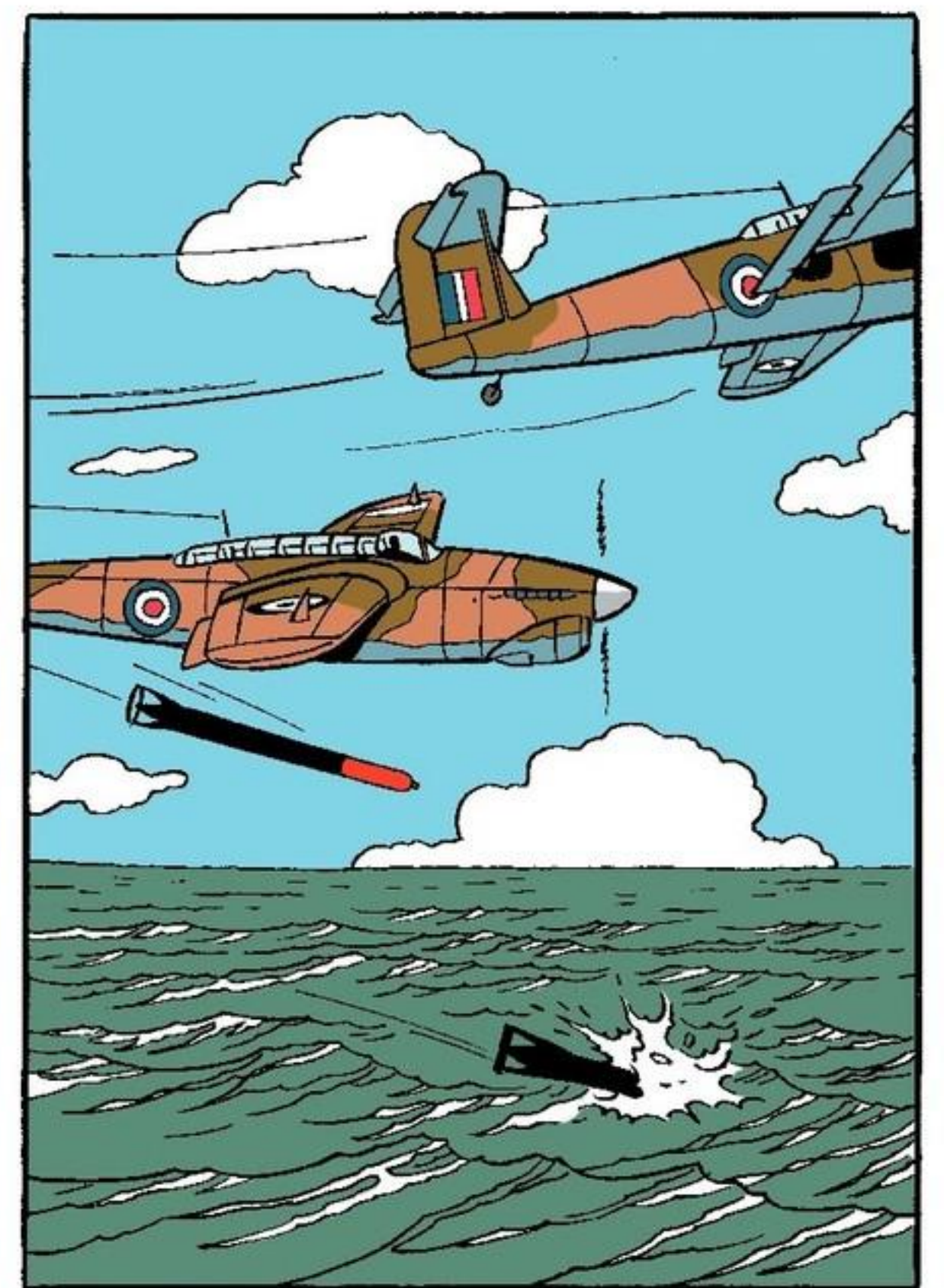
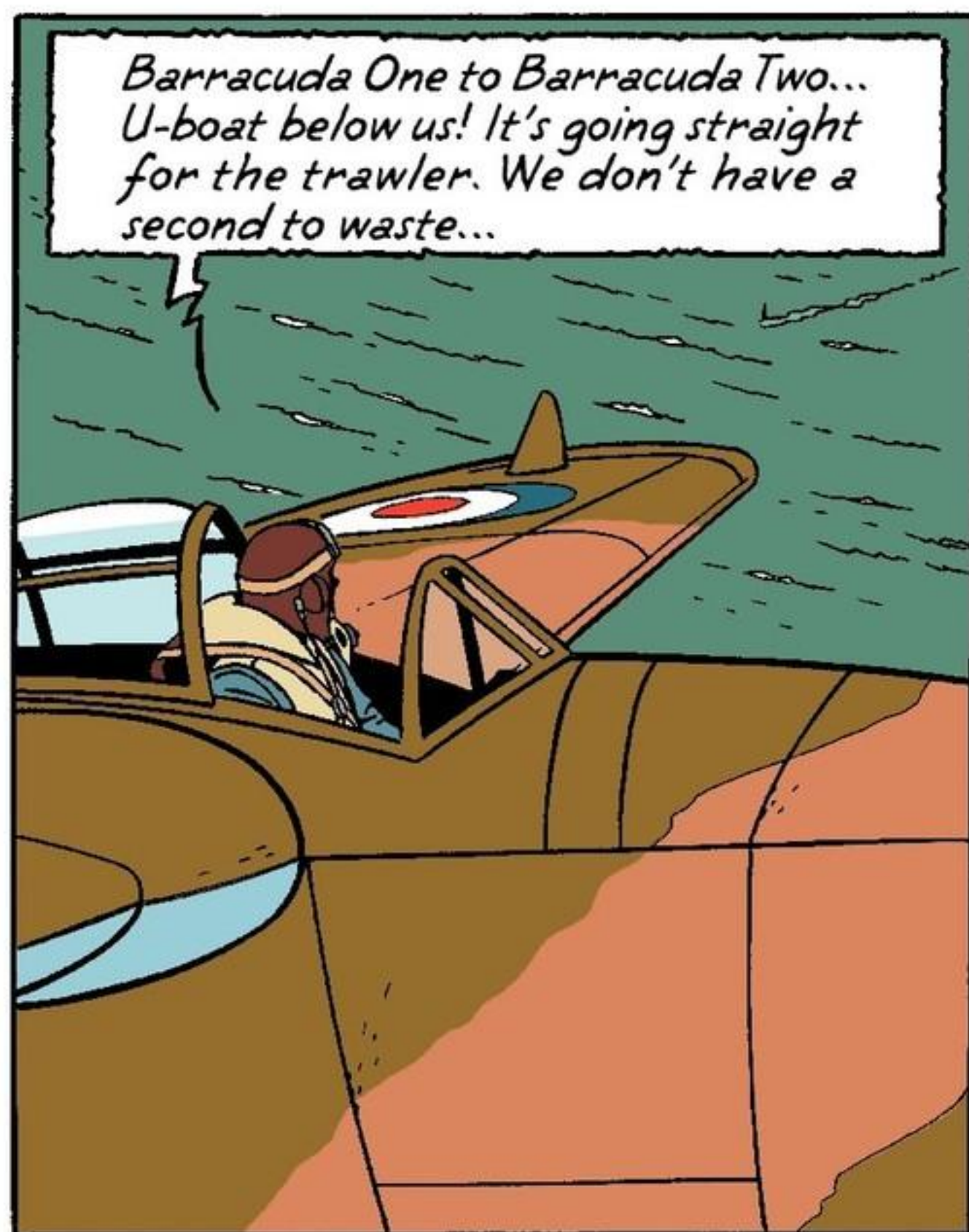
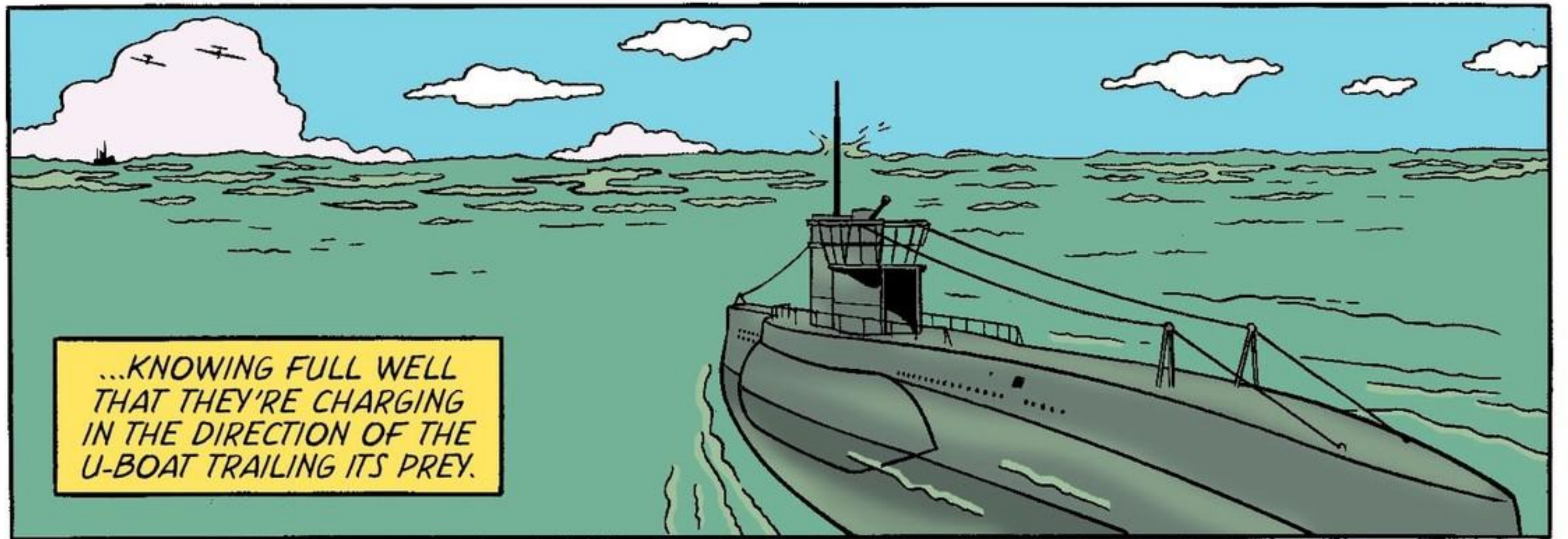
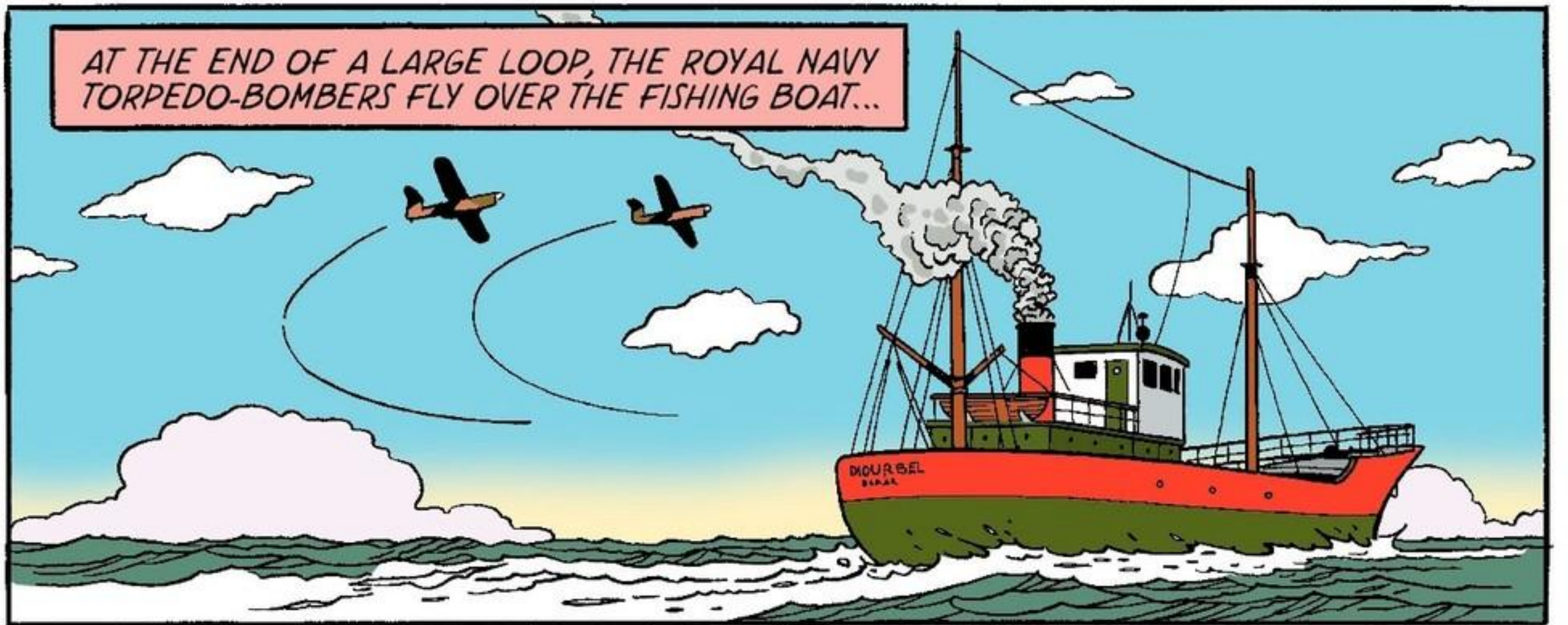
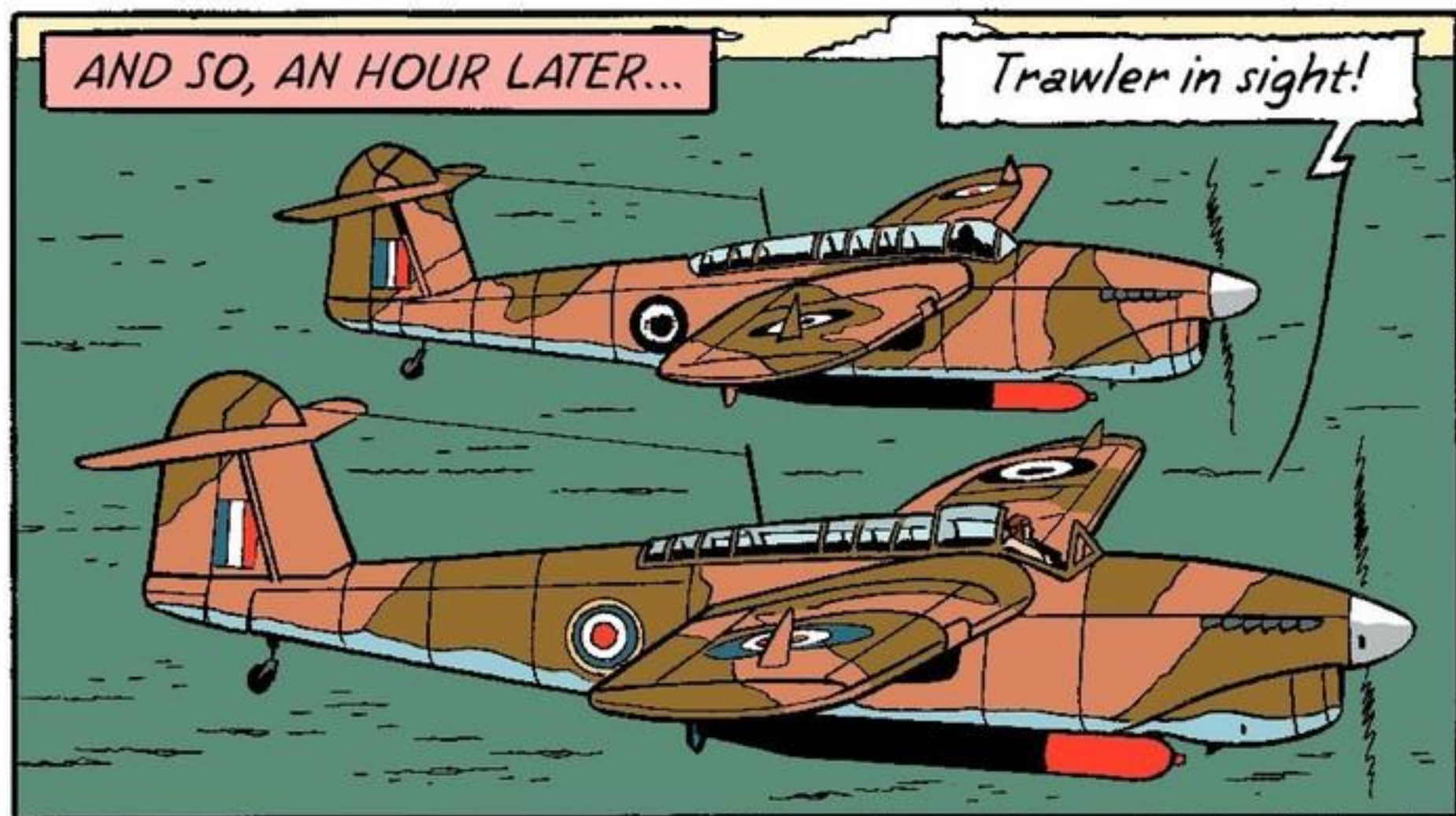
...For acts of exem-
plary gallantry during
the First World War.
I say! How could Major
Benson relegate such
a decoration to this
dark shelf?



Tired, Blake finally stops his
pondering in favour of a welcome
sleep. As the light comes on in the
ground-floor office of number
99A, Park Lane settles into the deep
silence of an air-raid-free night.







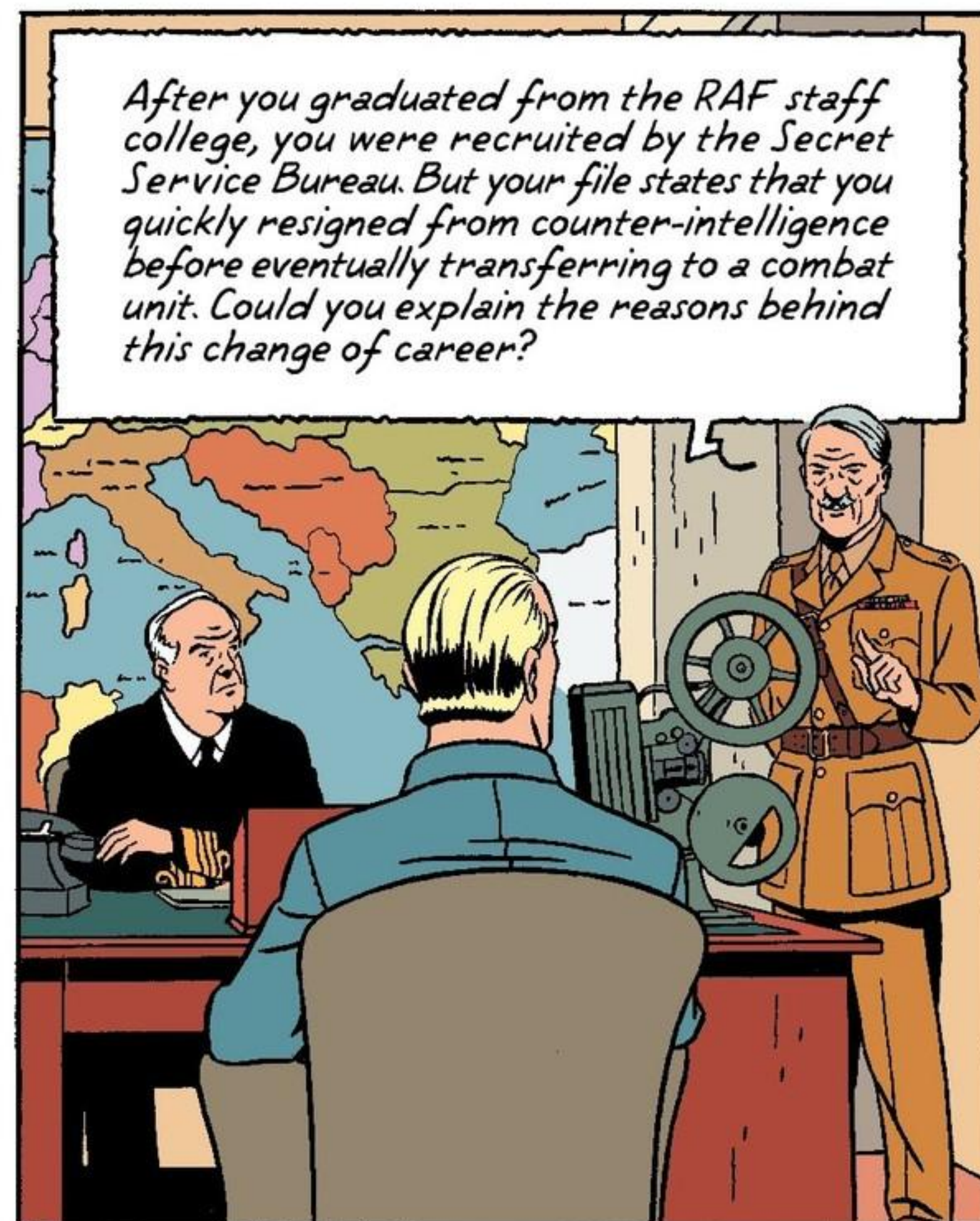


I won't beat around the bush, Blake. We need a volunteer to replace that poor Flight Lieutenant Steelwell on an urgent and top-secret mission; someone we can trust. Major Benson and I thought of you.



If Captain Hamilton will release me from my responsibilities aboard the *Intrepid*, I will be proud to give you a positive answer, sir.

That's already arranged. However, before we discuss your future in more detail, we have a question to ask.



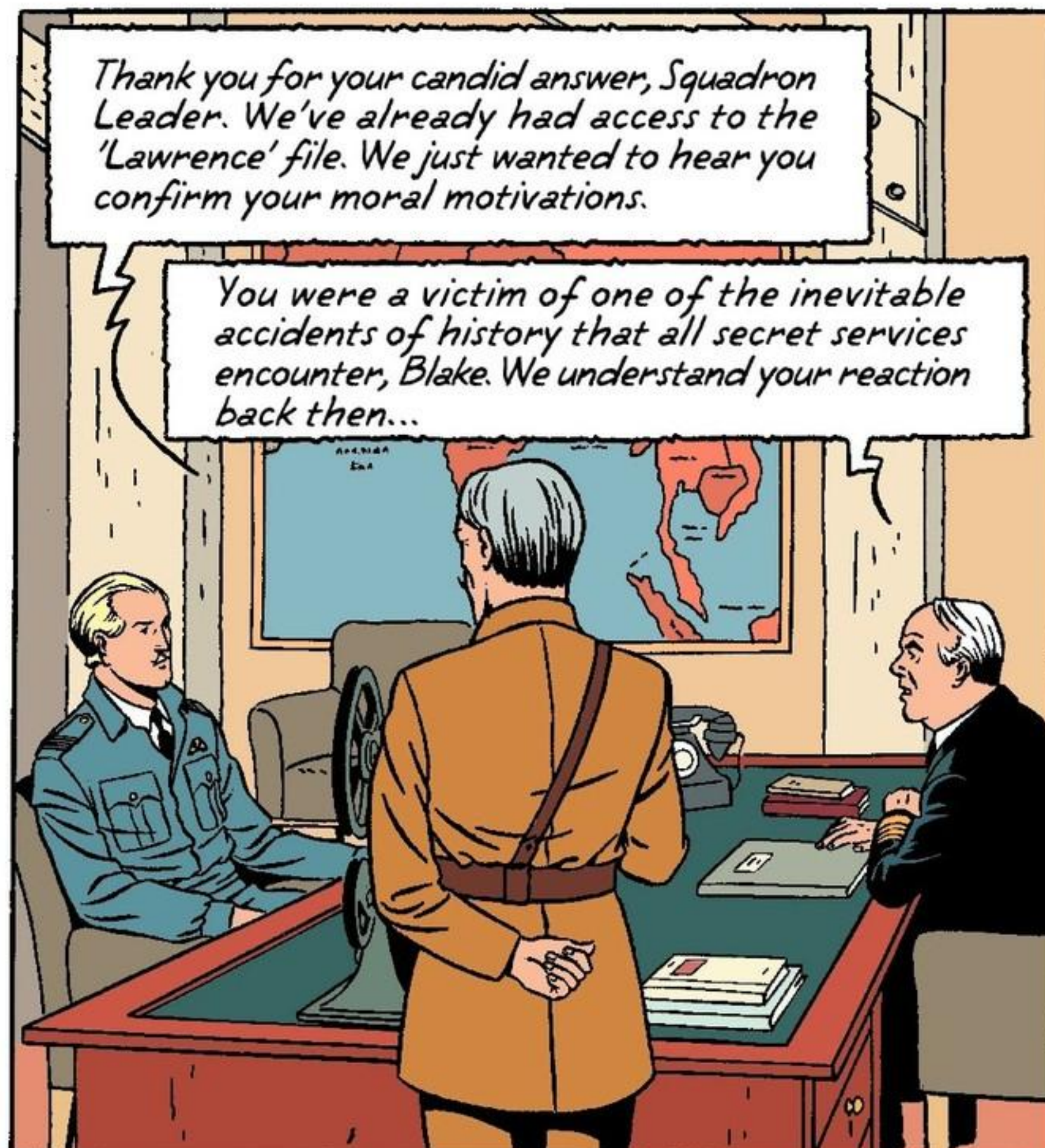
After you graduated from the RAF staff college, you were recruited by the Secret Service Bureau. But your file states that you quickly resigned from counter-intelligence before eventually transferring to a combat unit. Could you explain the reasons behind this change of career?



I'm sure you can obtain details of the mission I took part in on 13 May 1935. I have nothing to hide, and I was merely obeying orders on that day.*



It was the nature of those orders that drove me to reflect on working in the shadows. Please understand me, Major. I'm willing to die for my country. But not as a glorified assassin.



Thank you for your candid answer, Squadron Leader. We've already had access to the 'Lawrence' file. We just wanted to hear you confirm your moral motivations.

You were a victim of one of the inevitable accidents of history that all secret services encounter, Blake. We understand your reaction back then...



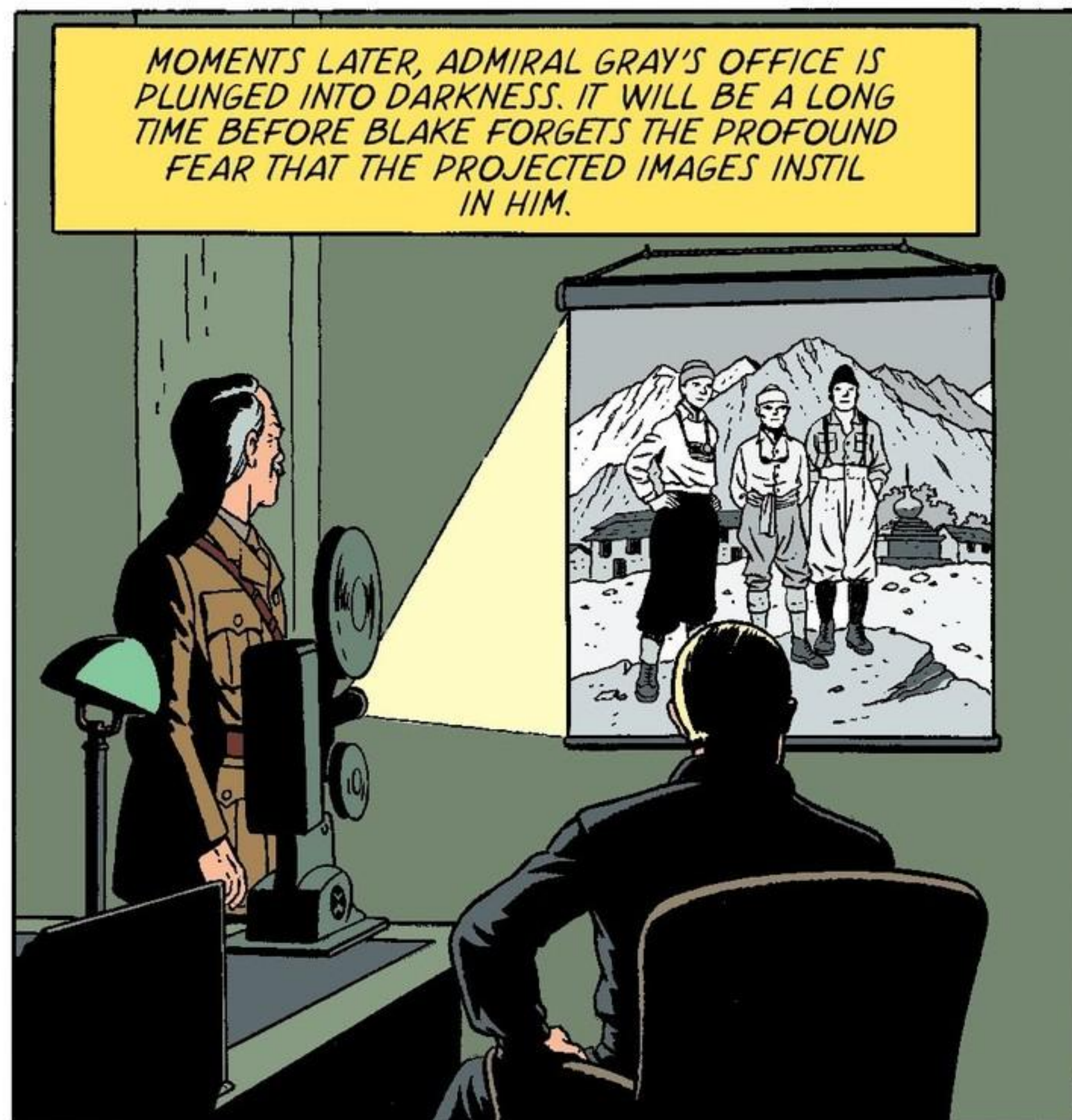
...but today's mission is completely different. Its intent is nothing less than allowing the Allies to quickly win this Second World War ... to better prepare for the Third, which could follow all too soon!



I beg your pardon, sir - did you say ... Third World War?!



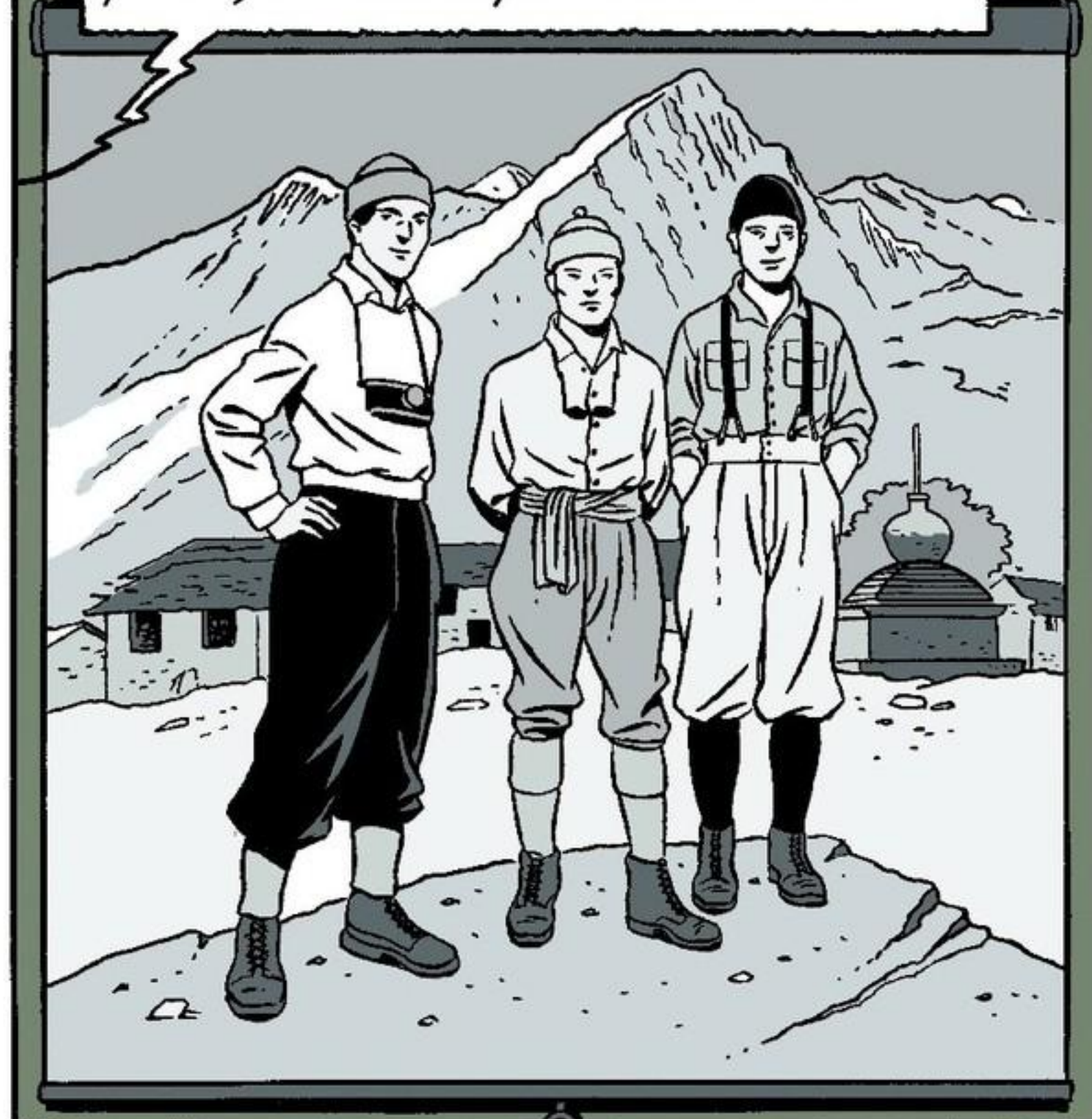
I'm afraid I did... Major Benson and I are going to give you a quick overview of the situation. I have no doubt that you will subsequently volunteer to return to our intelligence services. Go ahead, Major.



MOMENTS LATER, ADMIRAL GRAY'S OFFICE IS PLUNGED INTO DARKNESS. IT WILL BE A LONG TIME BEFORE BLAKE FORGETS THE PROFOUND FEAR THAT THE PROJECTED IMAGES INSTIL IN HIM.

*SEE THE OATH OF THE FIVE LORDS

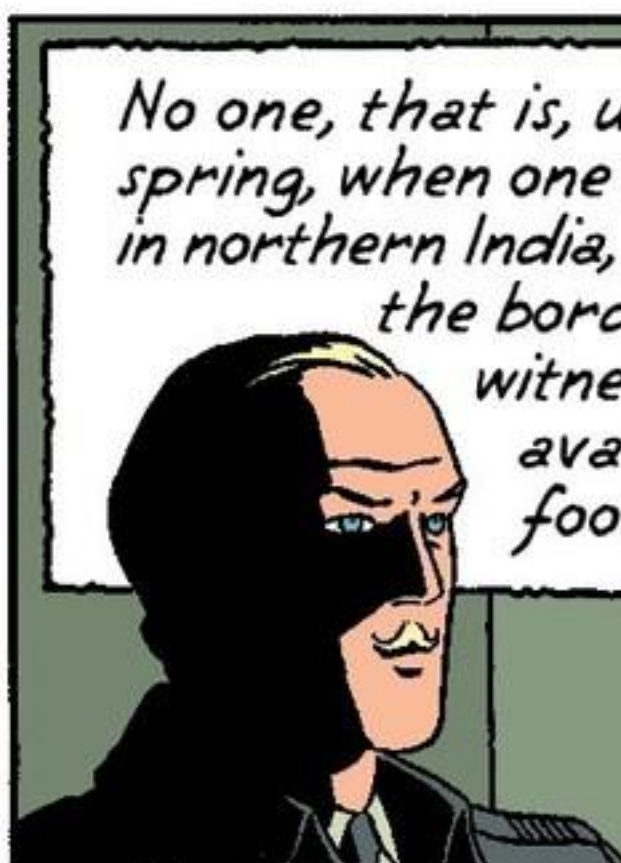
Shortly before the war, two young British amateur climbers, Ian Snokke and John Kalgus, went looking for glory and records. Unbeknownst to all, they headed to the highest peak of the Himalayas: Mount Everest...



Our two adventurers took this picture when they arrived, and sent it to their families with a brief message: they and their guide were beginning their climb to the undefeated summit, there to plant the Union Flag and show the world the superiority of British youth'. No one ever heard from them again...



No one, that is, until early last spring, when one of our patrols in northern India, while watching the borders with Tibet, witnessed a massive avalanche at the foot of a glacier.

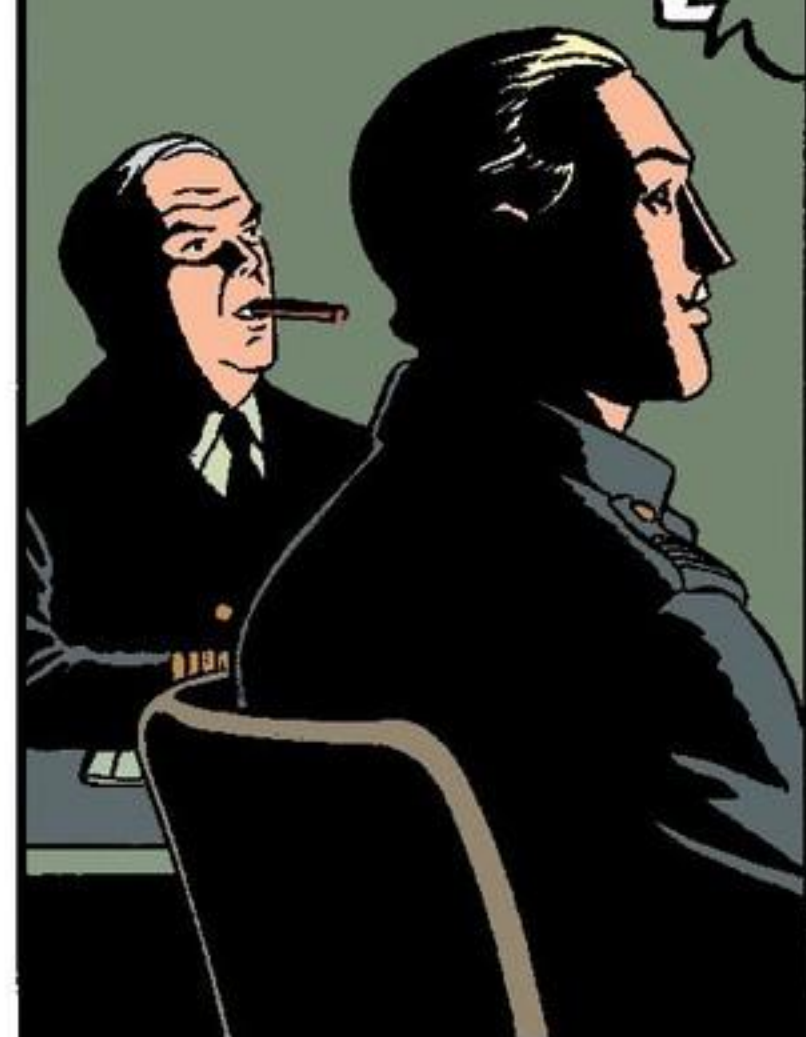


Lieutenant McCannon's patrol went to help a group of cut-off villagers, and that's how they discovered the grave of one of the two reckless young fools. The locals had taken him in just before he died of his wounds...

...Bullet wounds...



McCannon was smart enough to develop the film still loaded in the poor fellow's camera. Now watch closely, Squadron Leader. These images come from the Roof of the World.



BLAKE CLOSELY WATCHES THE PREVIOUSLY UNSEEN FOOTAGE. BEFORE THE CAMERA STRETCH THE WORLD'S MOST REMOTE MOUNTAINS IN ALL THEIR INDESCRIBABLE BEAUTY.



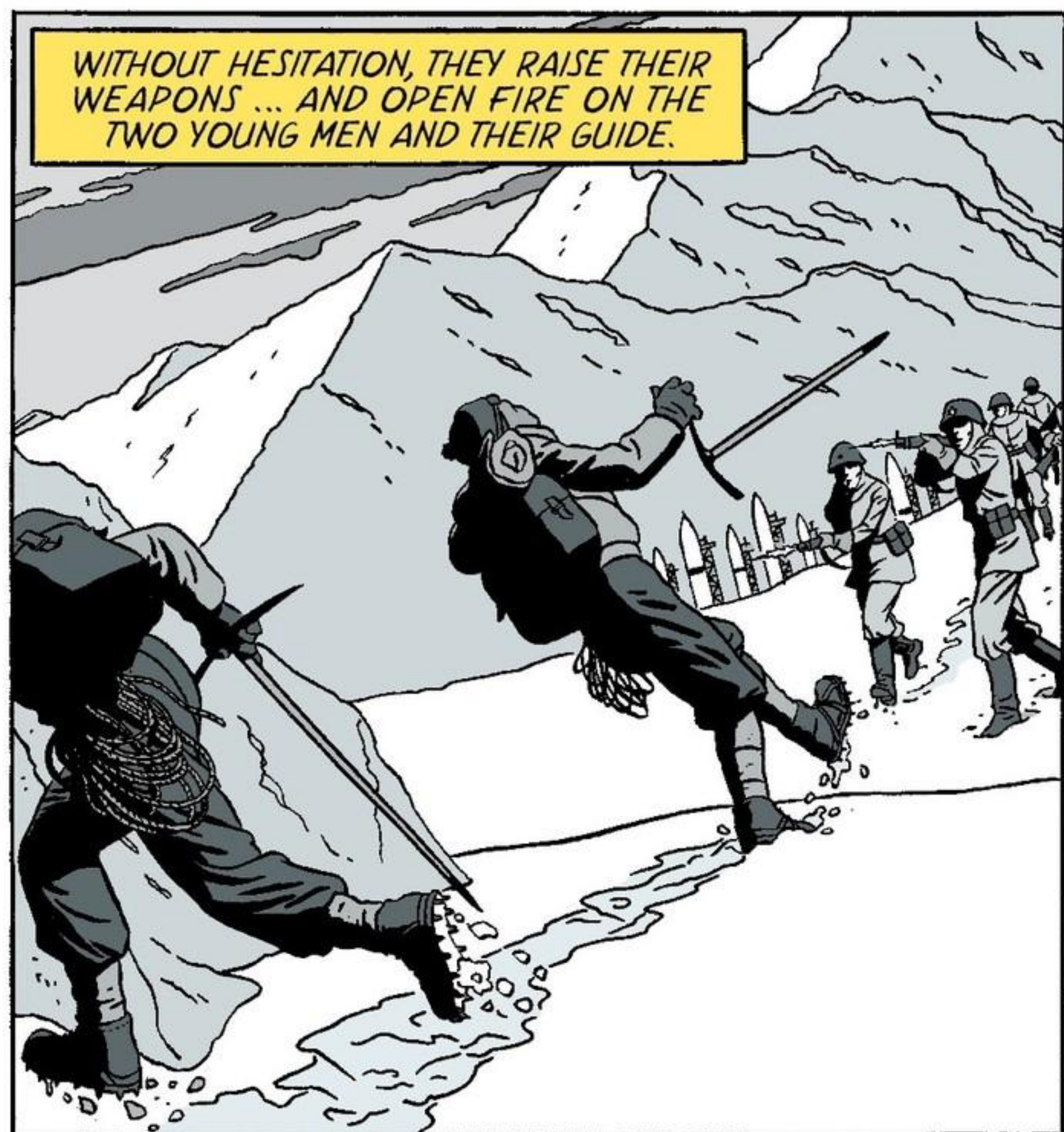
SUDDENLY HE TENSES. DID HE REALLY SEE THAT...?



THE CAMERA, HELD BY THE YOUNG CLIMBER, HAS CAPTURED THE UNEXPECTED APPEARANCE OF ARMED MEN IN STRANGE UNIFORMS.



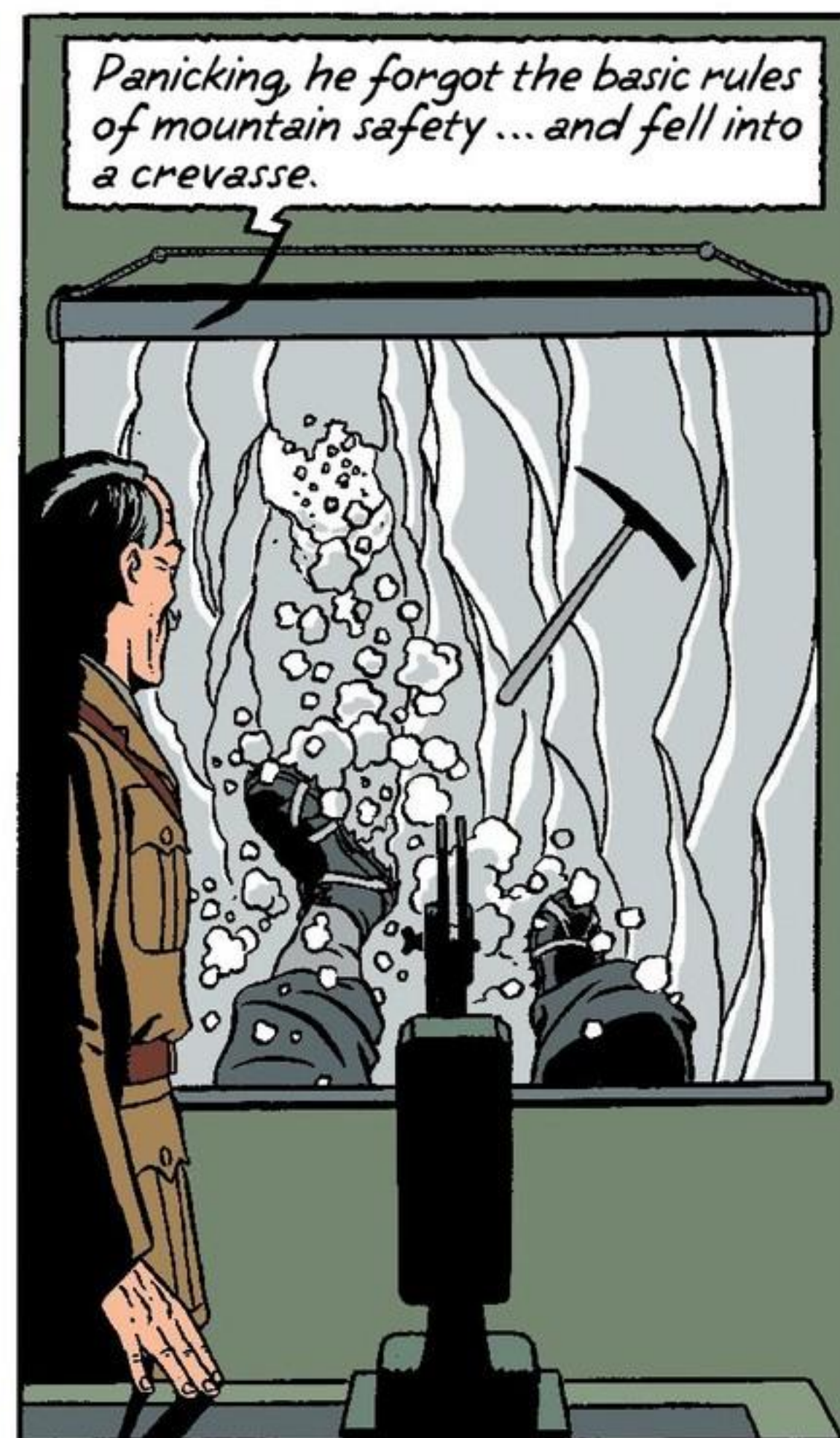
WITHOUT HESITATION, THEY RAISE THEIR WEAPONS ... AND OPEN FIRE ON THE TWO YOUNG MEN AND THEIR GUIDE.

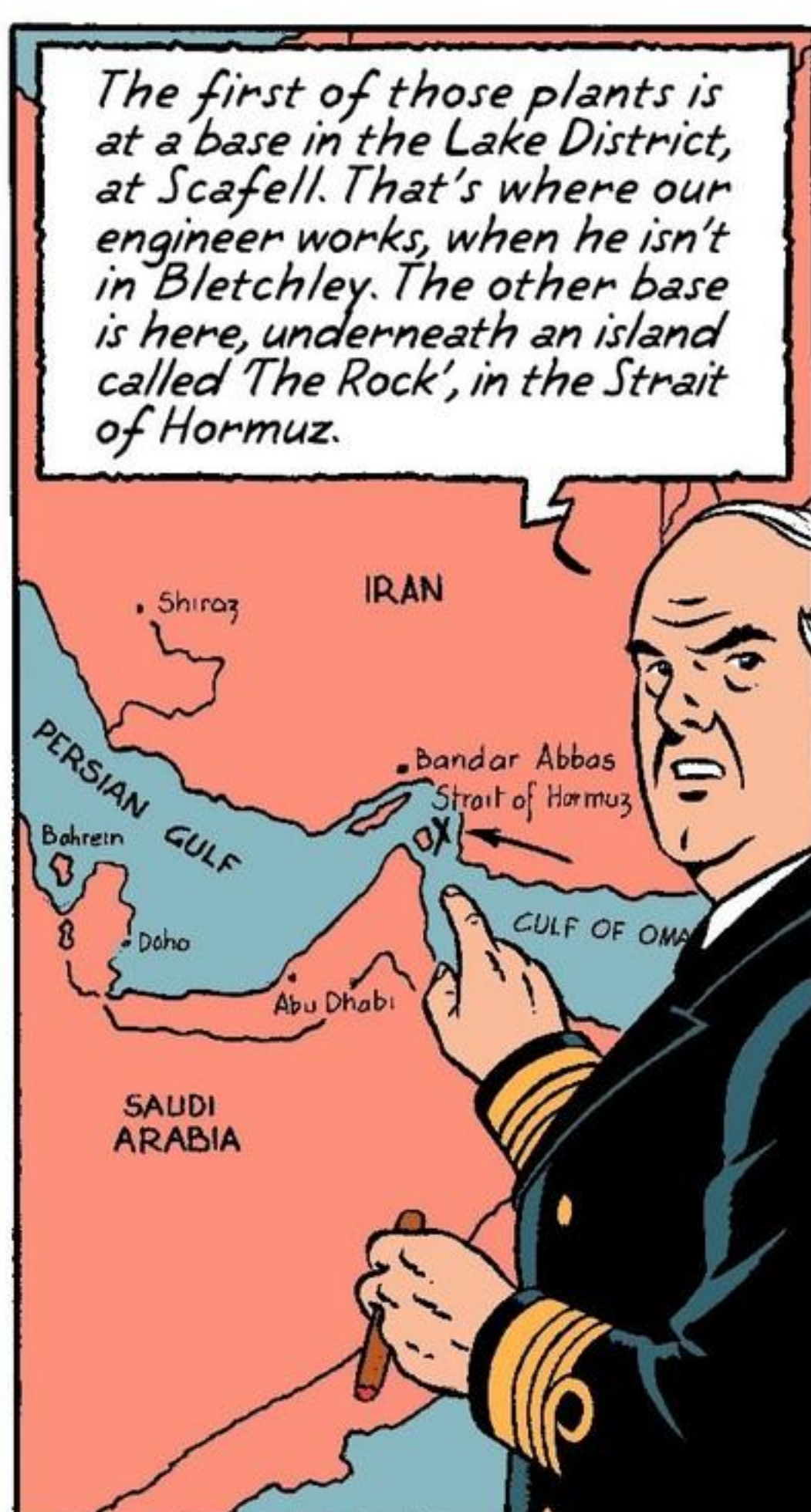
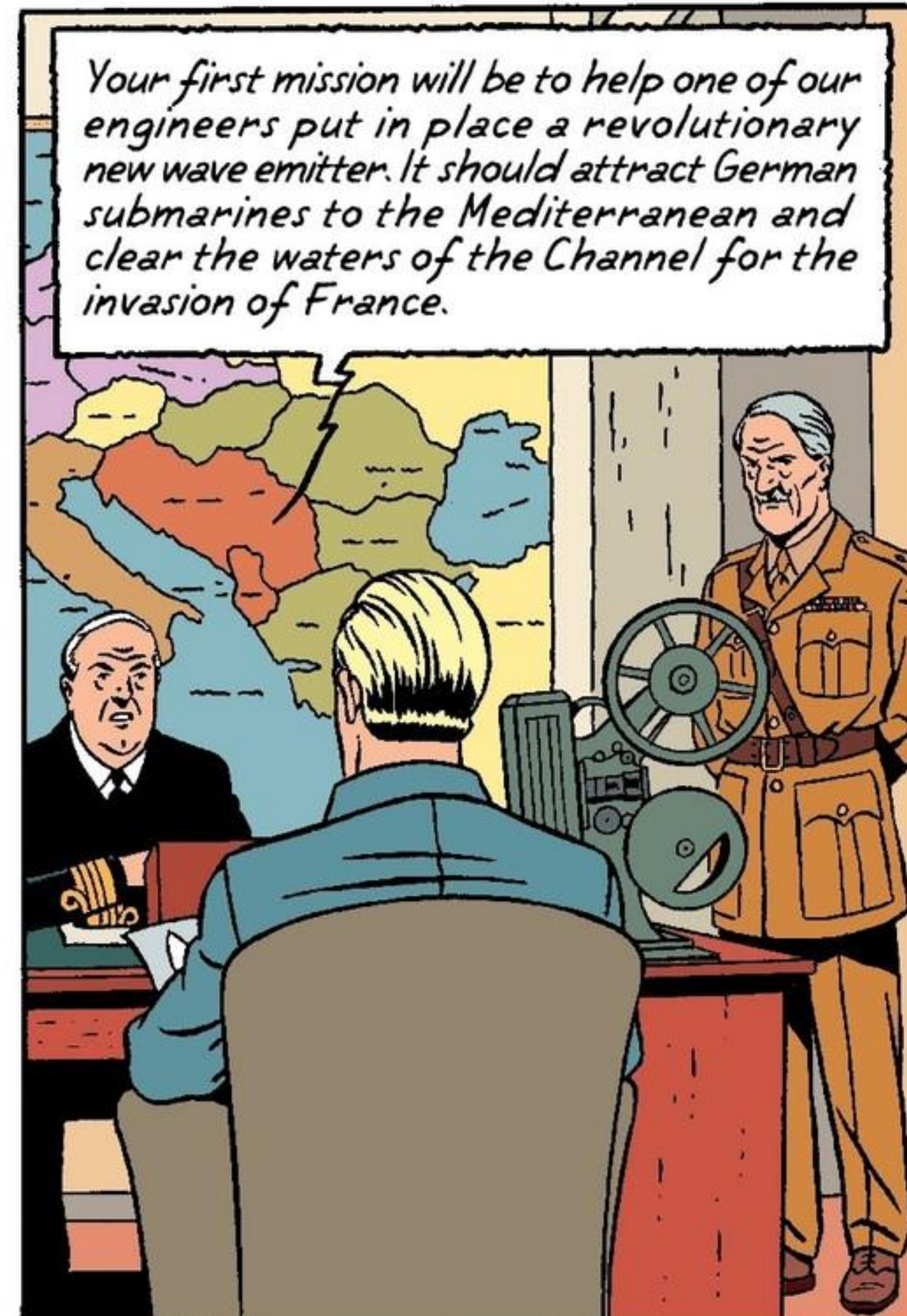
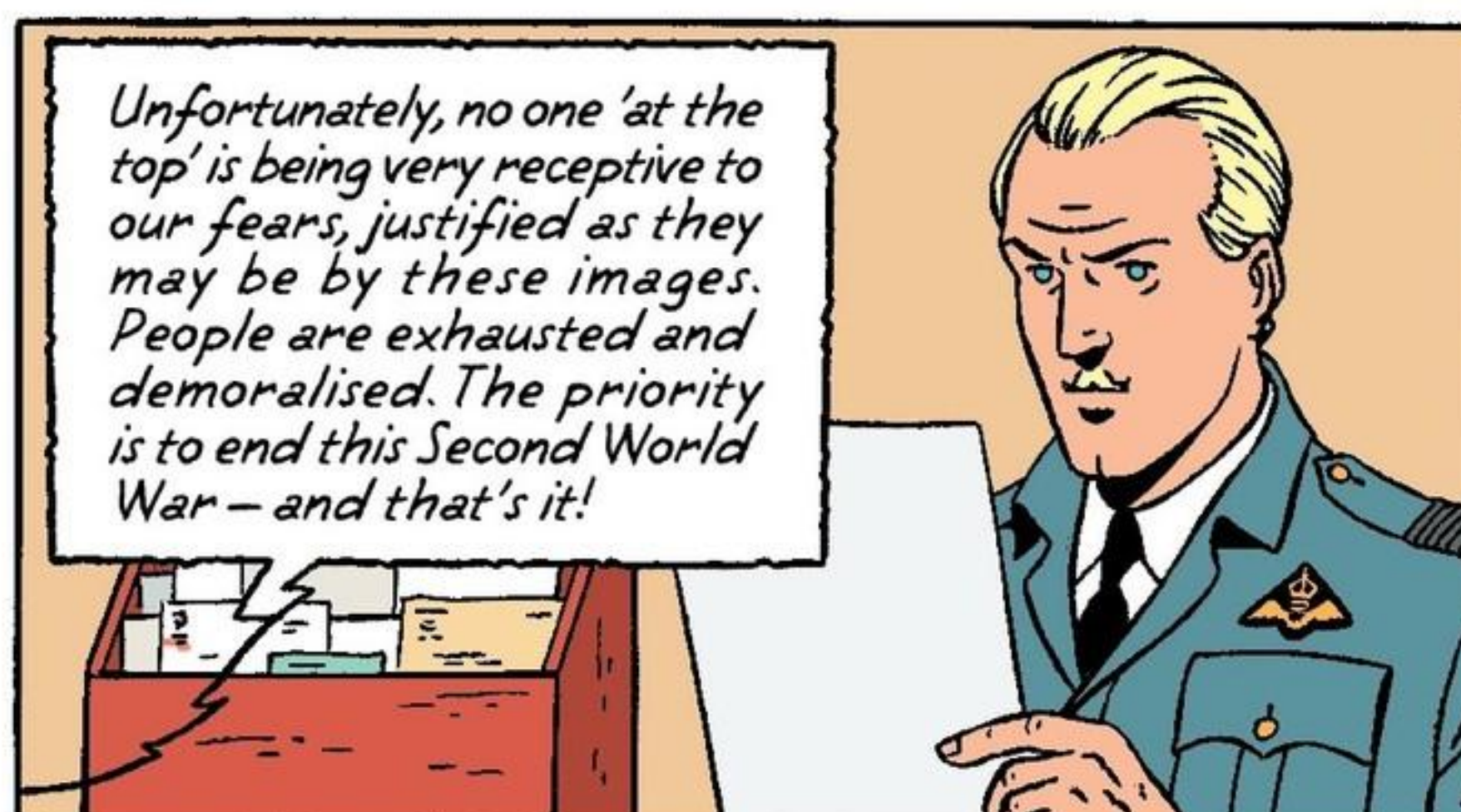
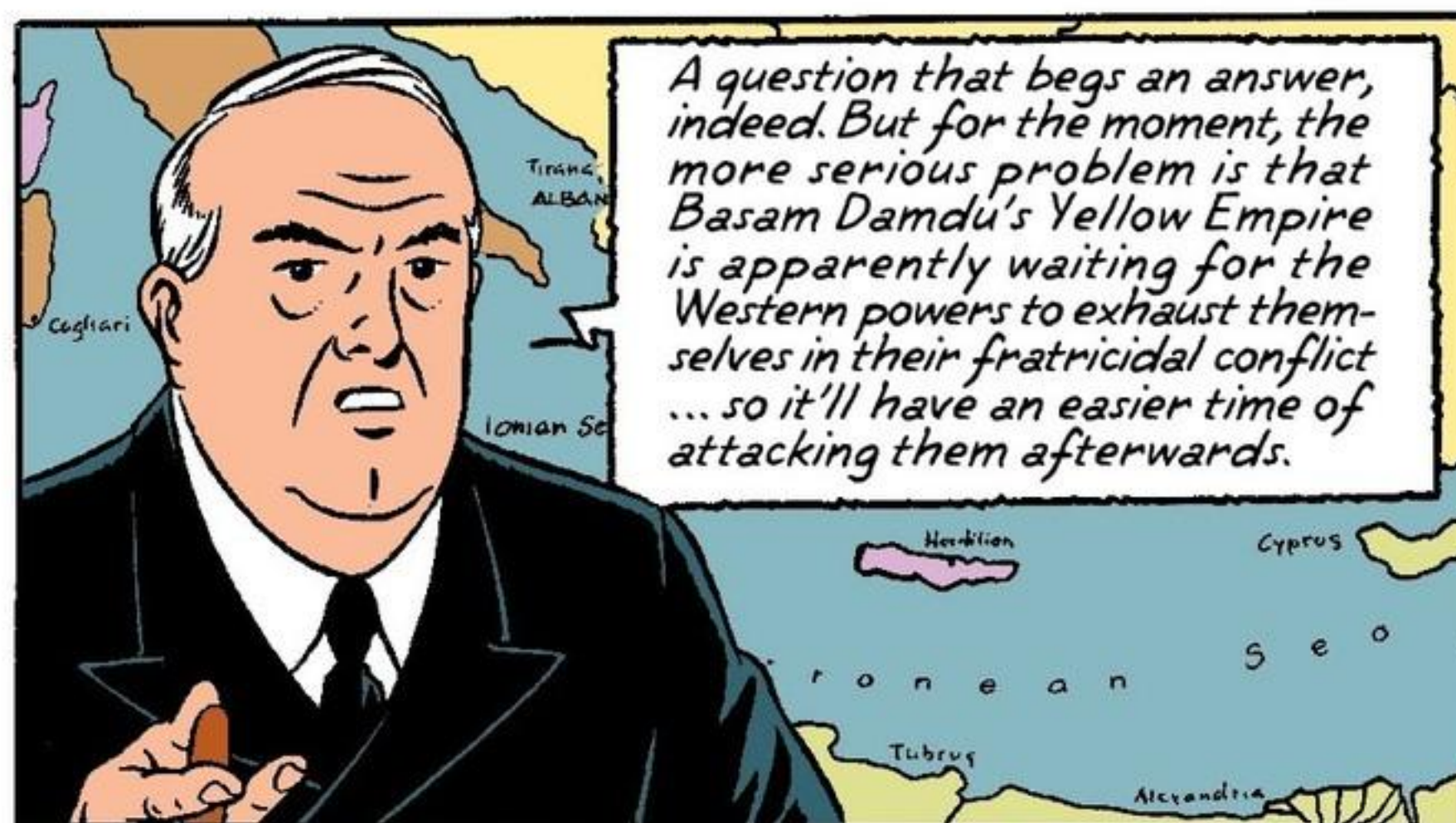
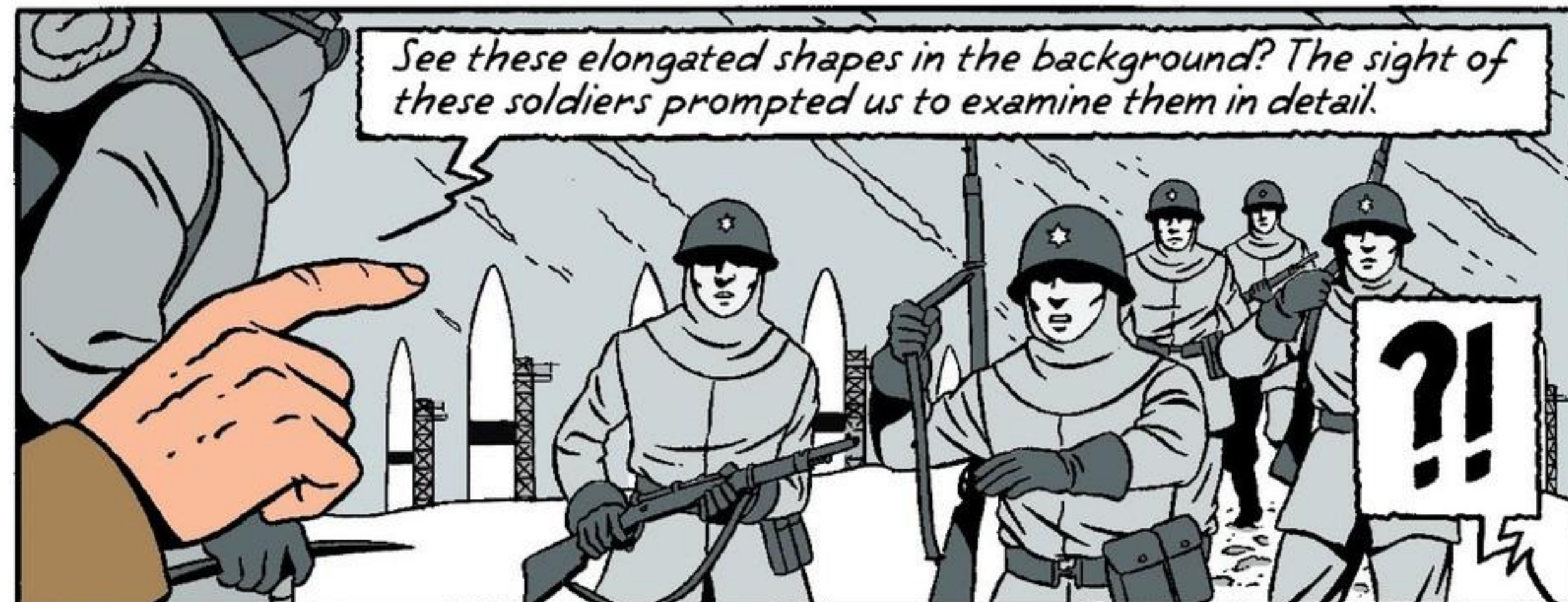


The last images show Ian Snokke attempting to flee.



Panicking, he forgot the basic rules of mountain safety ... and fell into a crevasse.





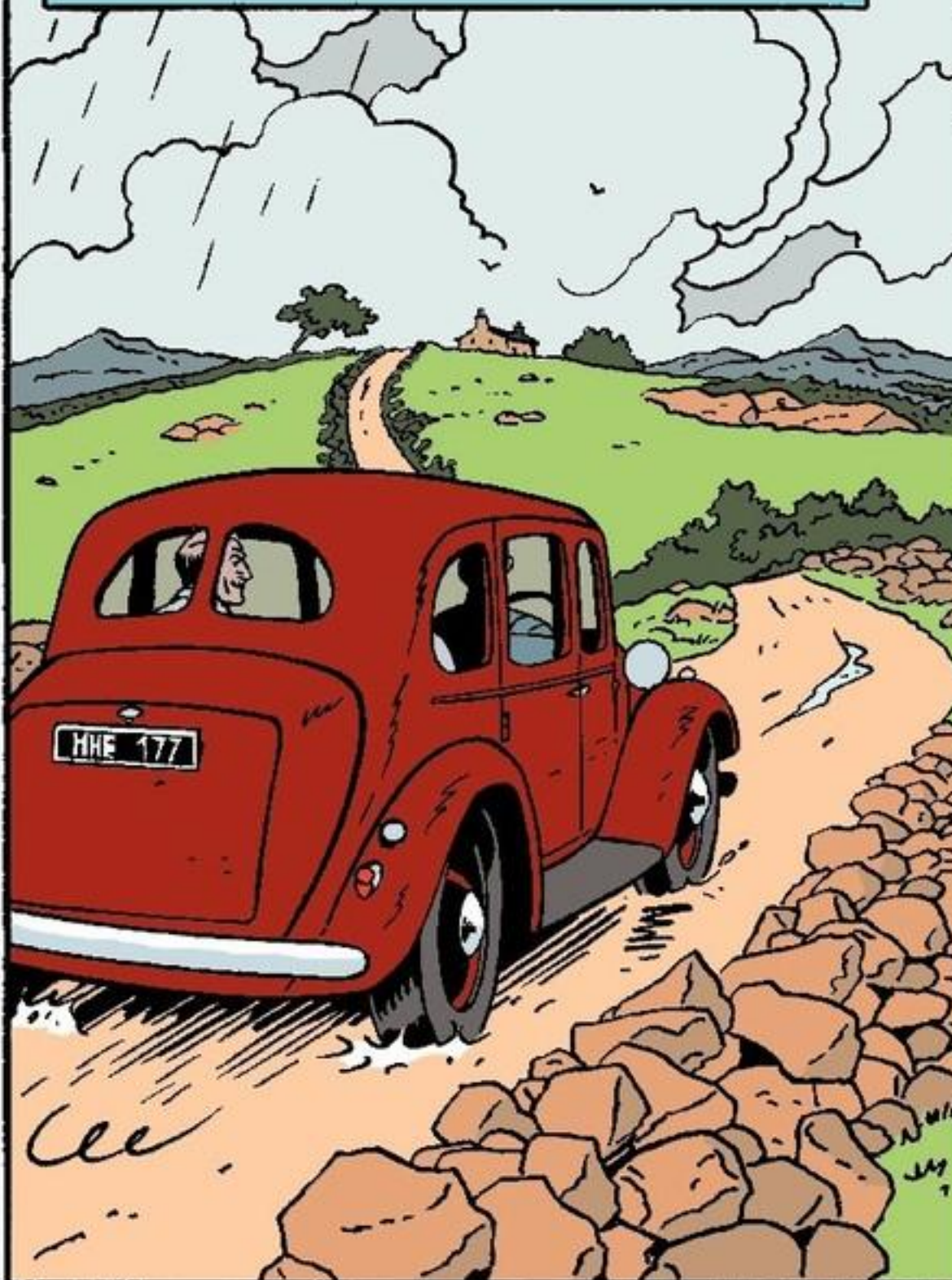
THE NEXT DAY, BLAKE AND MAJOR BENSON DRIVE TOWARDS TWO OF THE COUNTRY'S MOST SECRET SITES: THE SCAPELL BASE AND MI6'S CODE-BREAKING CENTRE IN BLETCHLEY.



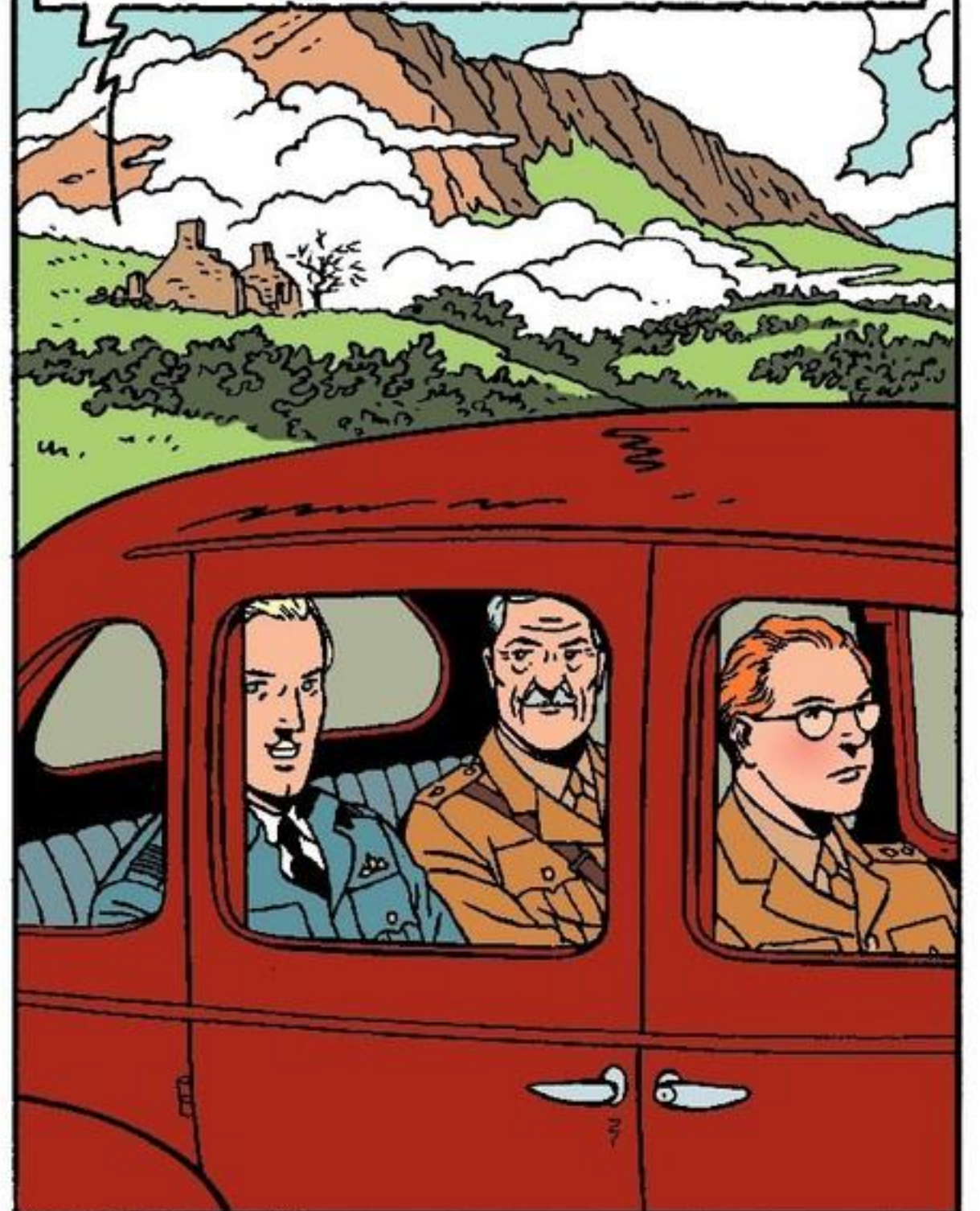
THE MAJOR'S SECRETARY, HAVING TO GO TO BLETCHLEY PARK HIMSELF, HAS OFFERED TO DRIVE THEM. FOLLOWING HIS SUPERIOR'S INSTRUCTIONS, HE'S TAKEN THE MAIN ROAD TOWARDS GLASGOW...



...THEN TURNED OFF ONTO THE DESERTED SMALL ROADS OF NORTH-WESTERN ENGLAND THAT LEAD TO THE LAKE DISTRICT.

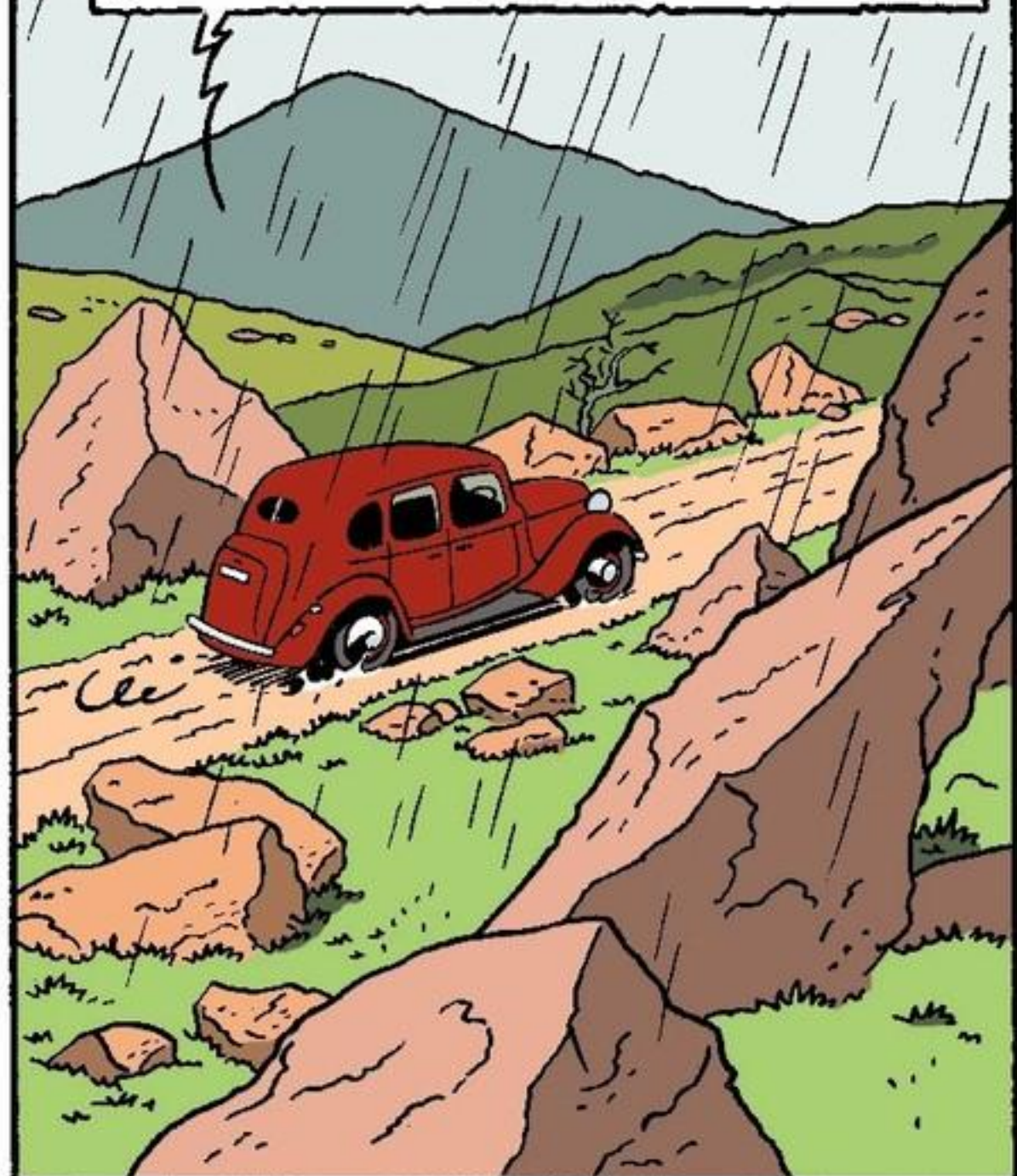


I know this area, having flown above it often, but I must admit, seeing it from the ground, I'm reminded of its wild beauty. You feel so far from everything here...

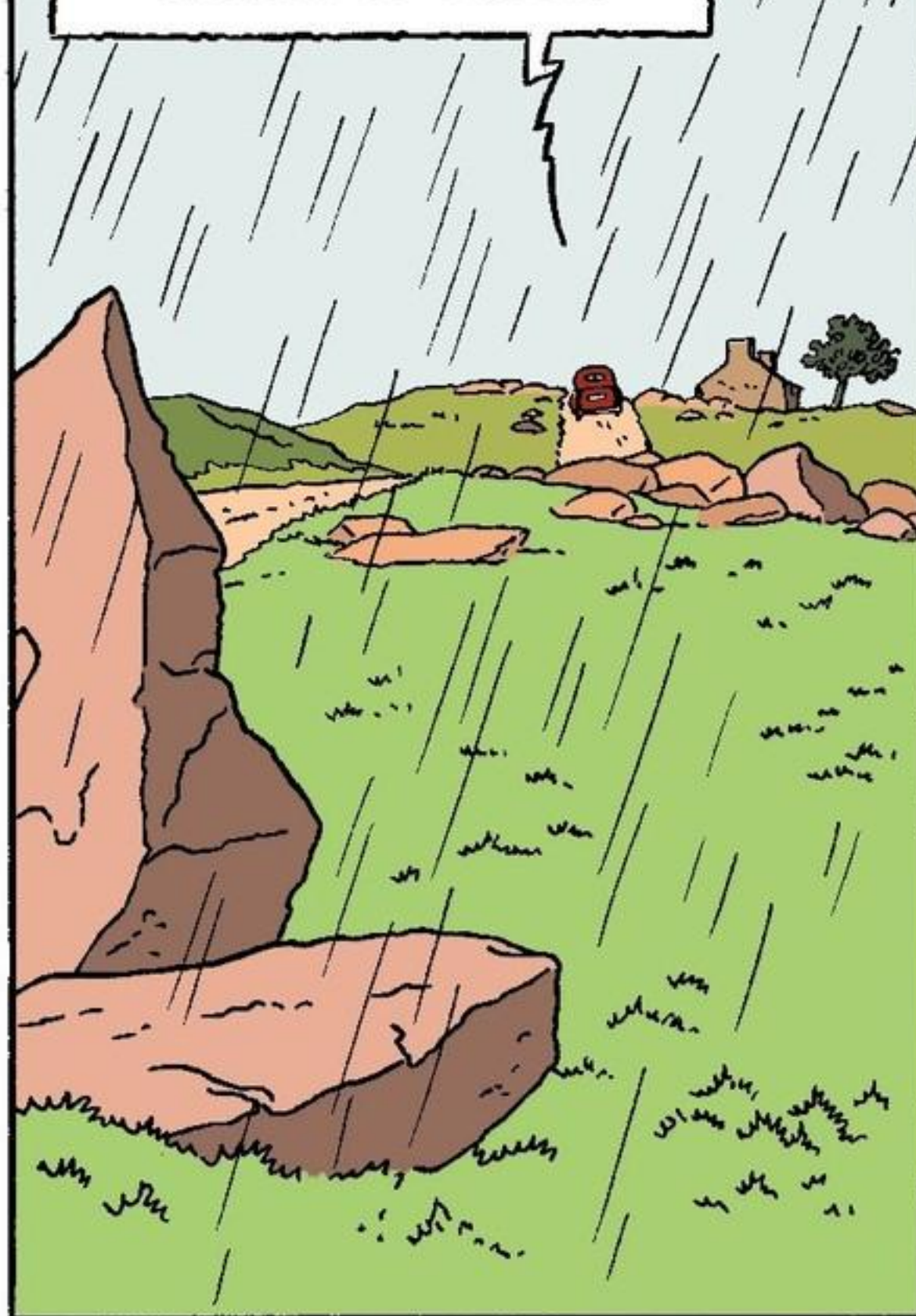


IGNORING THE IMPRESSIVE MASS OF SCAPELL PIKE, THE CAR VEERS ONTO THE NARROW MOUNTAIN ROAD THAT GOES TOWARDS THE COAST.

You'll soon discover all the reasons for our choice, Blake.



The Scafell site wasn't selected at random.

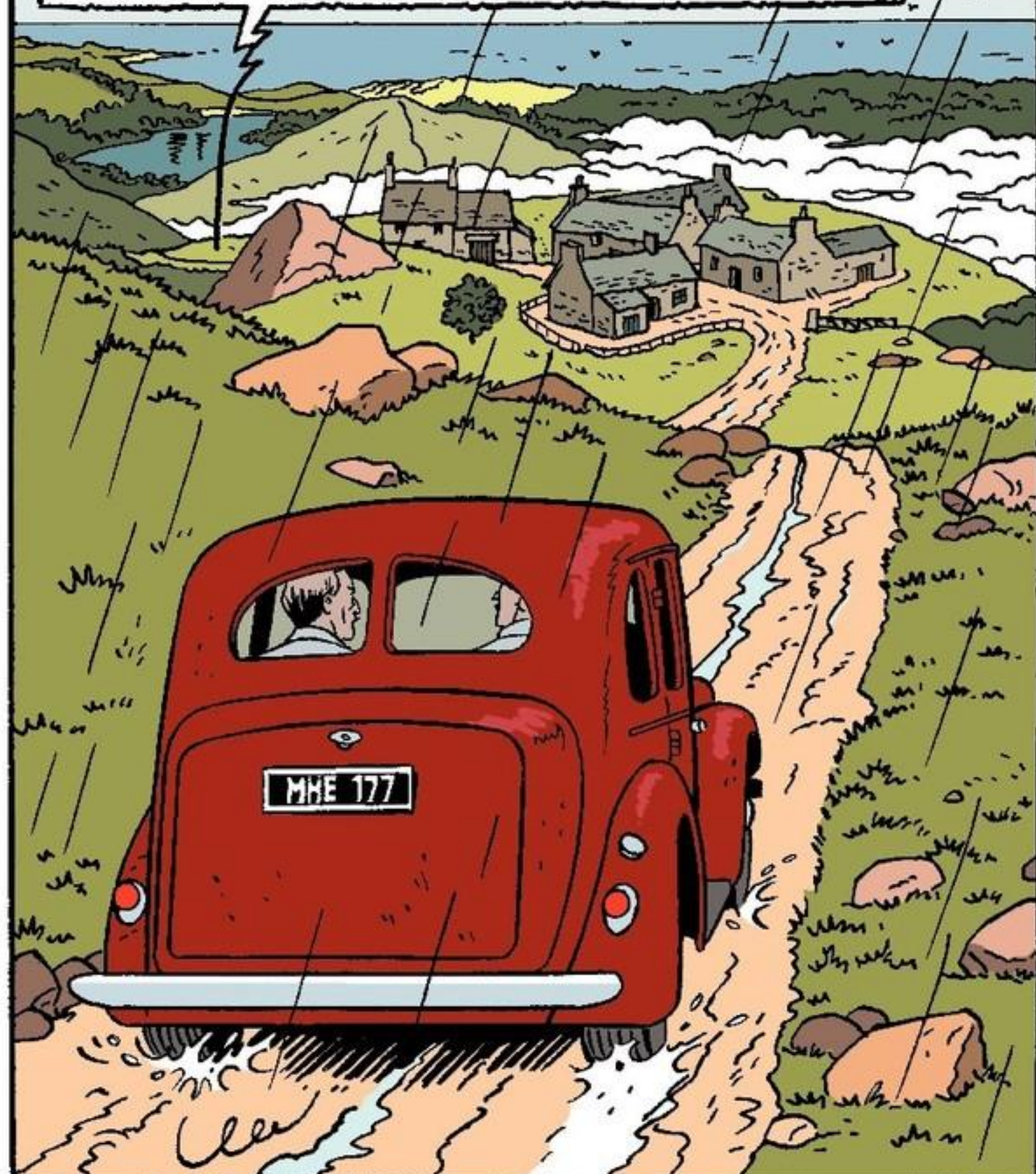


Did you see those two men looking at us from that farmyard?

Yes, and that's unfortunate...



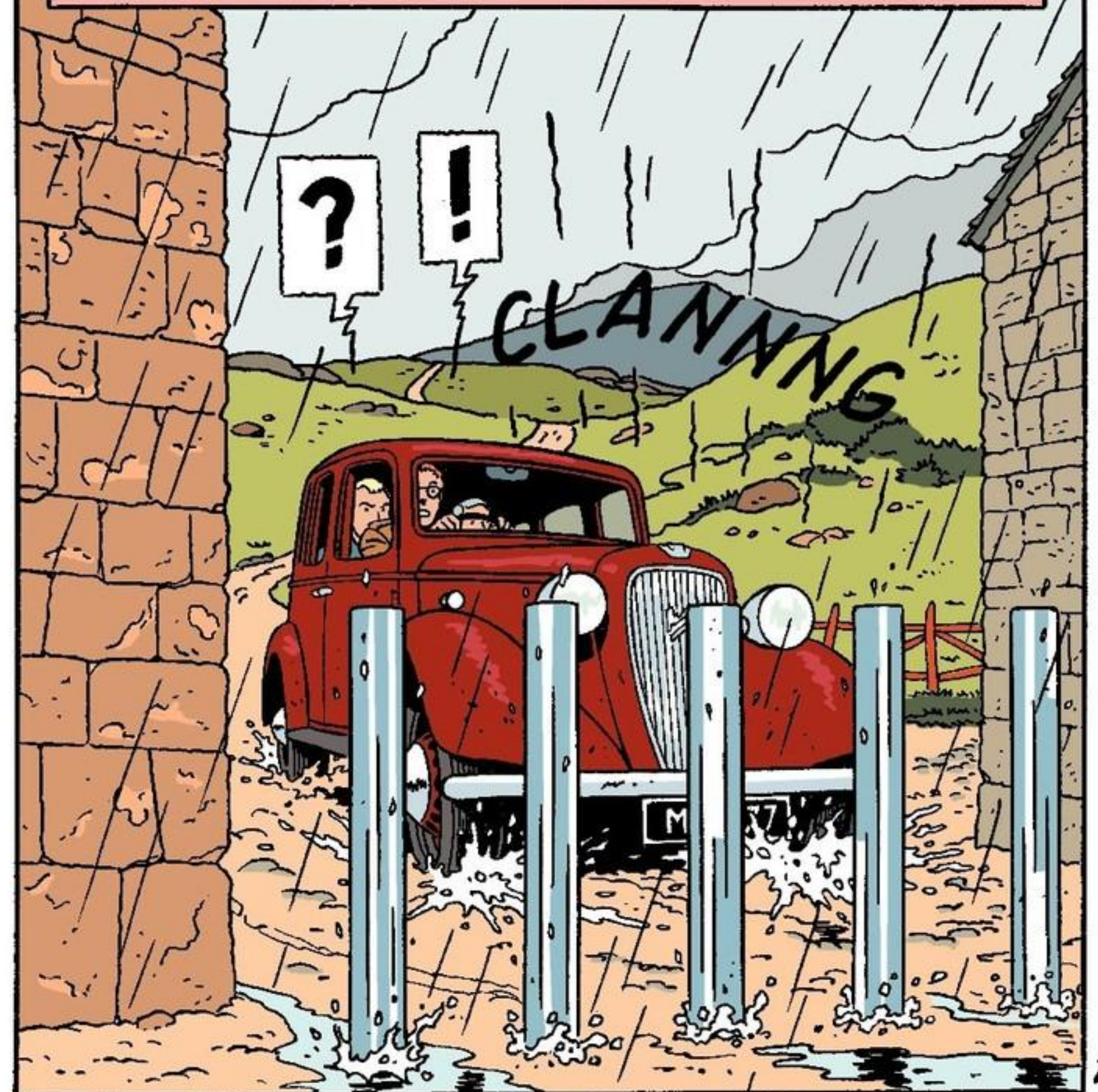
They're not supposed to be noticed by anyone. I'll have to make a report... Keep going, Lieutenant, we're almost there.

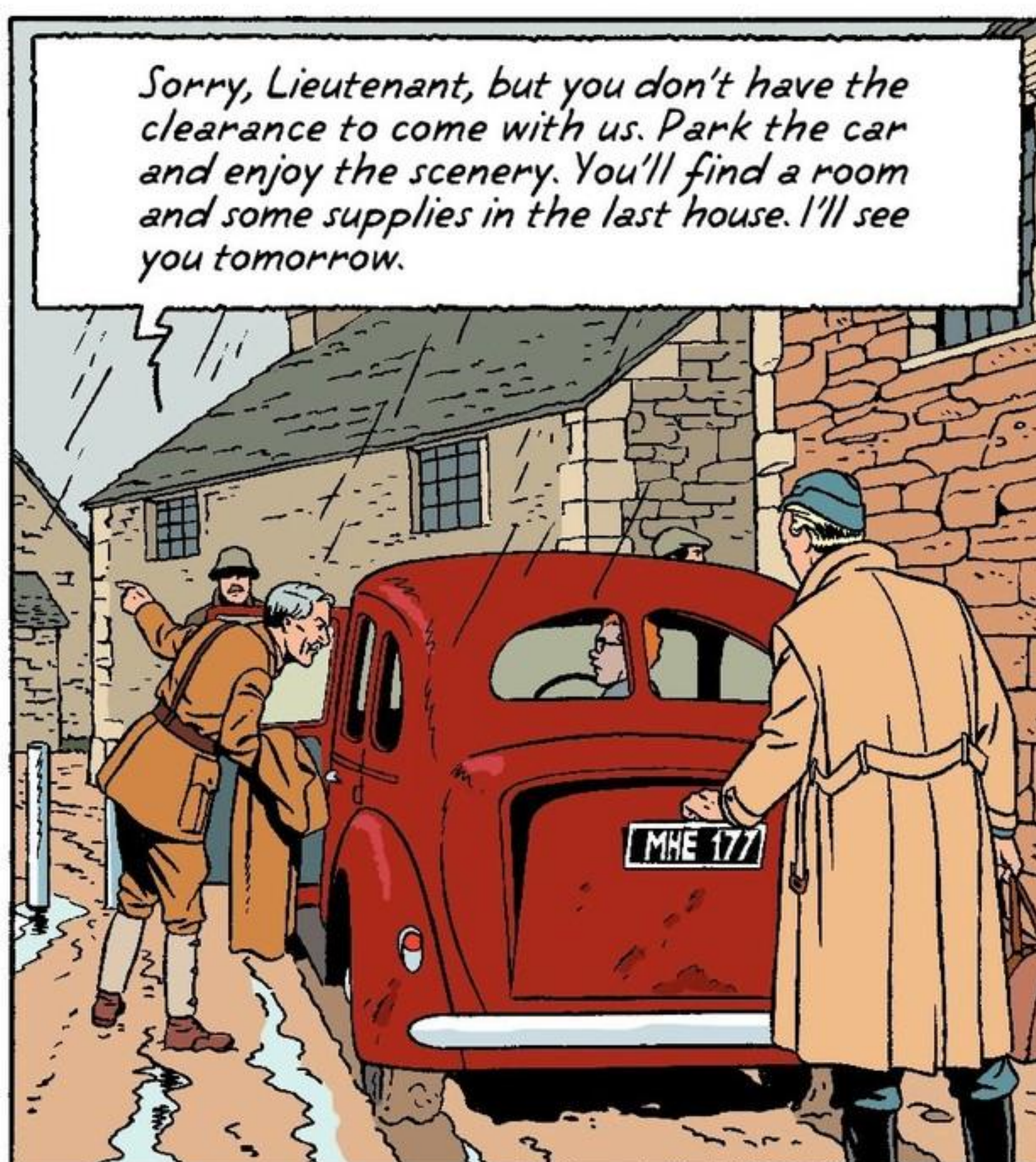
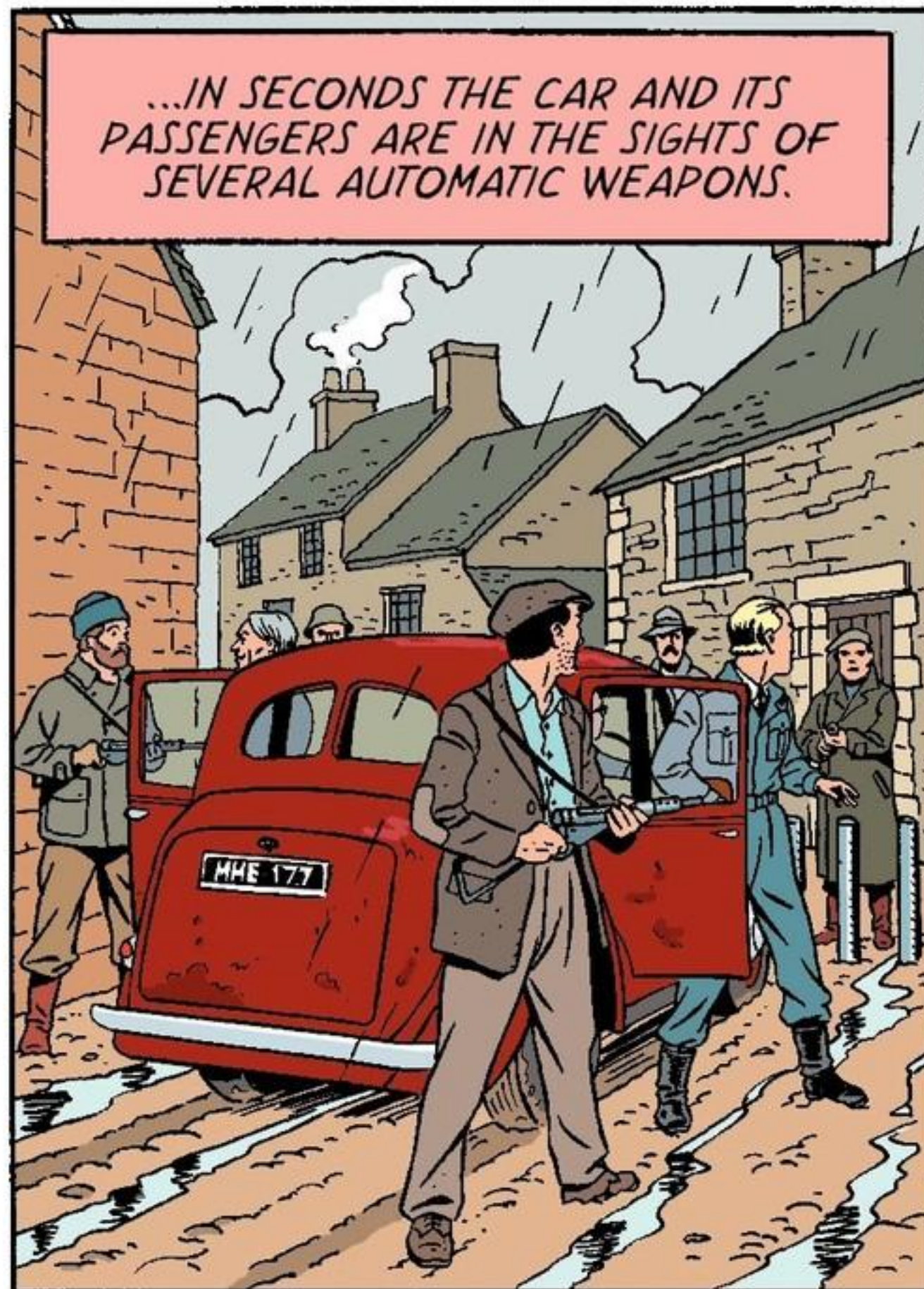
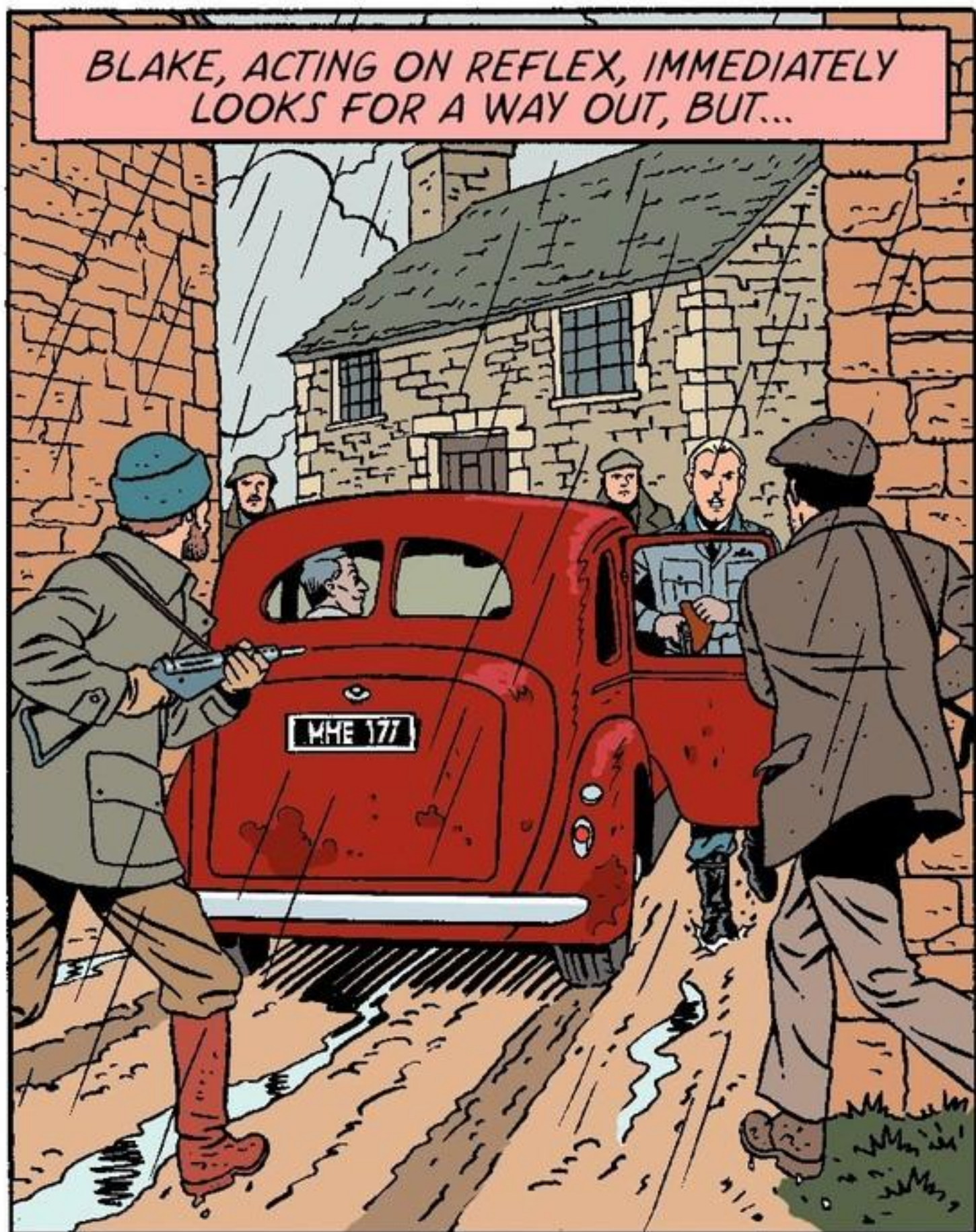


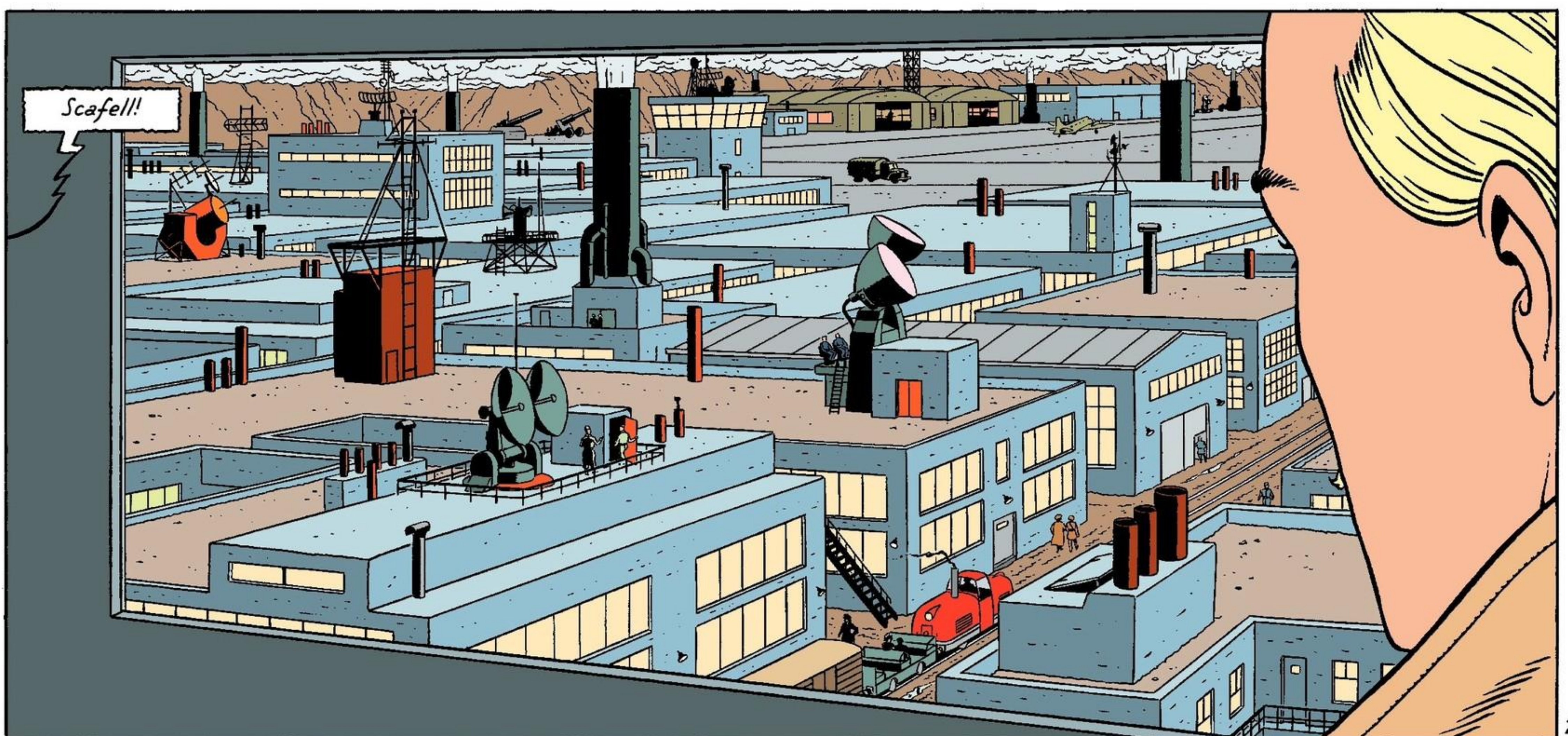
BLAKE IS CAREFUL TO SAY NOTHING, BUT HE CAN'T HELP BUT WONDER WHERE THIS ROAD COULD BE LEADING. NOTHING IN THAT DESERTED COUNTRYSIDE INDICATES THE PRESENCE OF A LARGE MILITARY BASE...

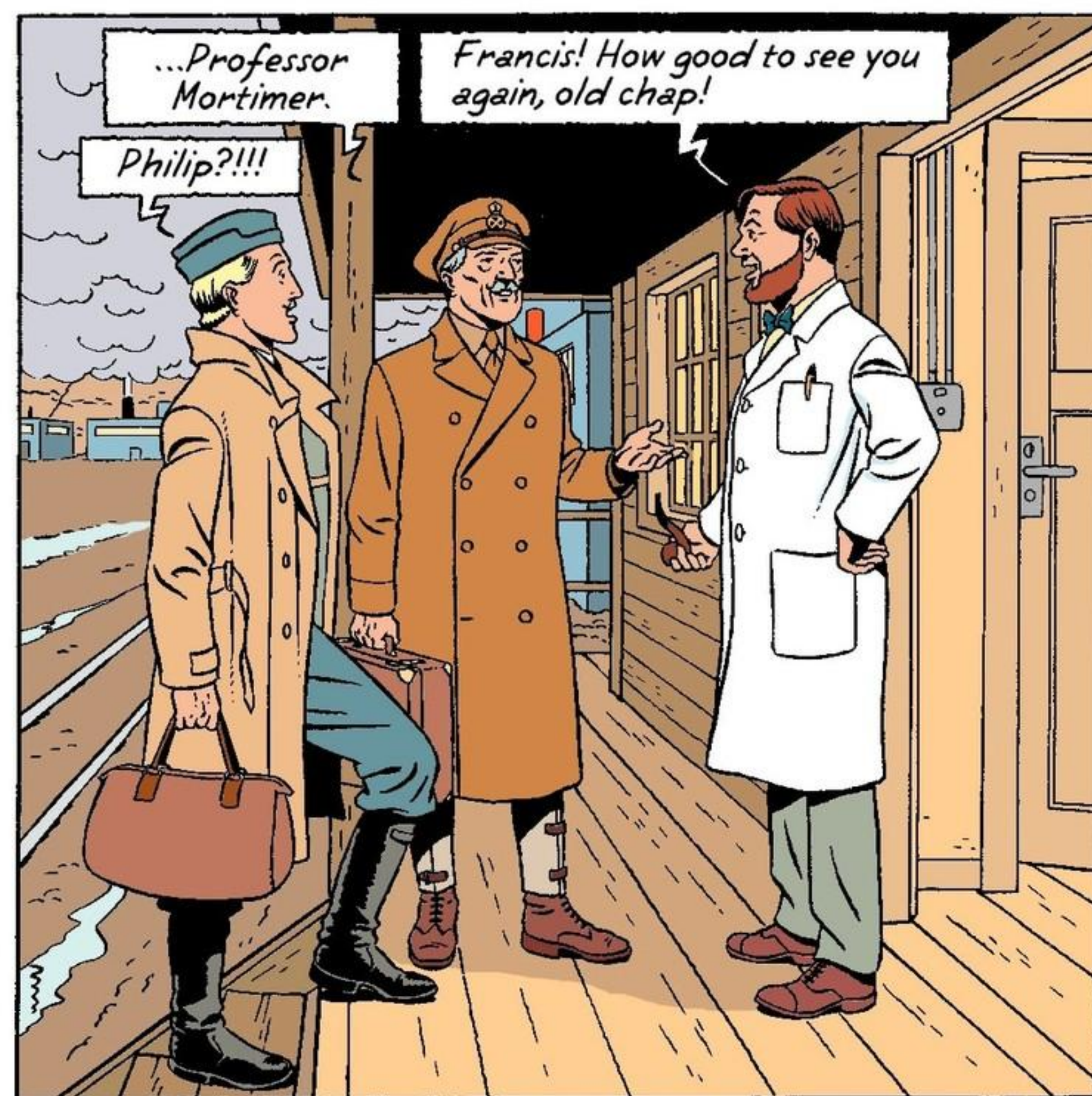
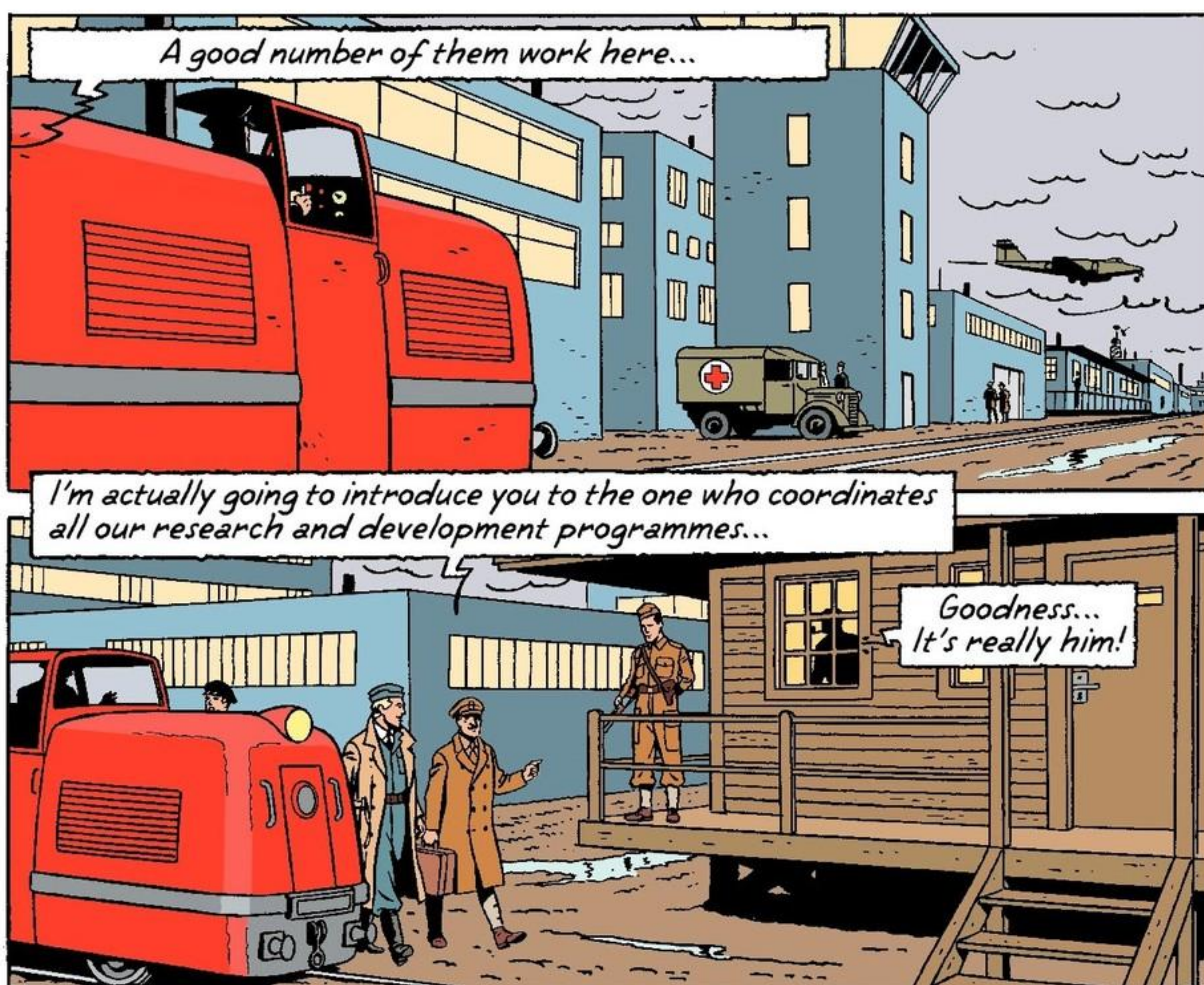
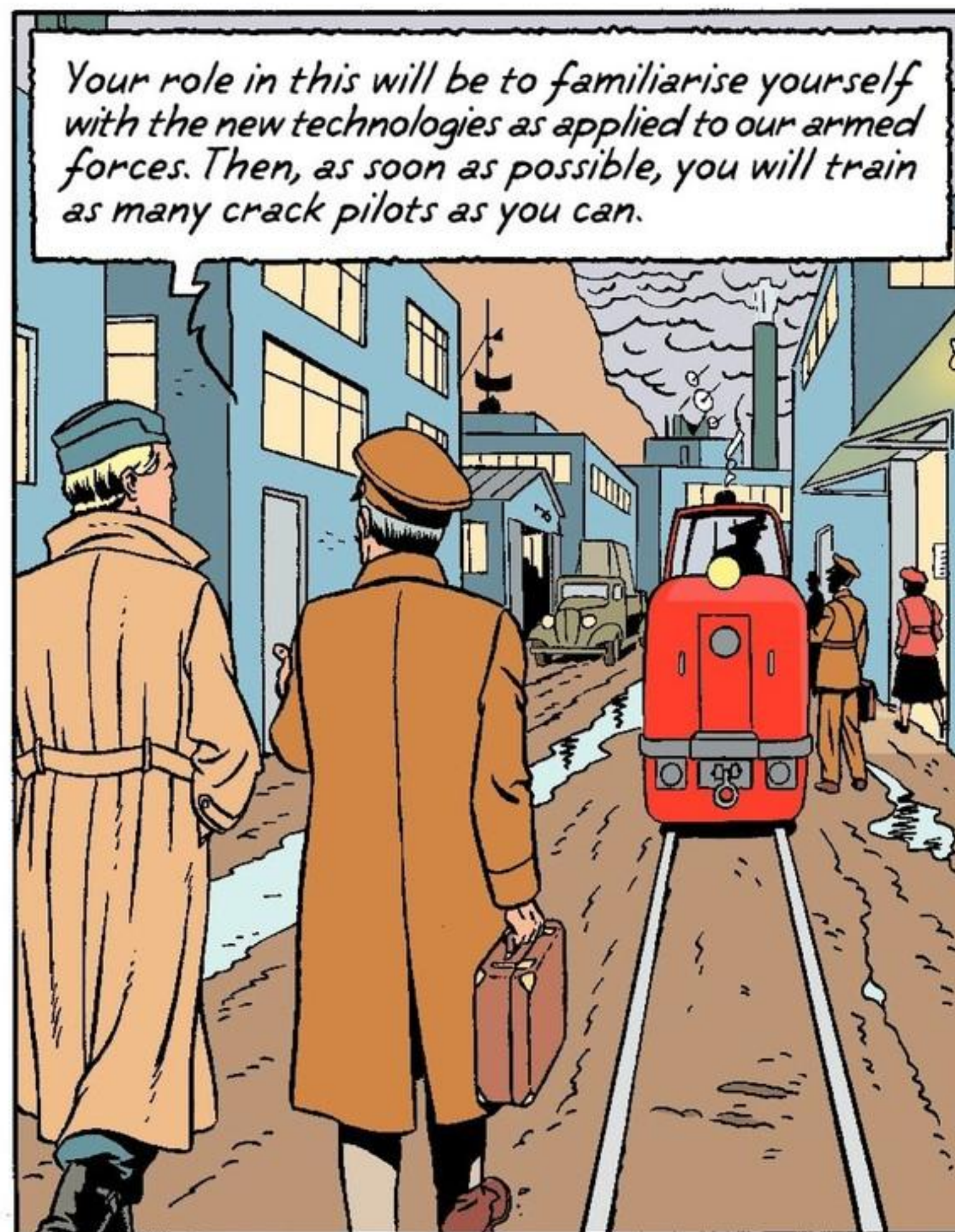
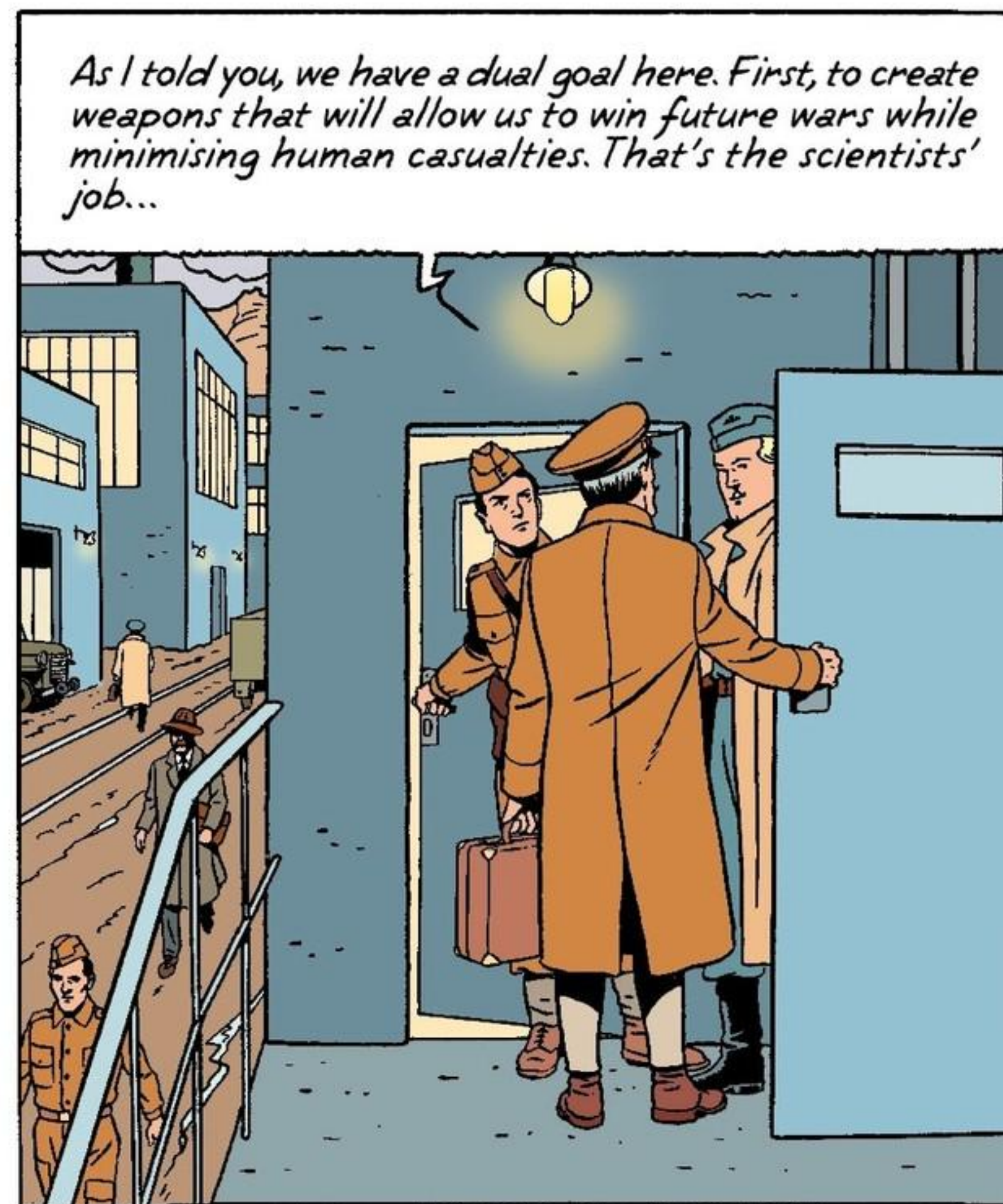
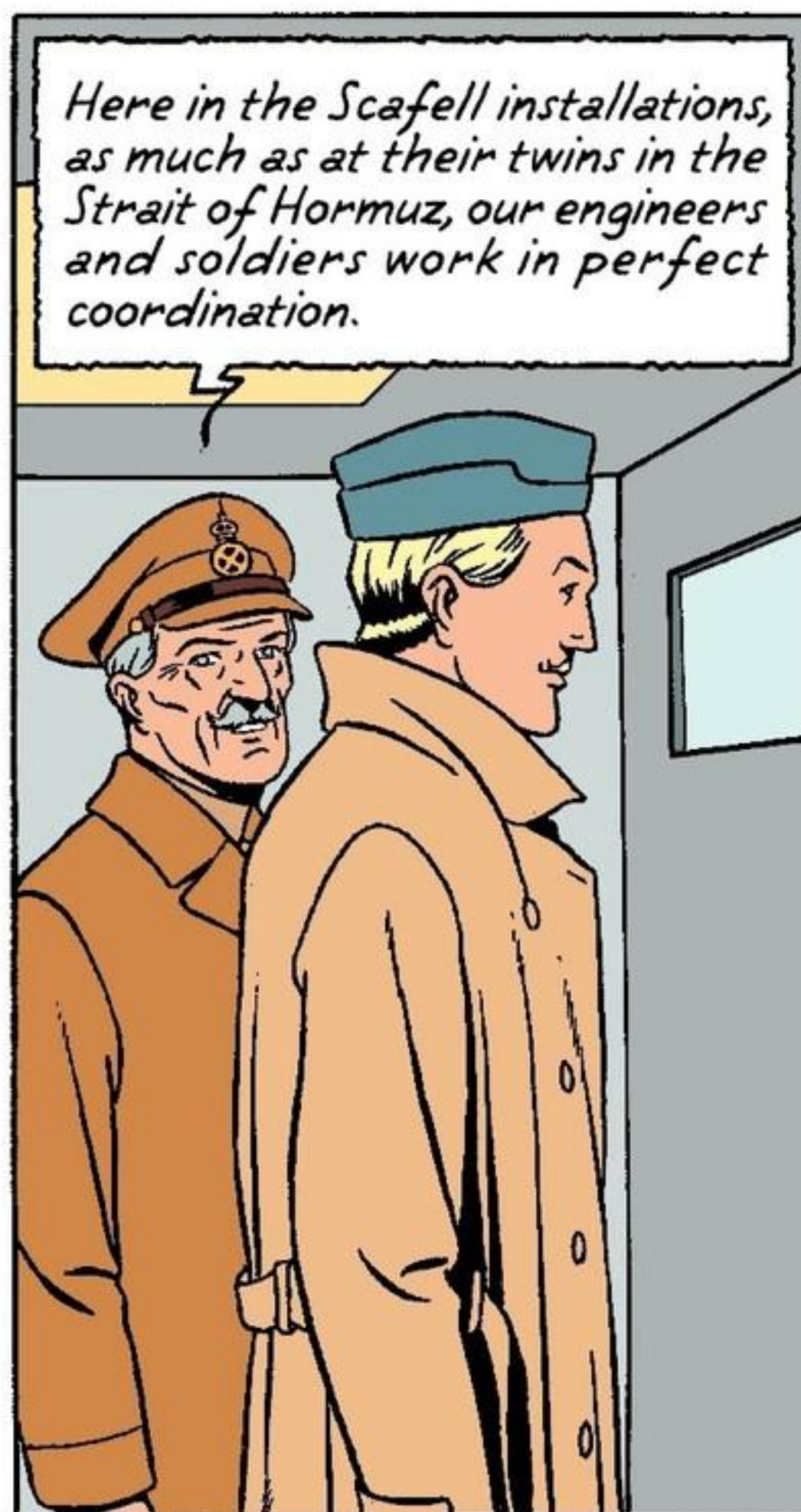
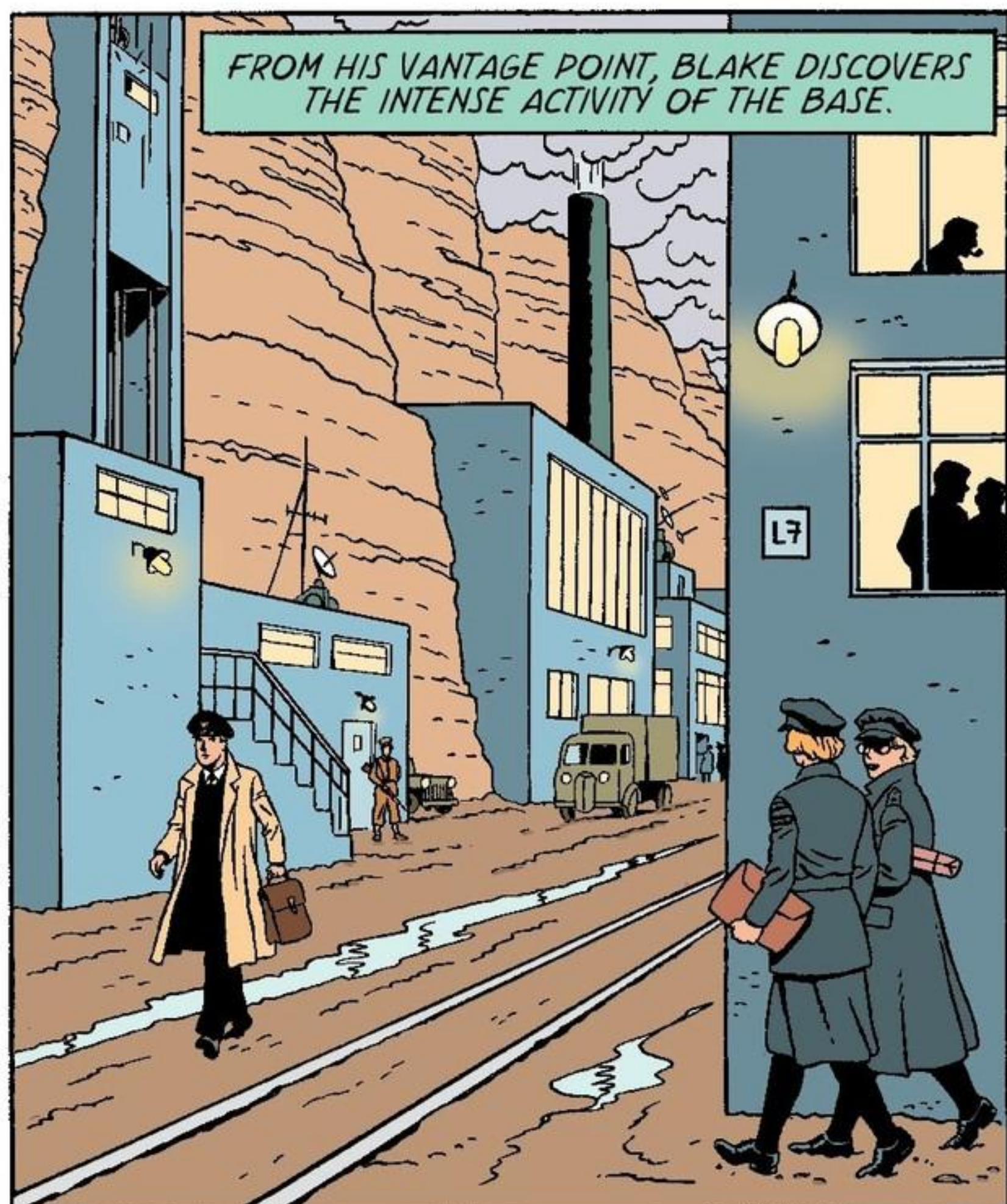


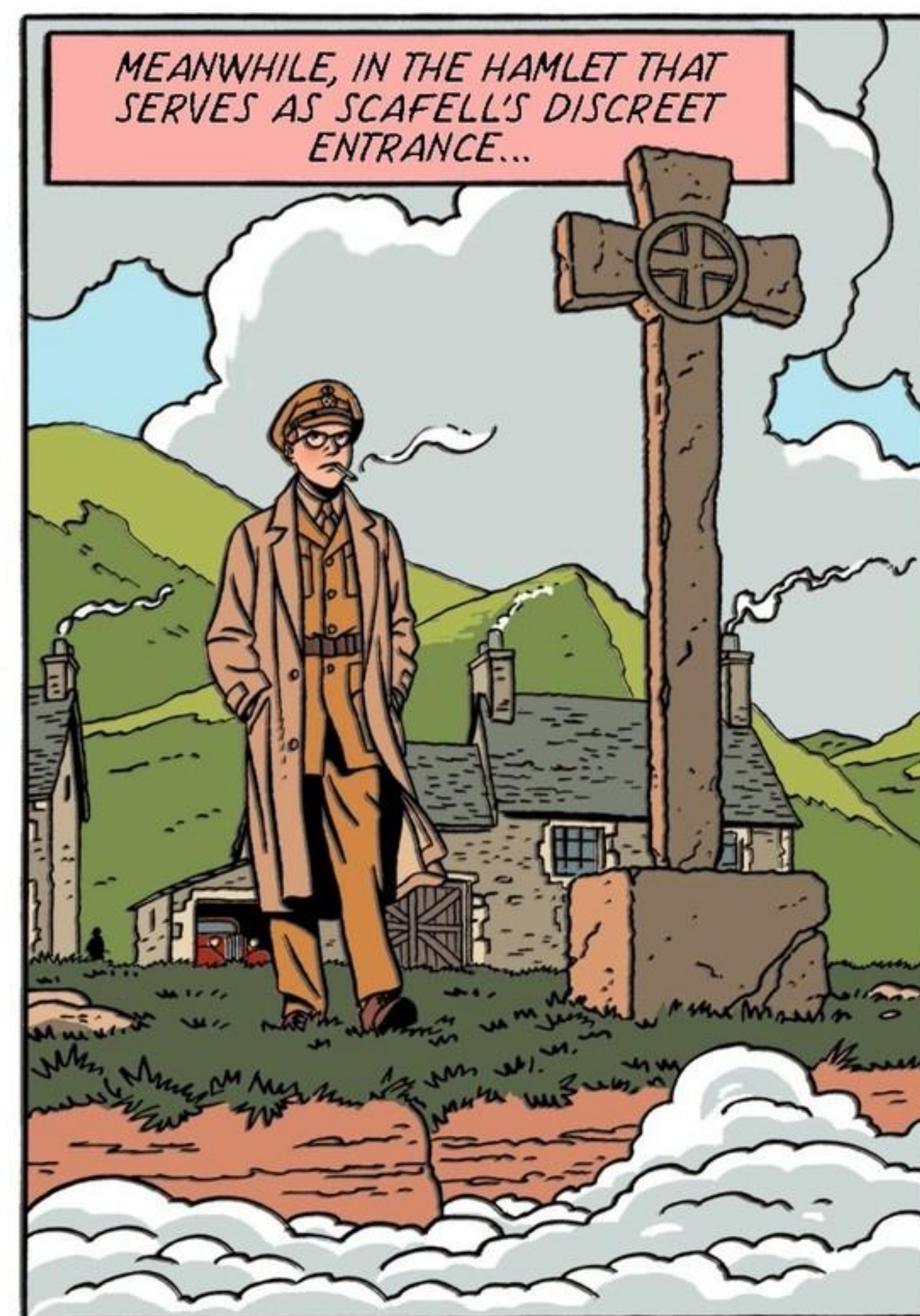
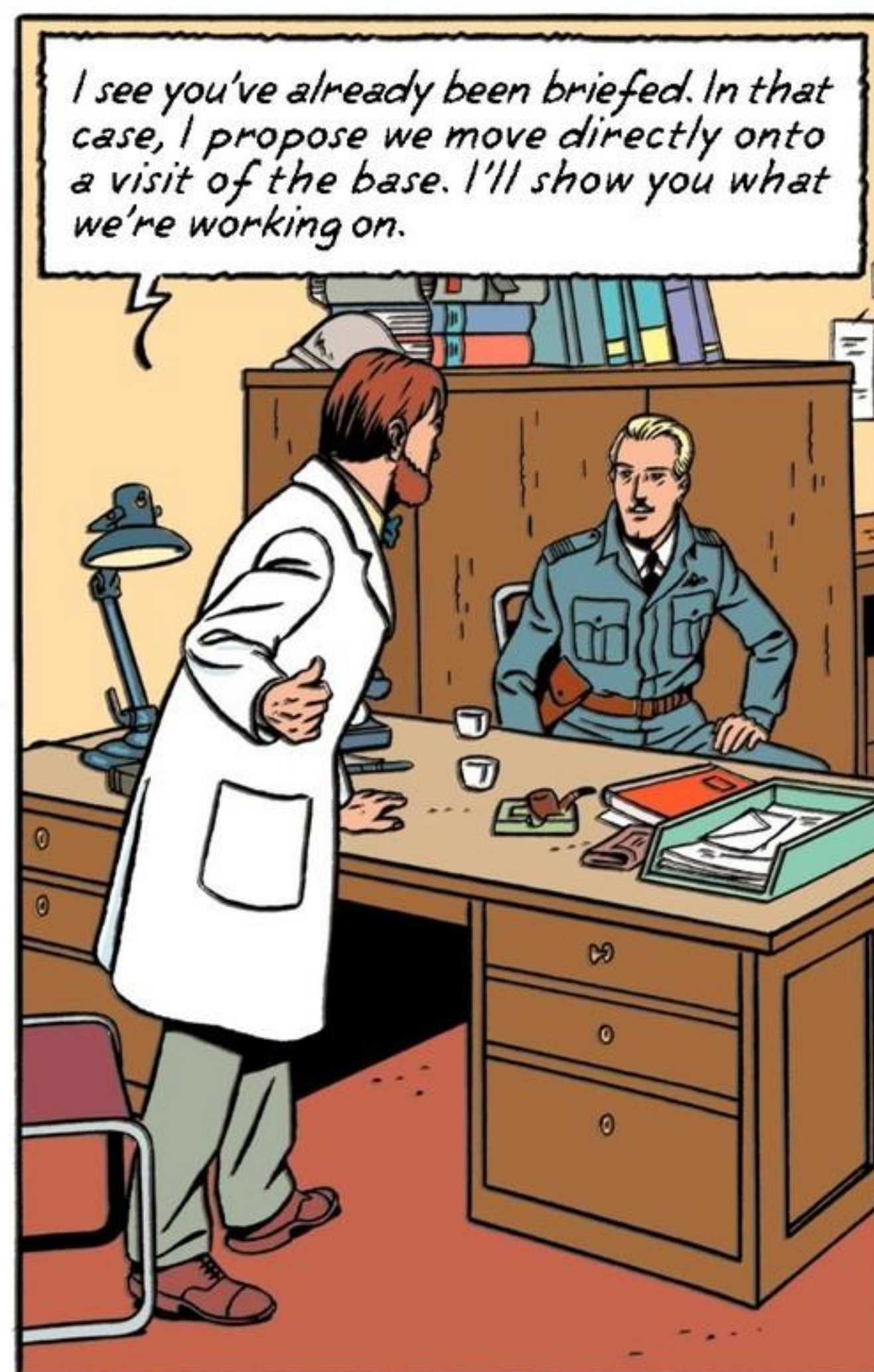
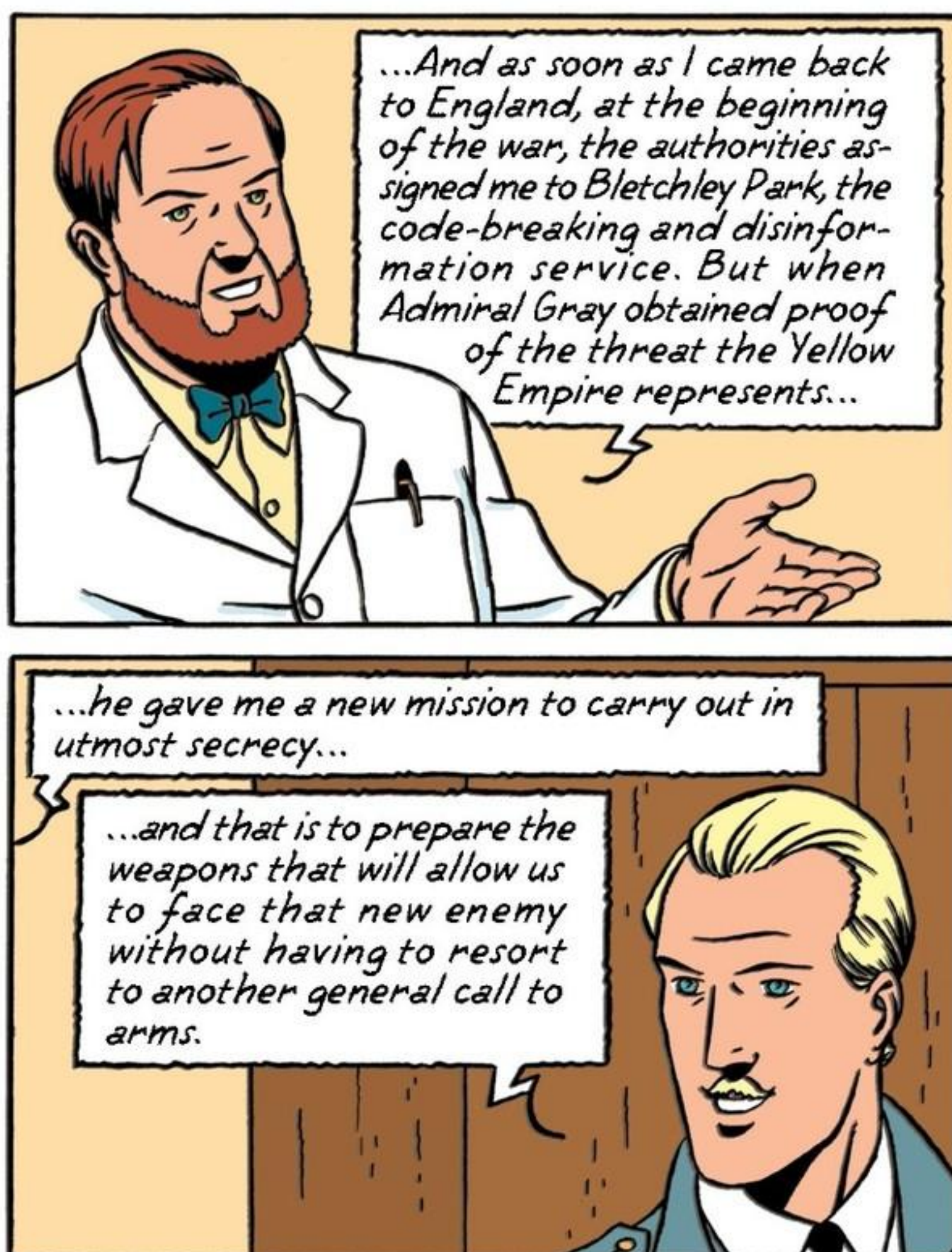
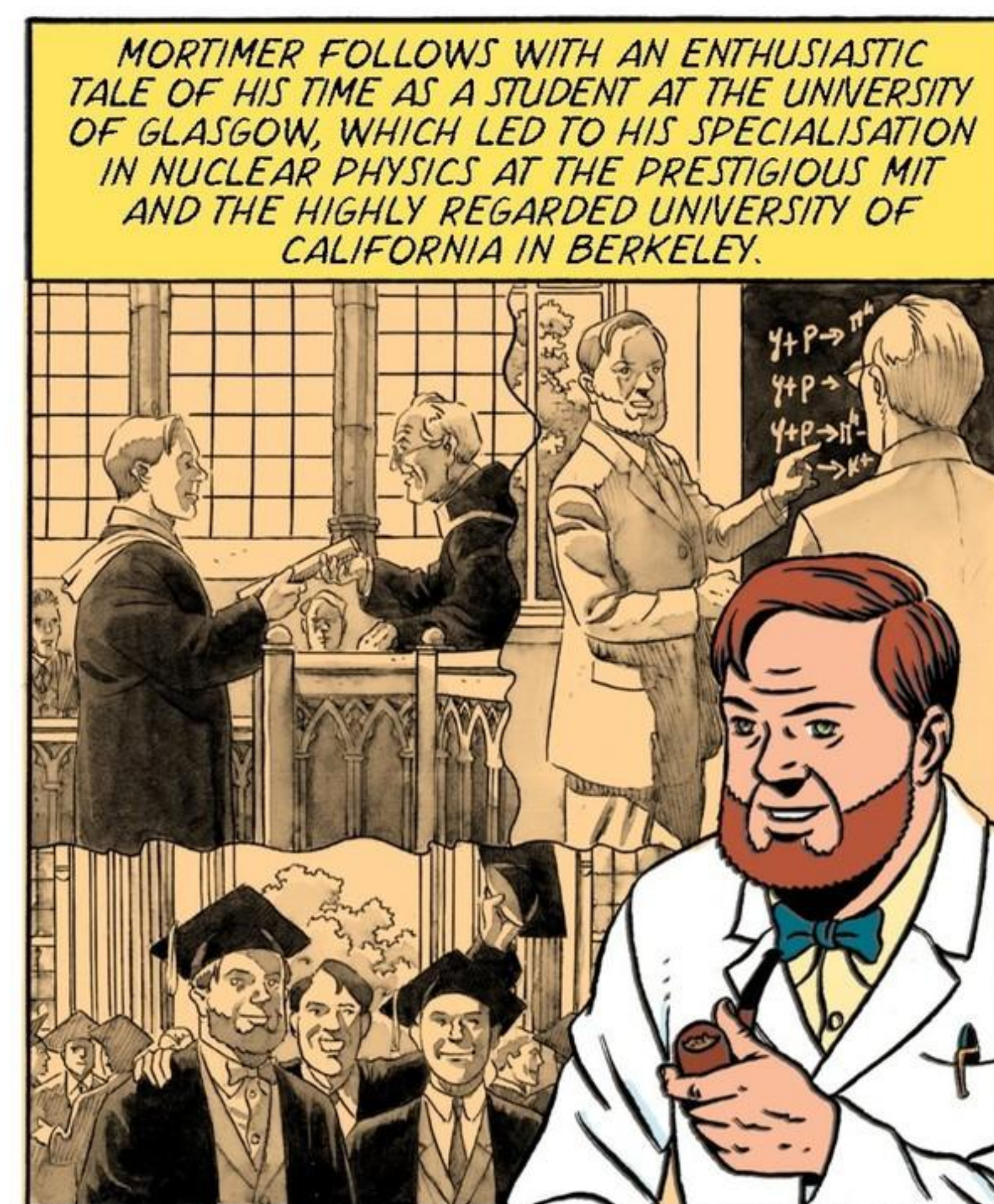
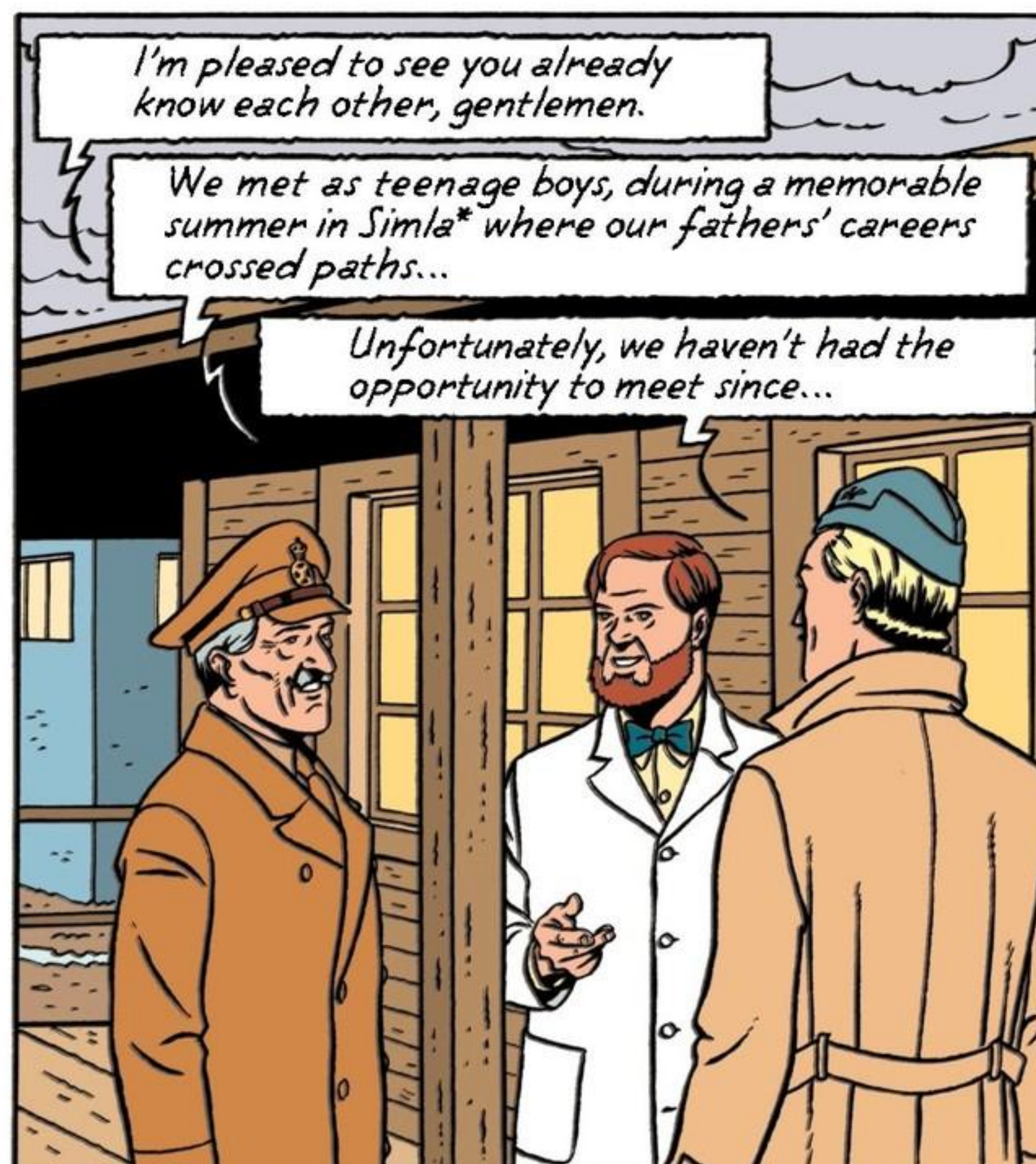
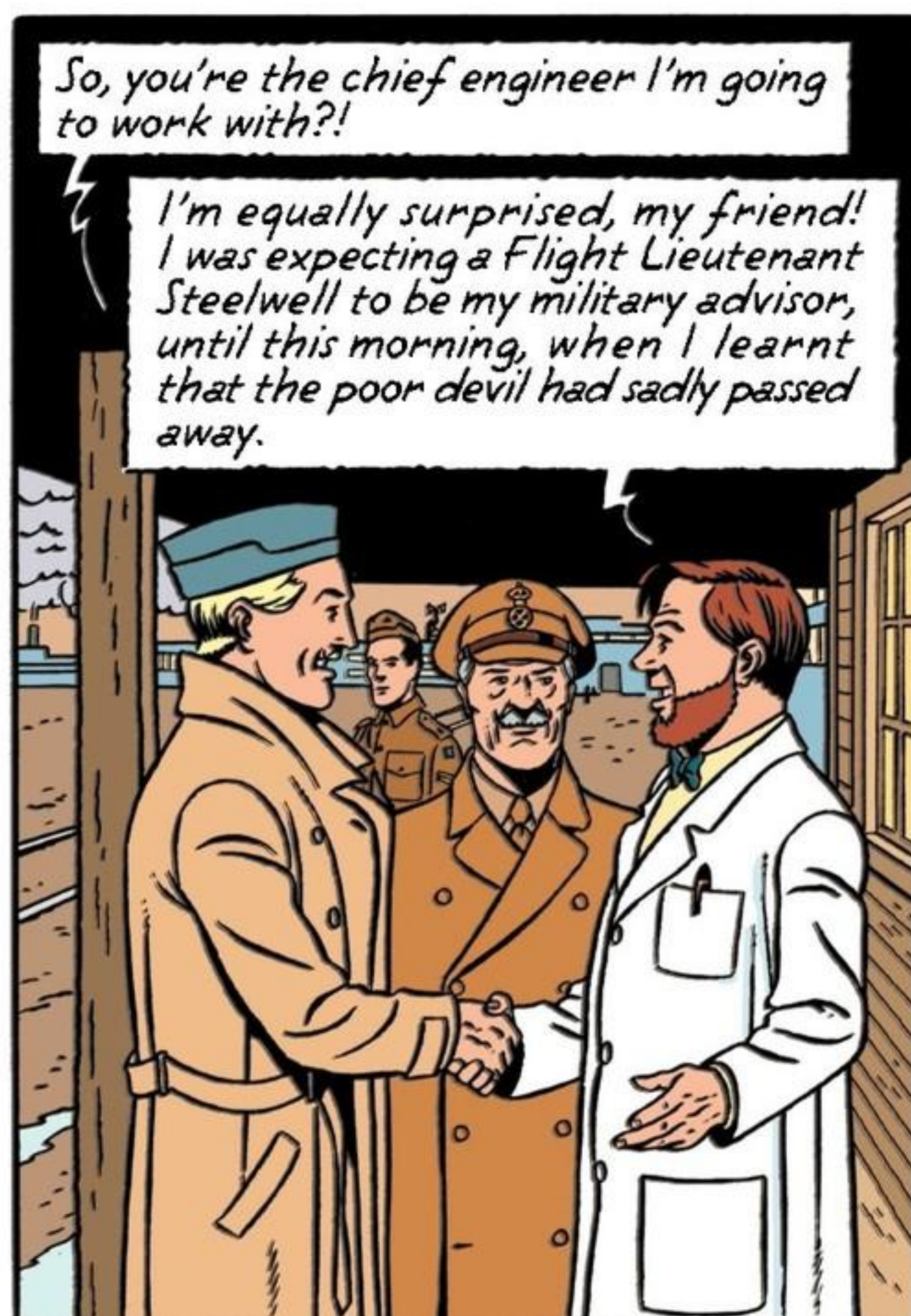
SUDDENLY A SORT OF RETRACTABLE FENCE SPRINGS UP FROM THE ROAD, FORCING THE VEHICLE TO STOP.



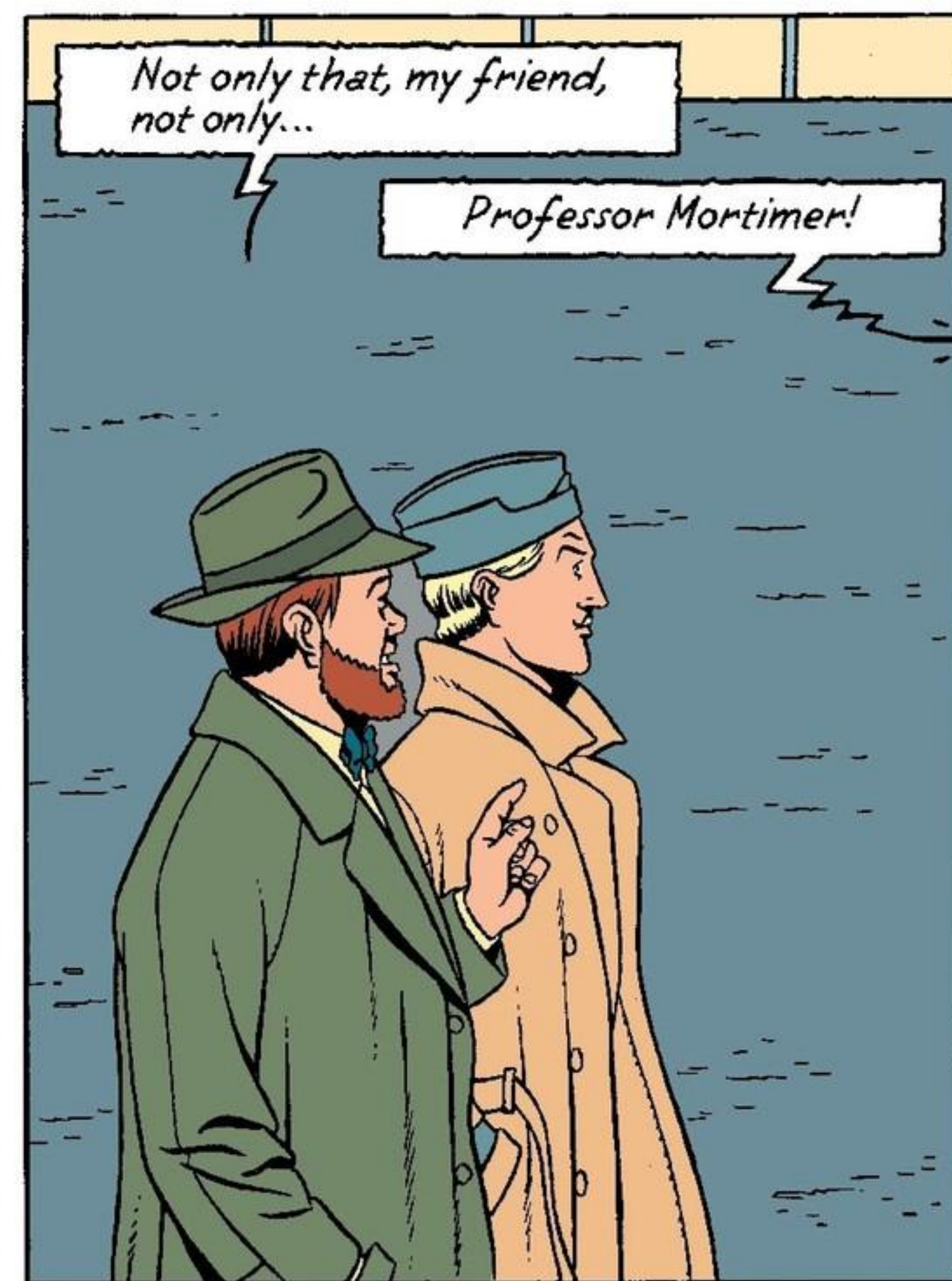
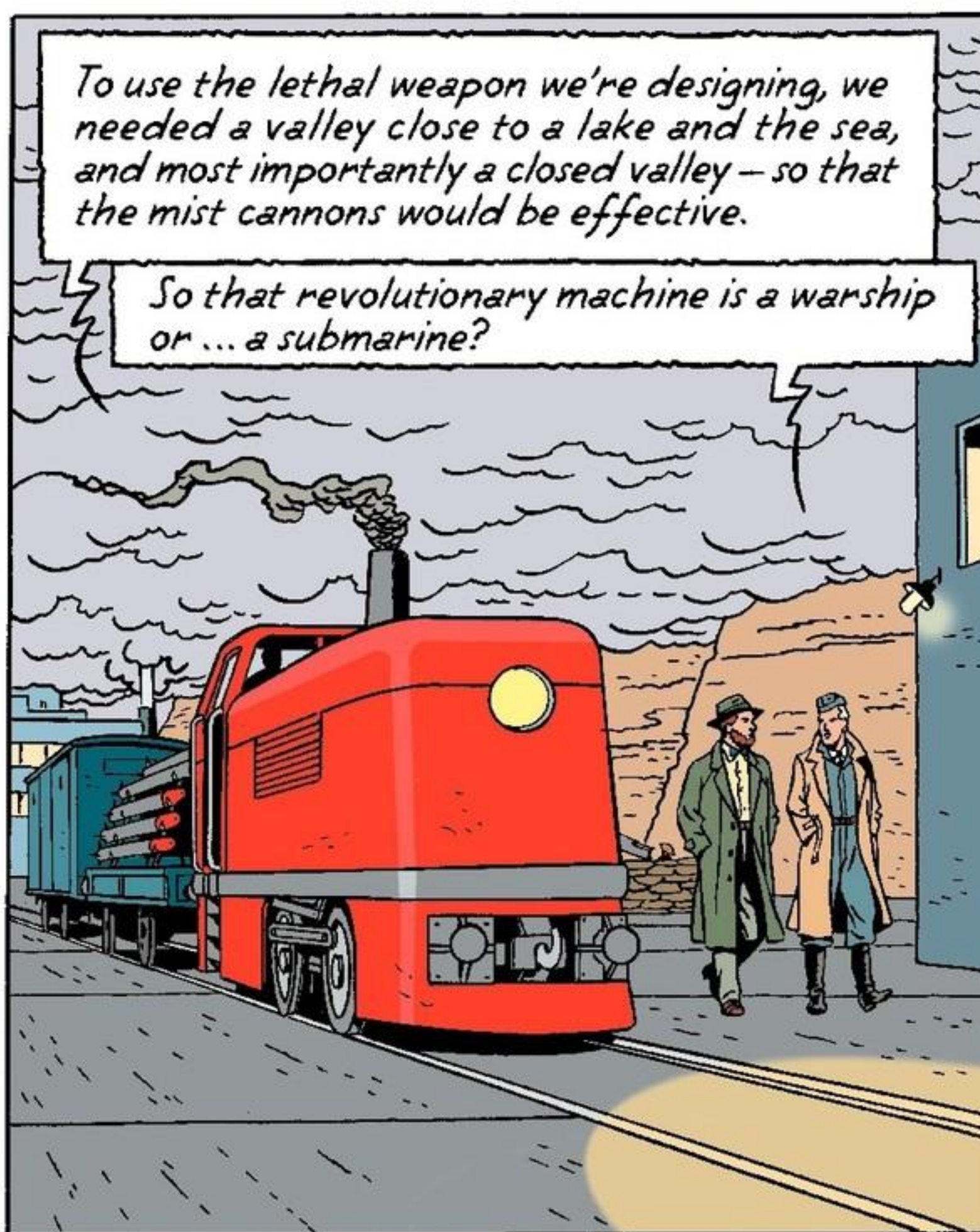
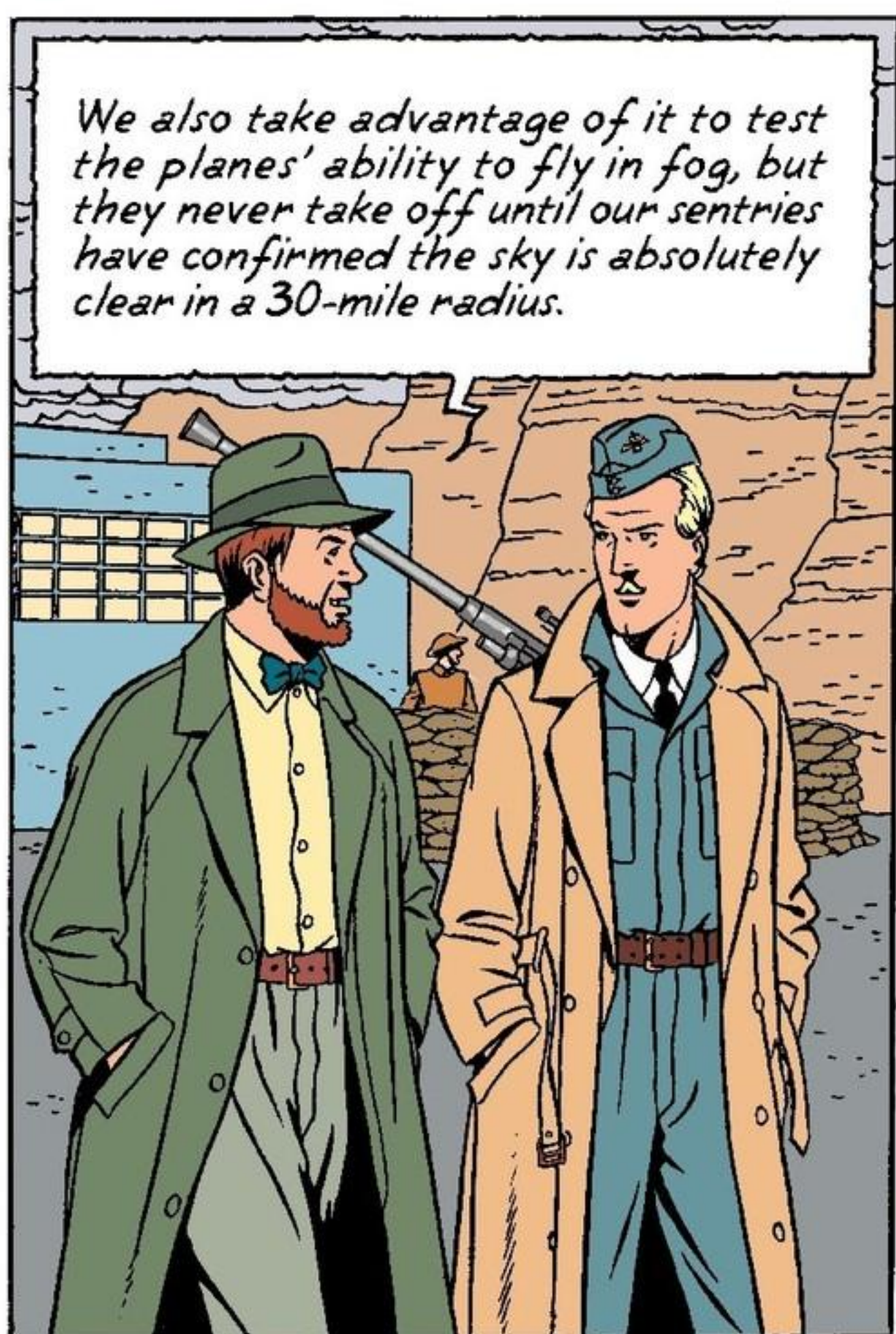
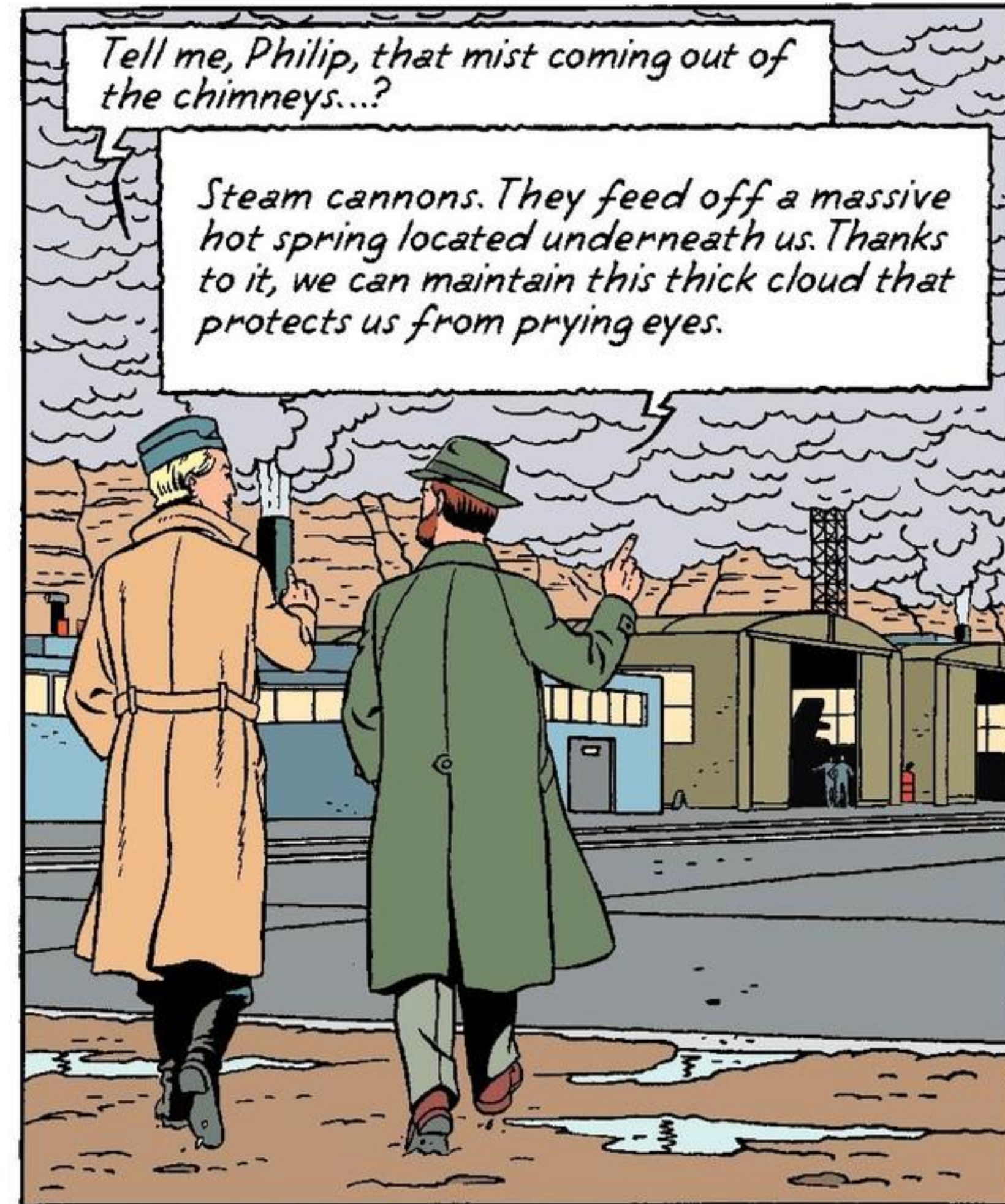
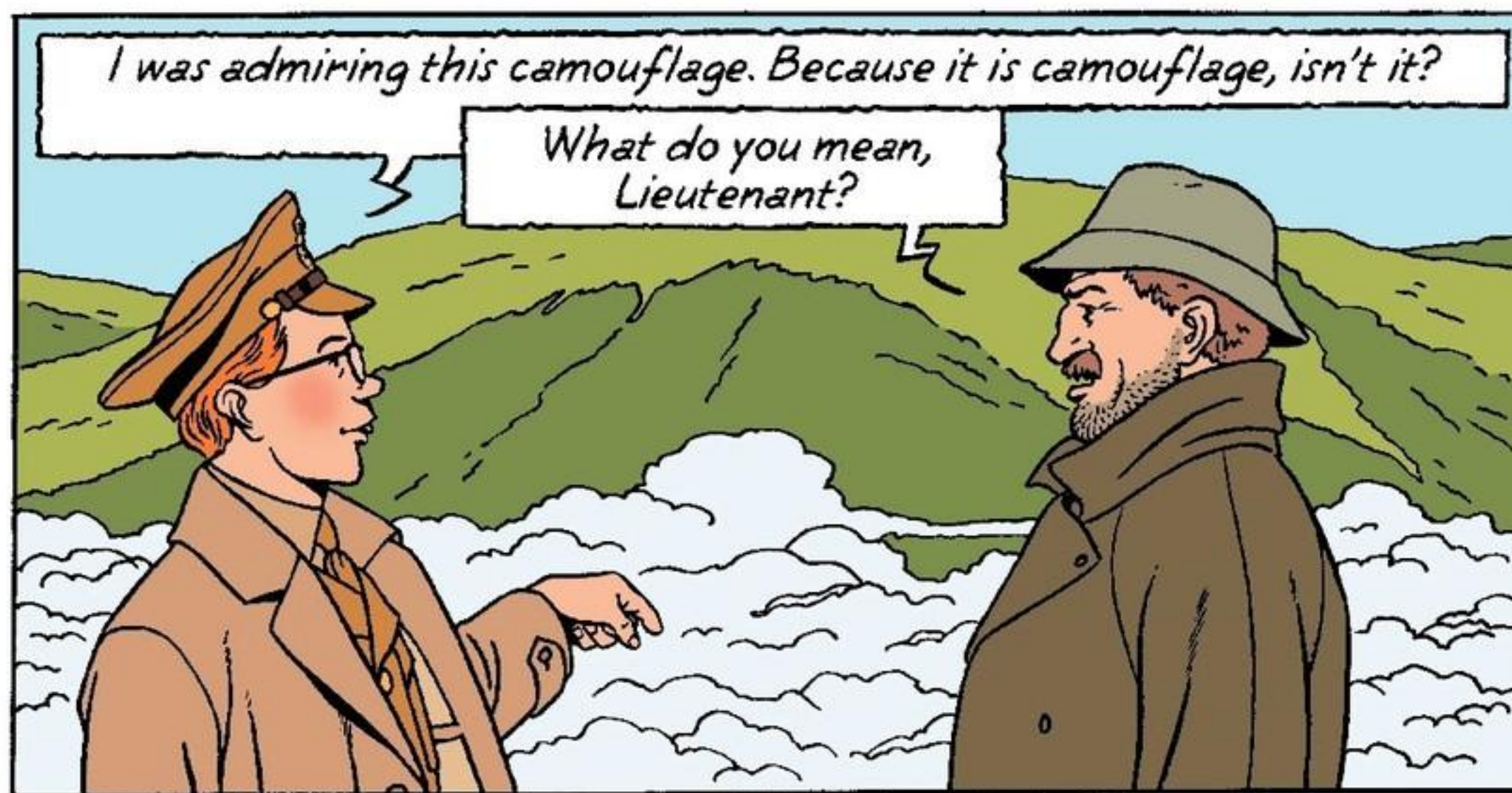
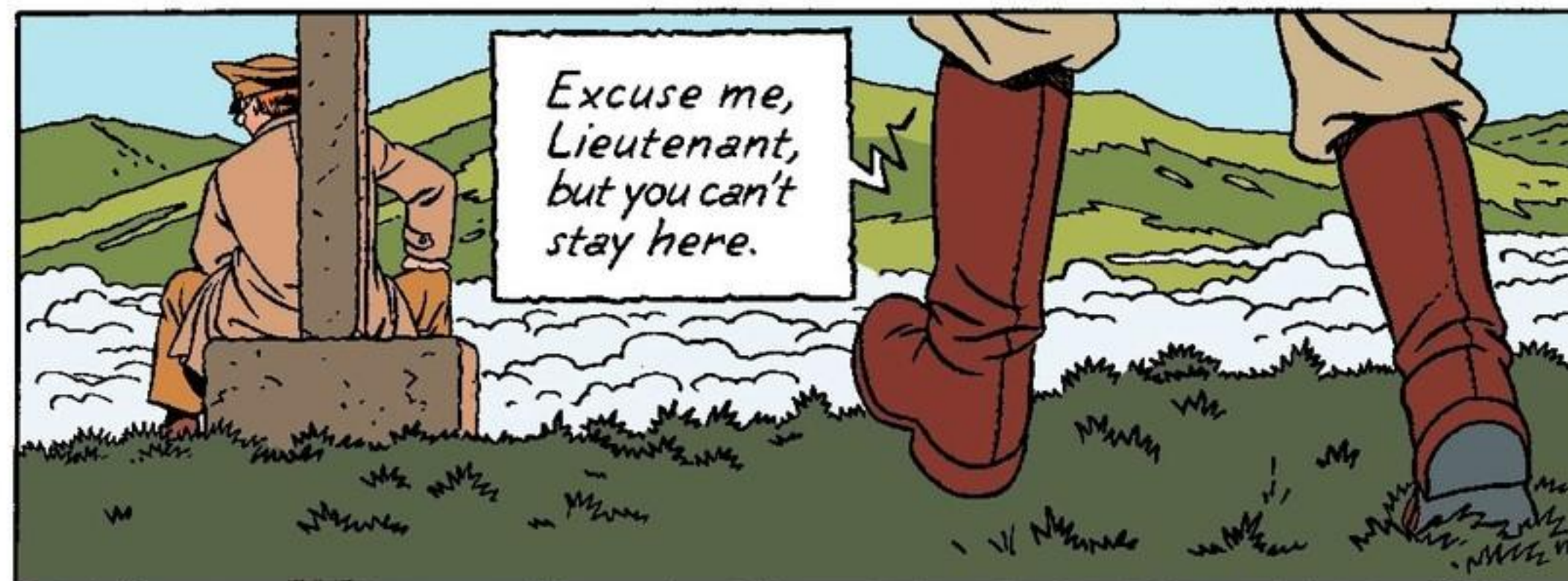
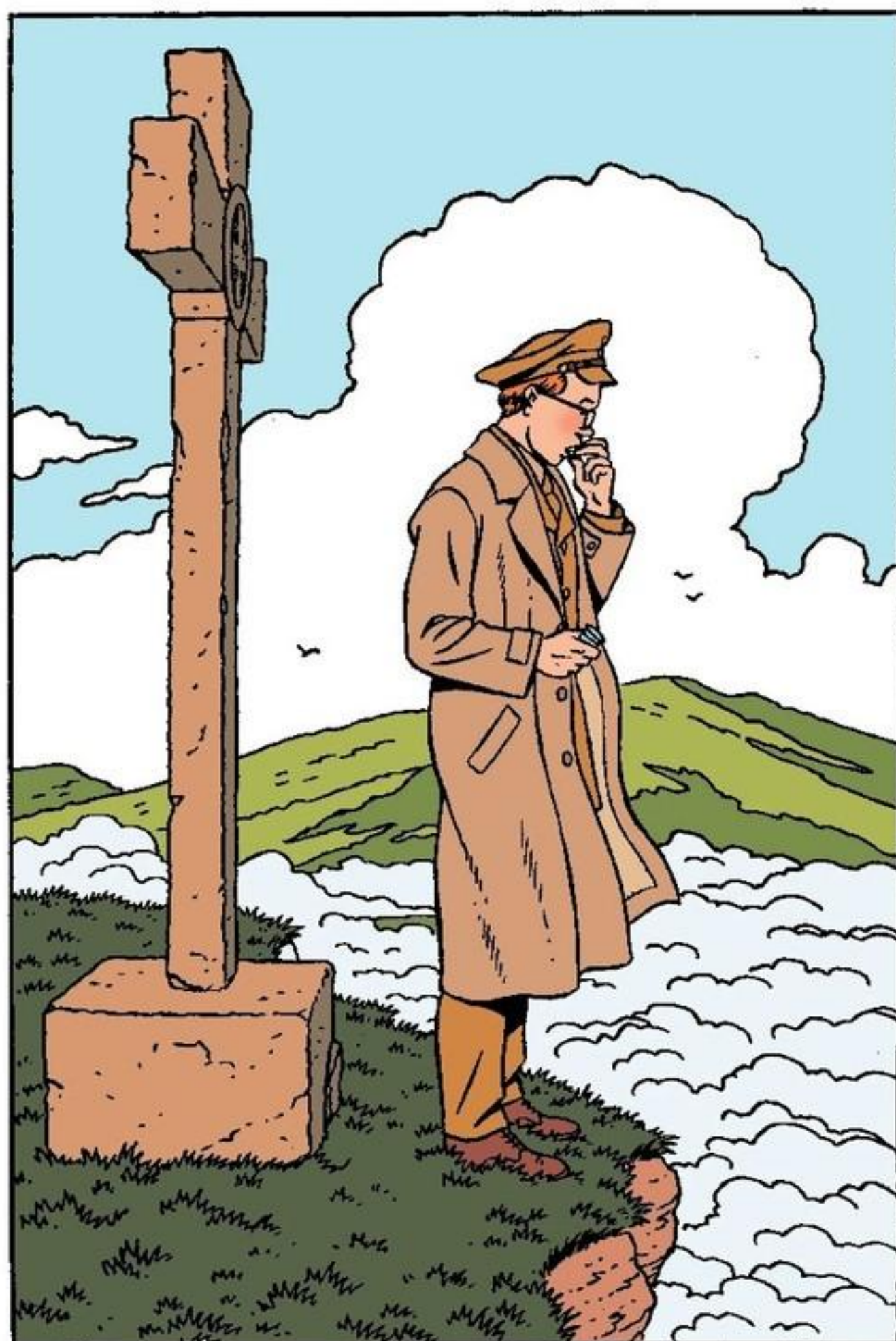


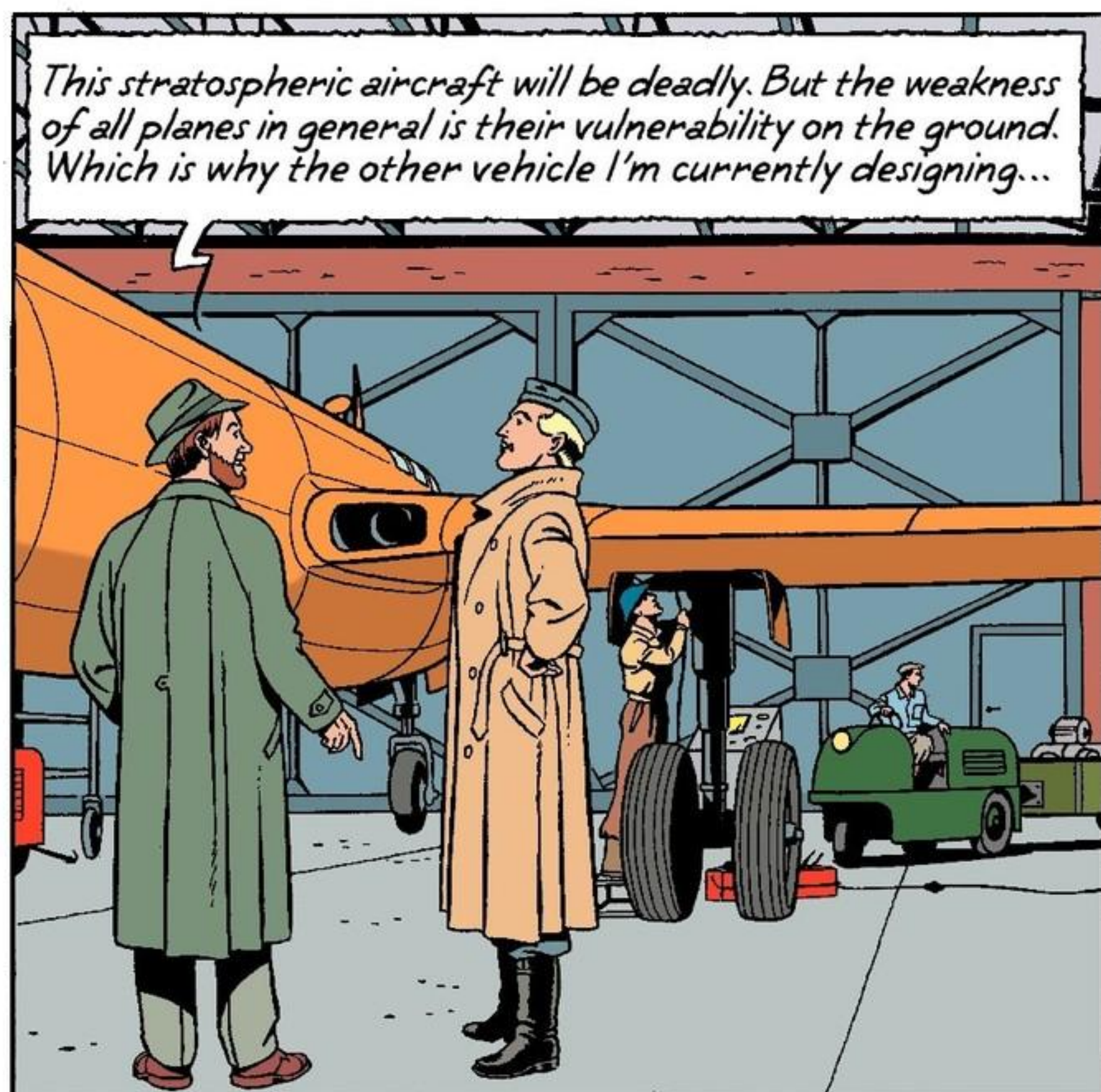
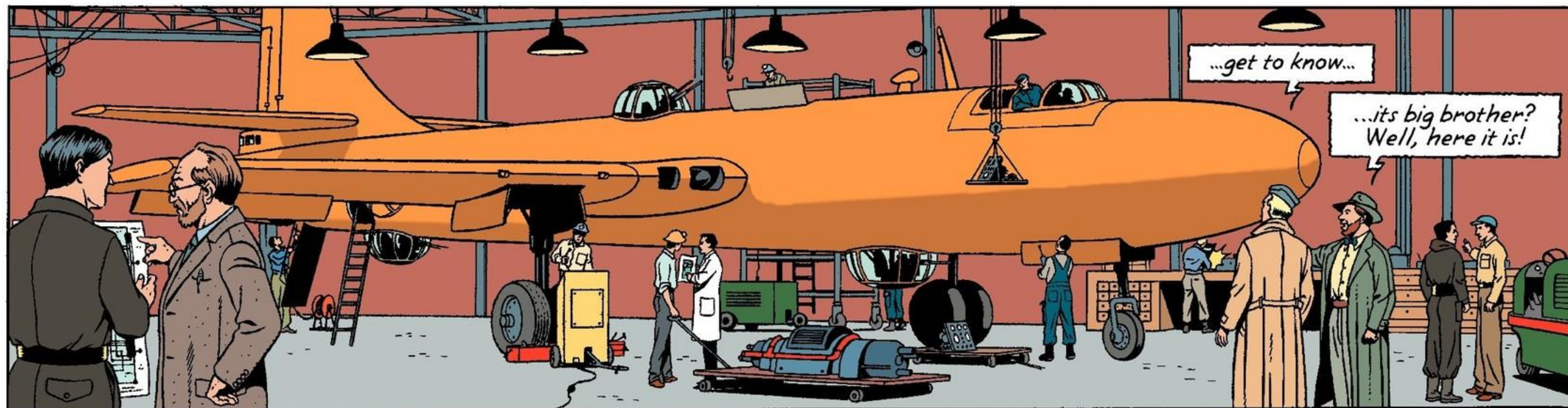
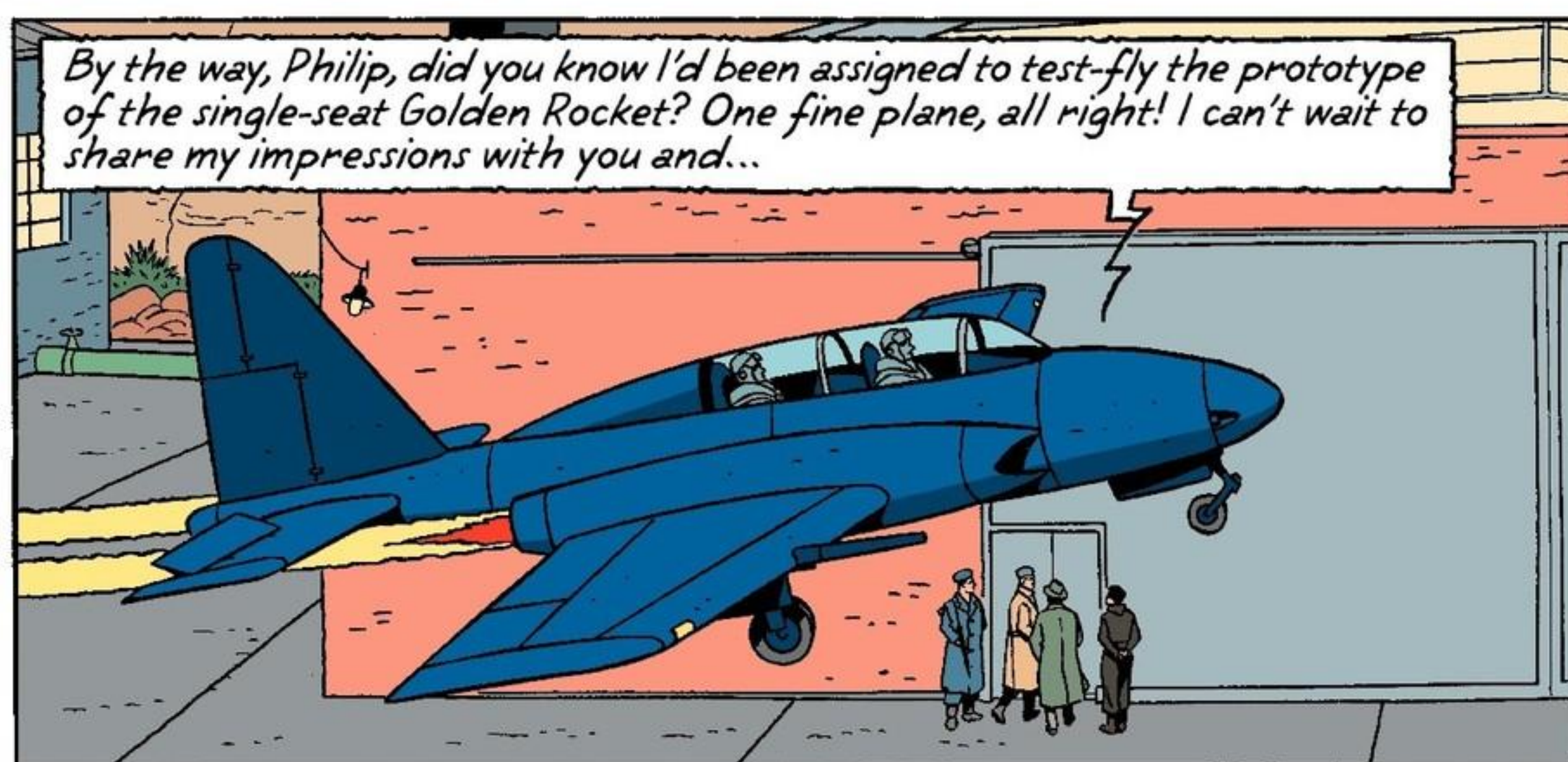
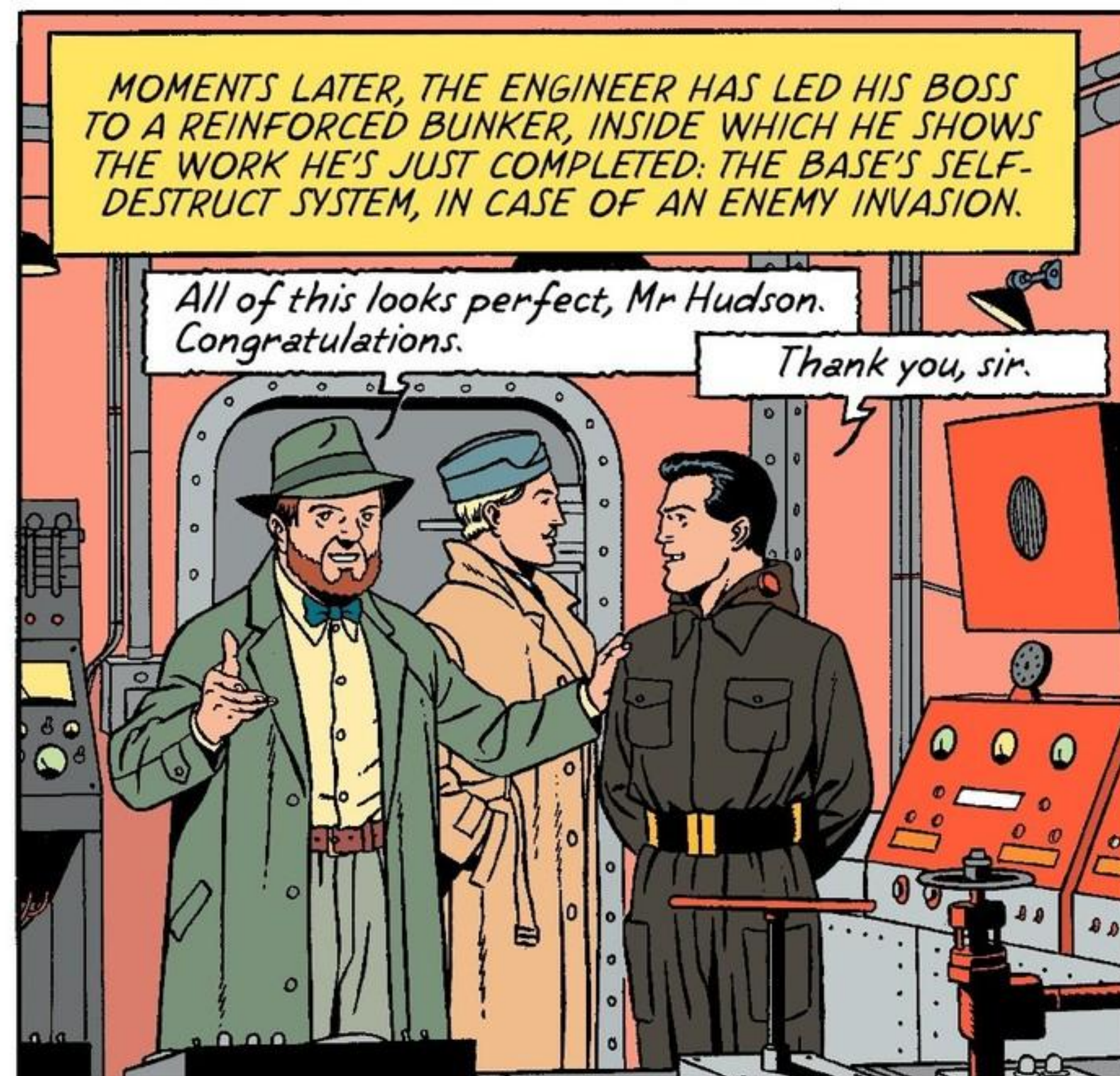


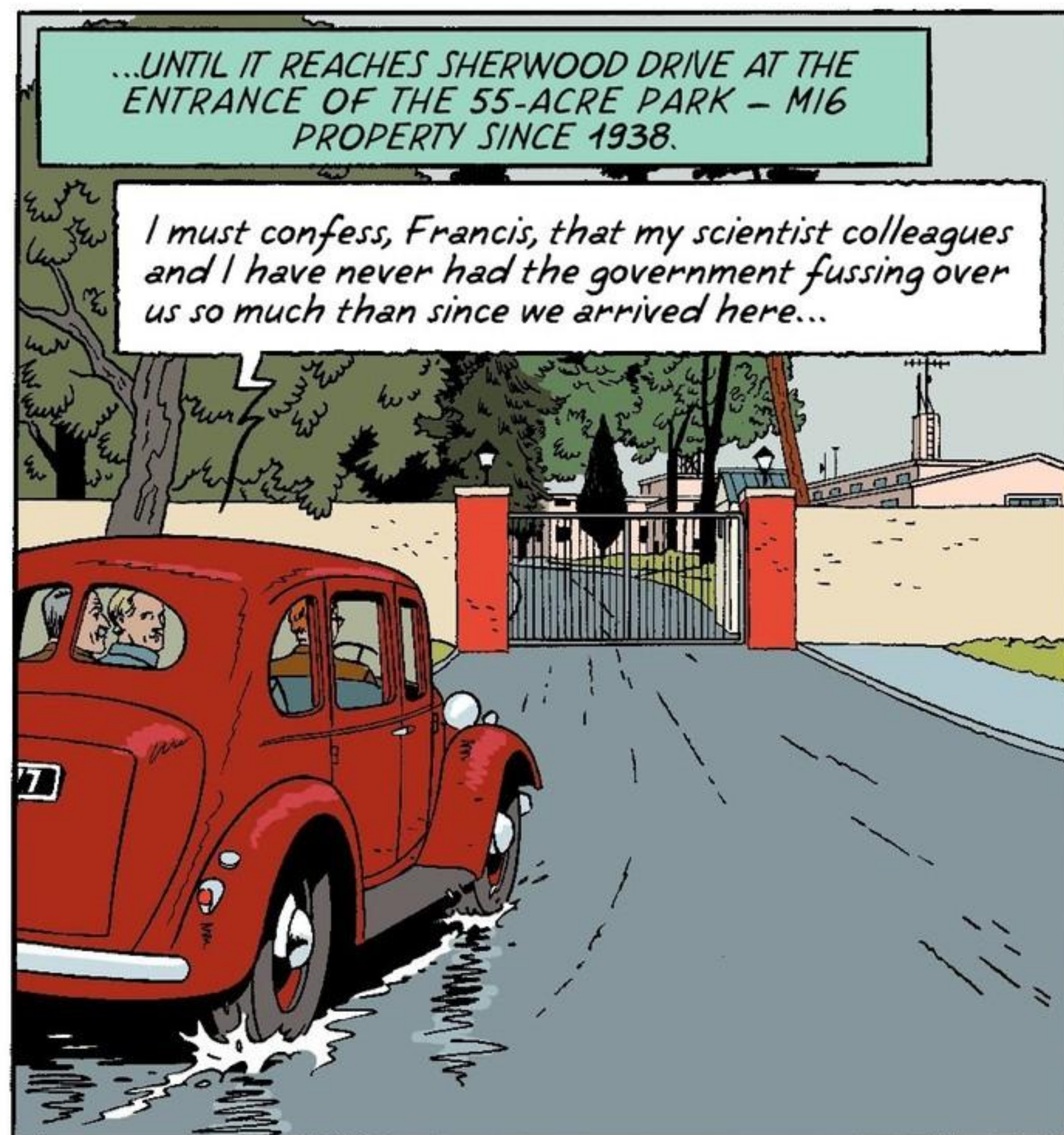
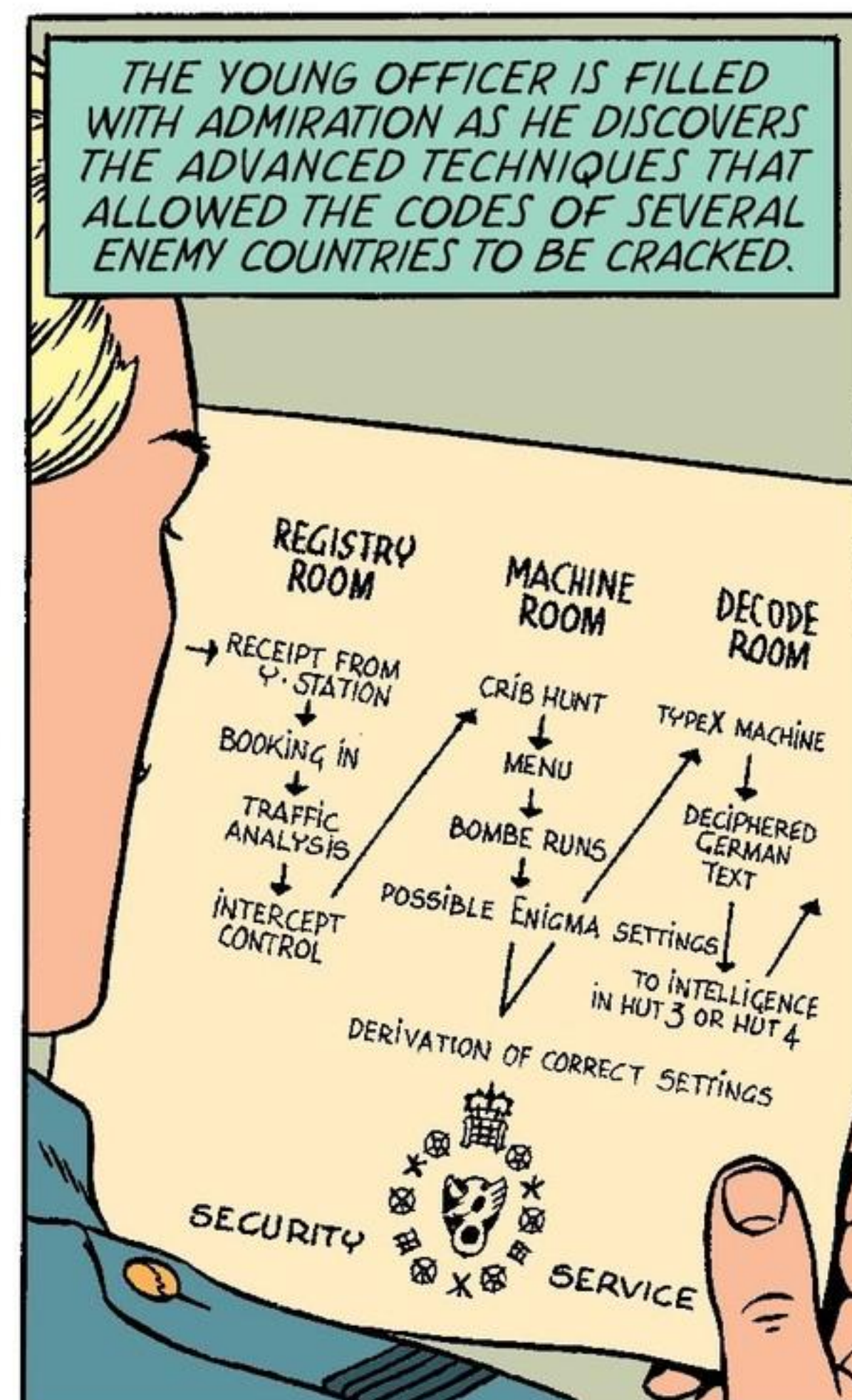
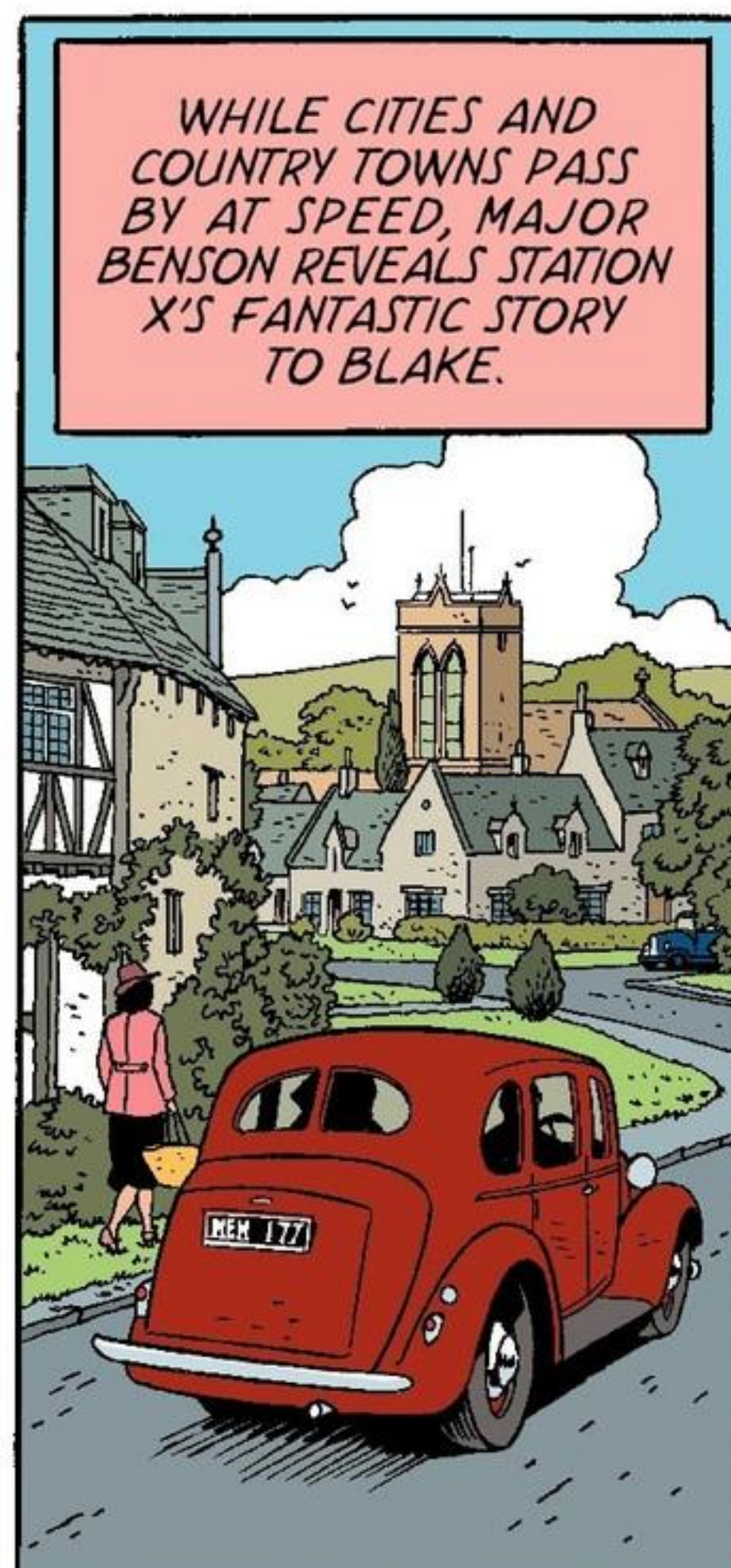
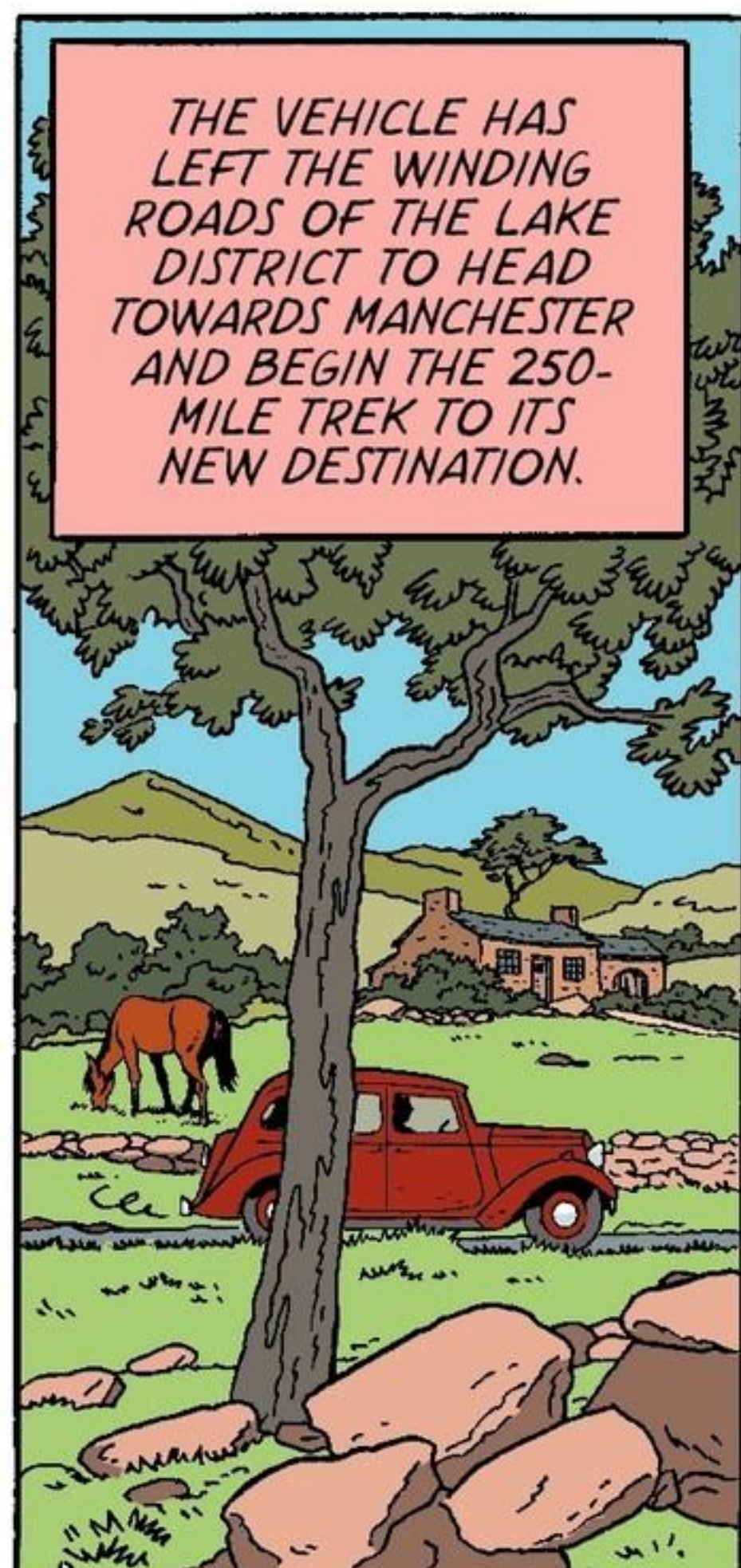
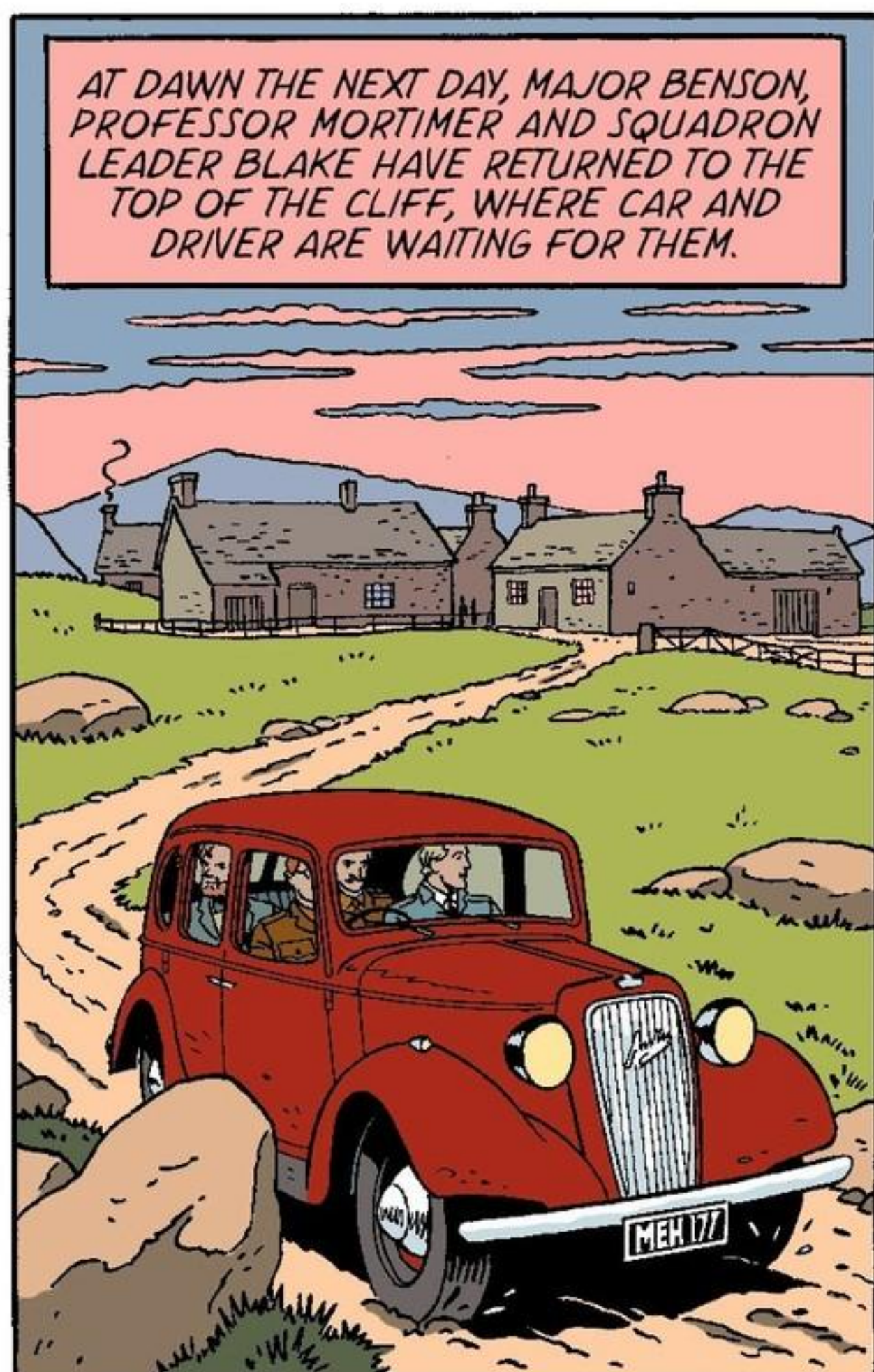




*SEE THE SARCOPHAGI OF THE SIXTH CONTINENT







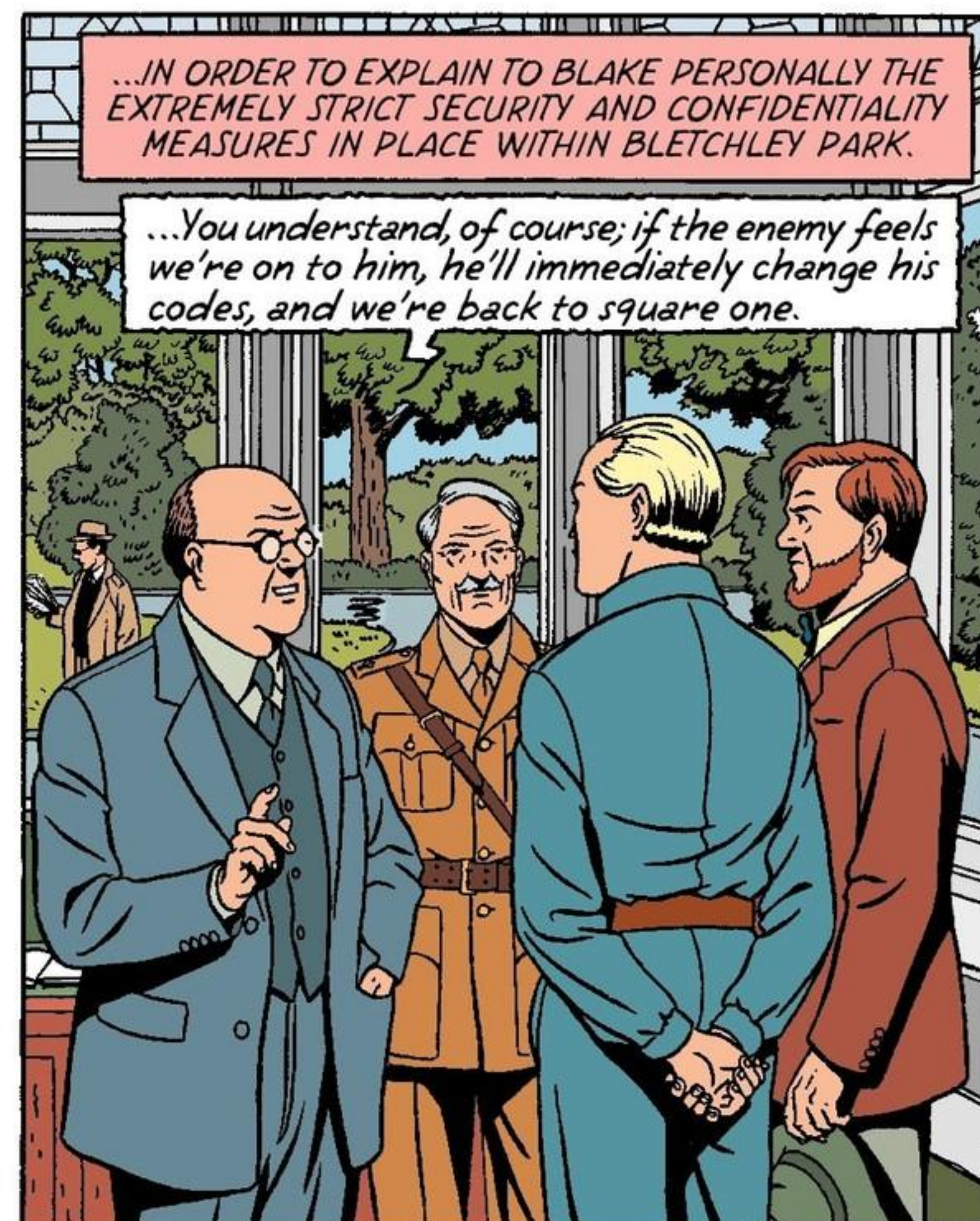


Squadron Leader Blake, this is Edward Travis, Director of Station X. I don't need to introduce Professor Mortimer...

Delighted to have you with us, Squadron Leader! And to have you back, Professor.

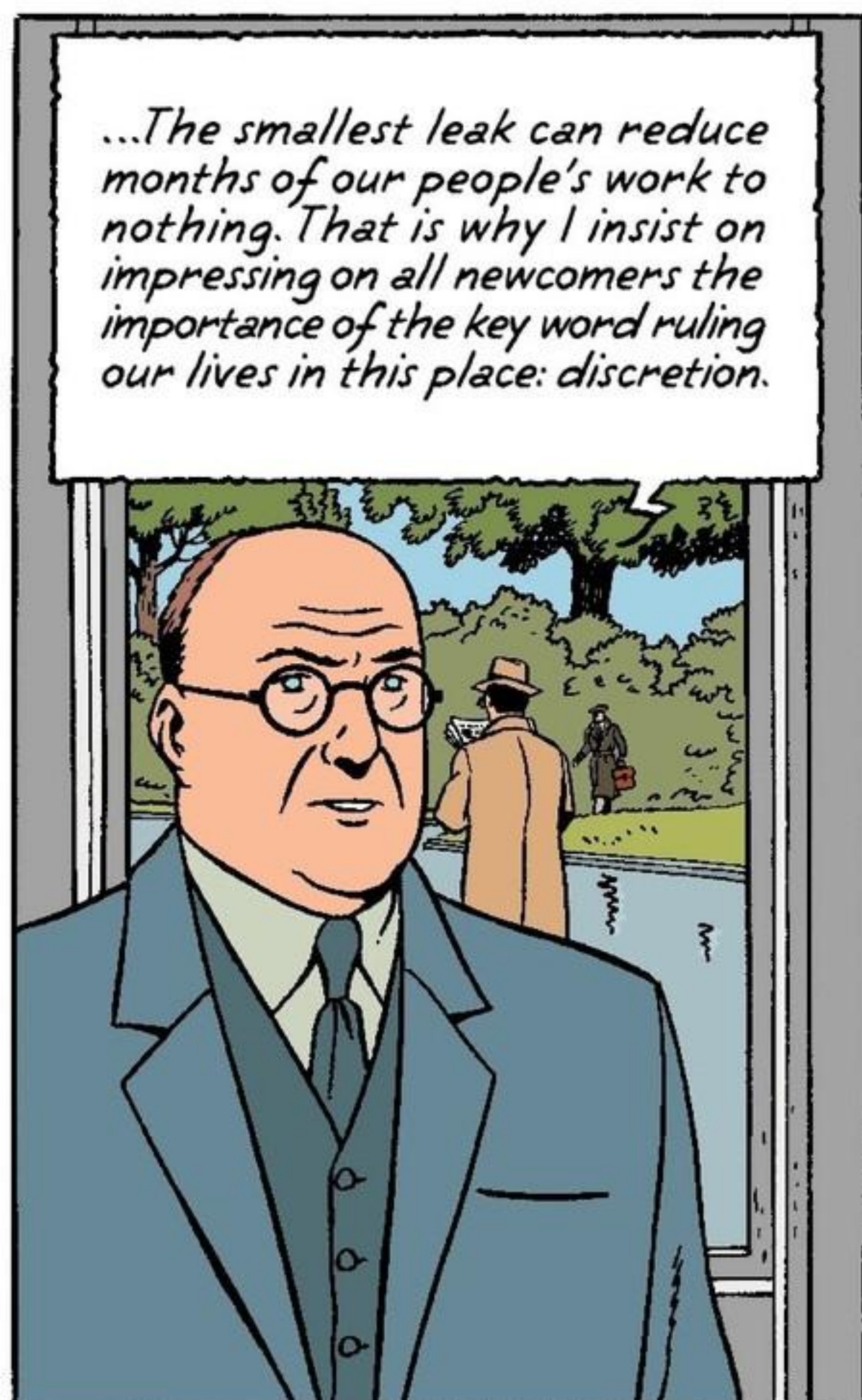


WITHOUT WASTING A MOMENT, COMMANDER TRAVIS INVITES HIS GUESTS INTO HIS OFFICE...

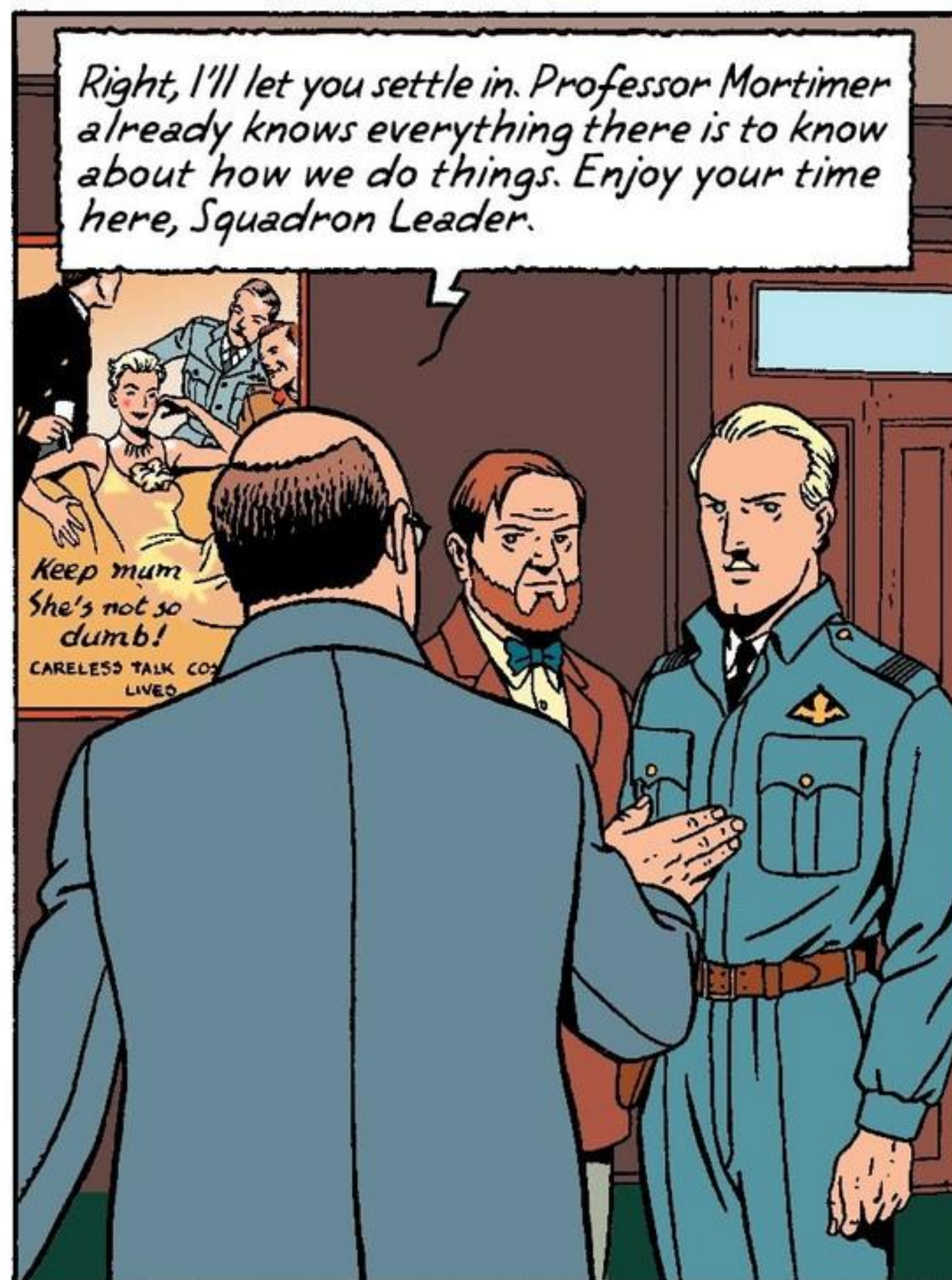


...IN ORDER TO EXPLAIN TO BLAKE PERSONALLY THE EXTREMELY STRICT SECURITY AND CONFIDENTIALITY MEASURES IN PLACE WITHIN BLETCHLEY PARK.

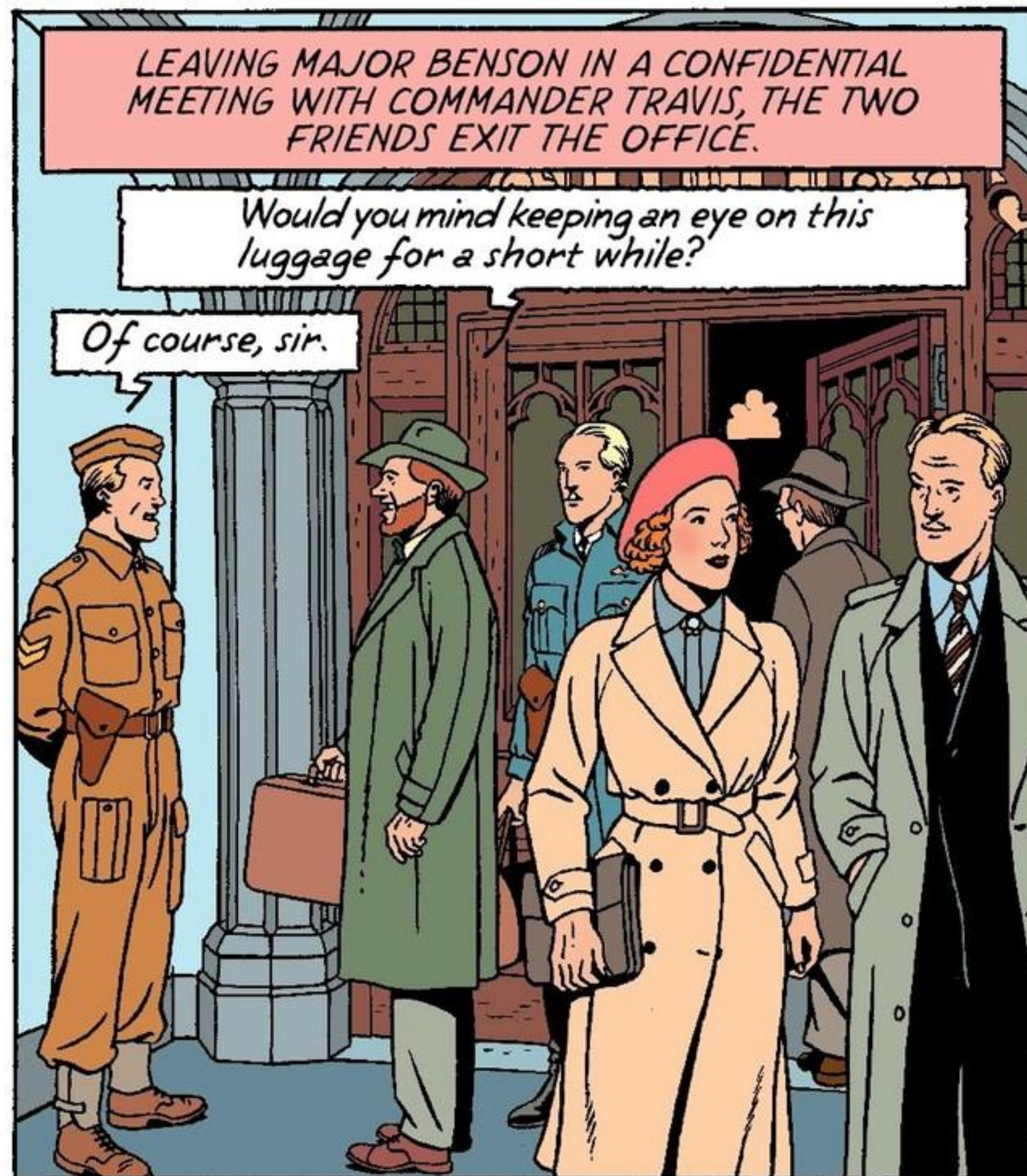
...You understand, of course; if the enemy feels we're on to him, he'll immediately change his codes, and we're back to square one.



...The smallest leak can reduce months of our people's work to nothing. That is why I insist on impressing on all newcomers the importance of the key word ruling our lives in this place: discretion.



Right, I'll let you settle in. Professor Mortimer already knows everything there is to know about how we do things. Enjoy your time here, Squadron Leader.



LEAVING MAJOR BENSON IN A CONFIDENTIAL MEETING WITH COMMANDER TRAVIS, THE TWO FRIENDS EXIT THE OFFICE.

Would you mind keeping an eye on this luggage for a short while?

Of course, sir.



I'm sure you've noticed the radio antennae. All these wireless relays are where work on Ultra can begin.

Ultra?



Originally, 'ultrasecret' meant 'even more secret than "most secret"!'

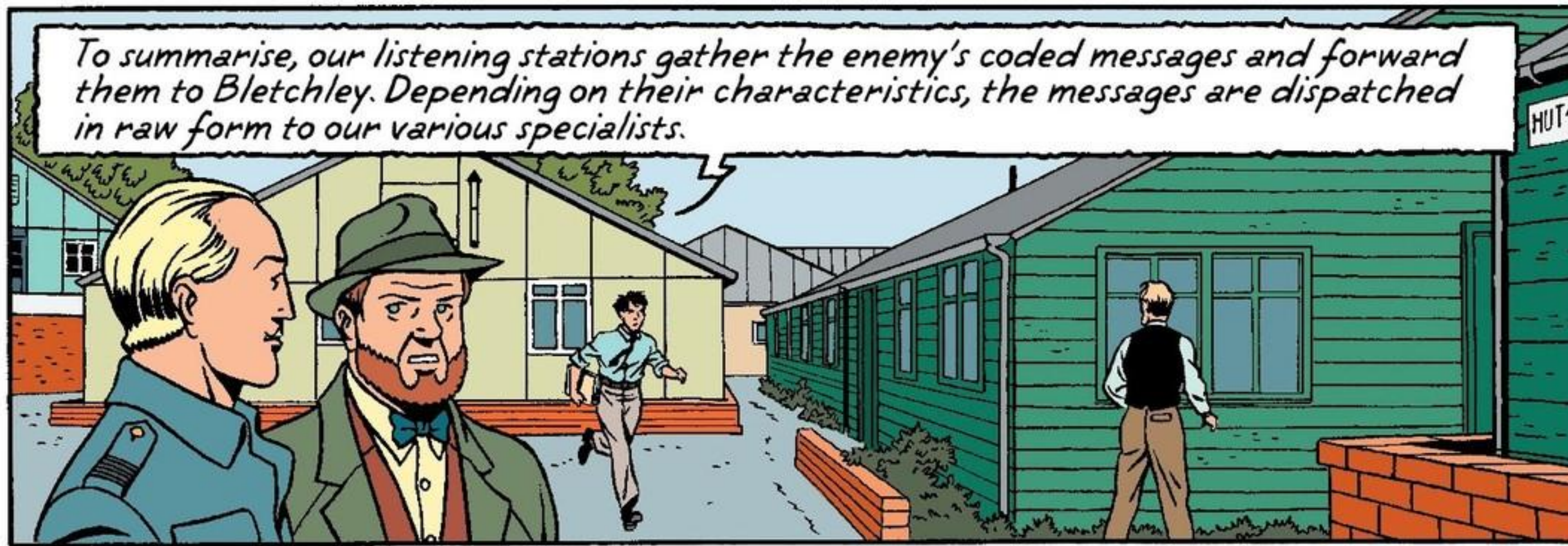


Our intelligence services eventually nicknamed both the network itself and the information obtained through its stations 'Ultra'.

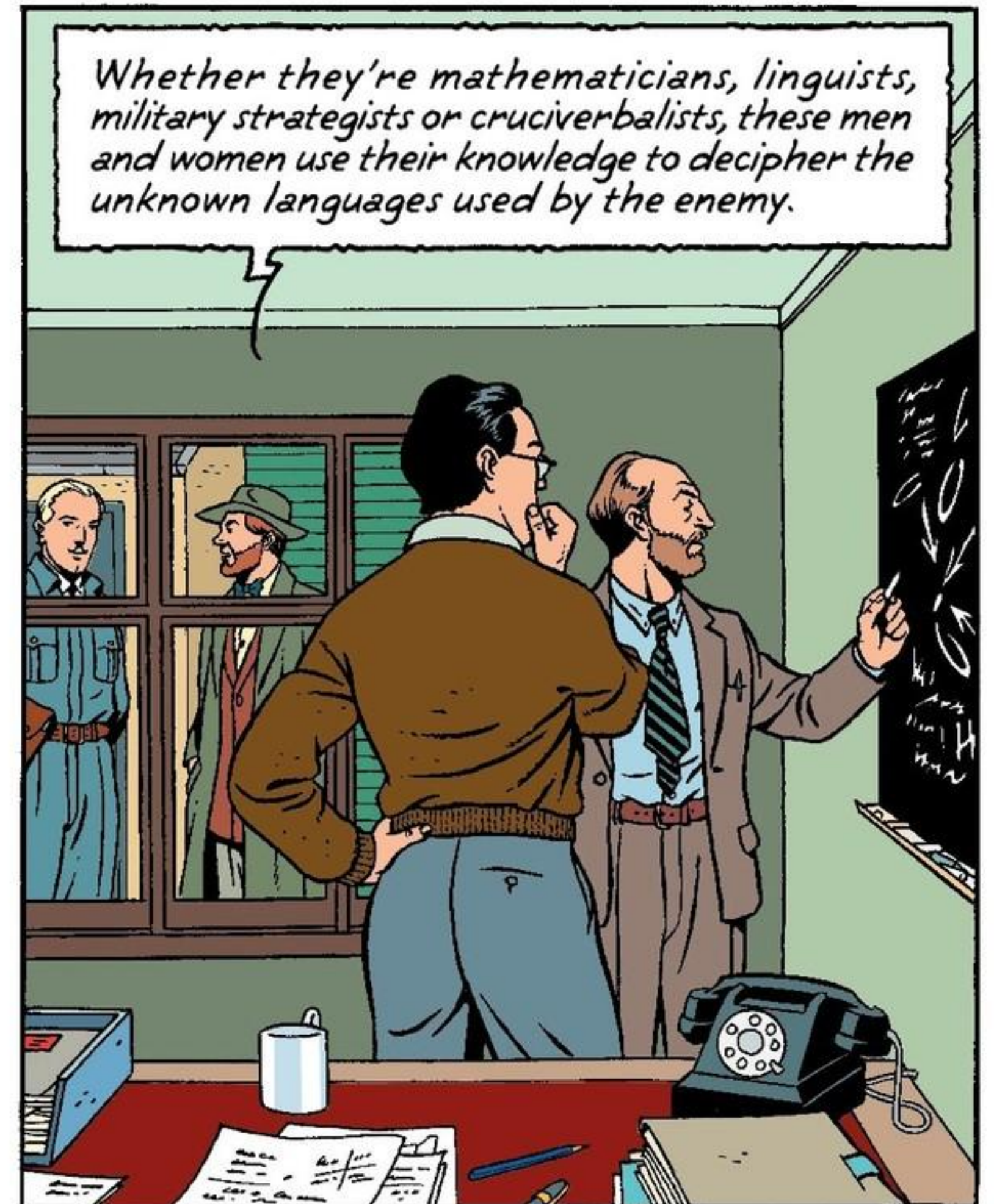
I see.



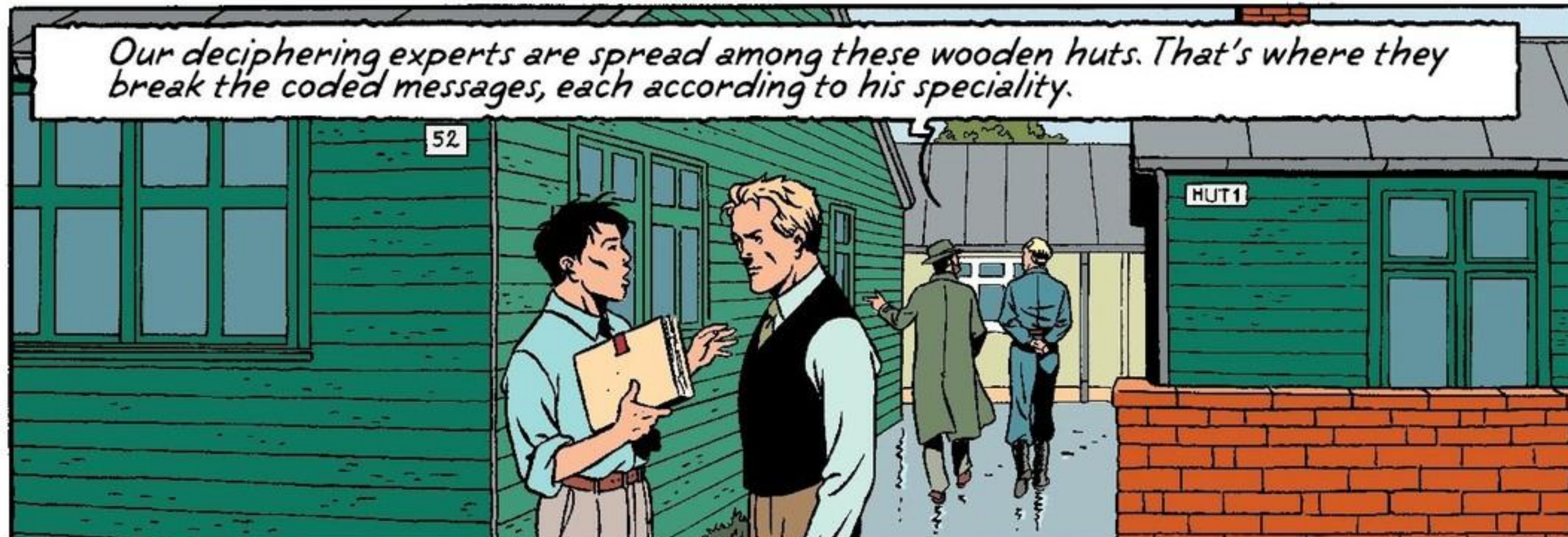
Since the sun is making a rare appearance, let's take a walk around the site.



To summarise, our listening stations gather the enemy's coded messages and forward them to Bletchley. Depending on their characteristics, the messages are dispatched in raw form to our various specialists.



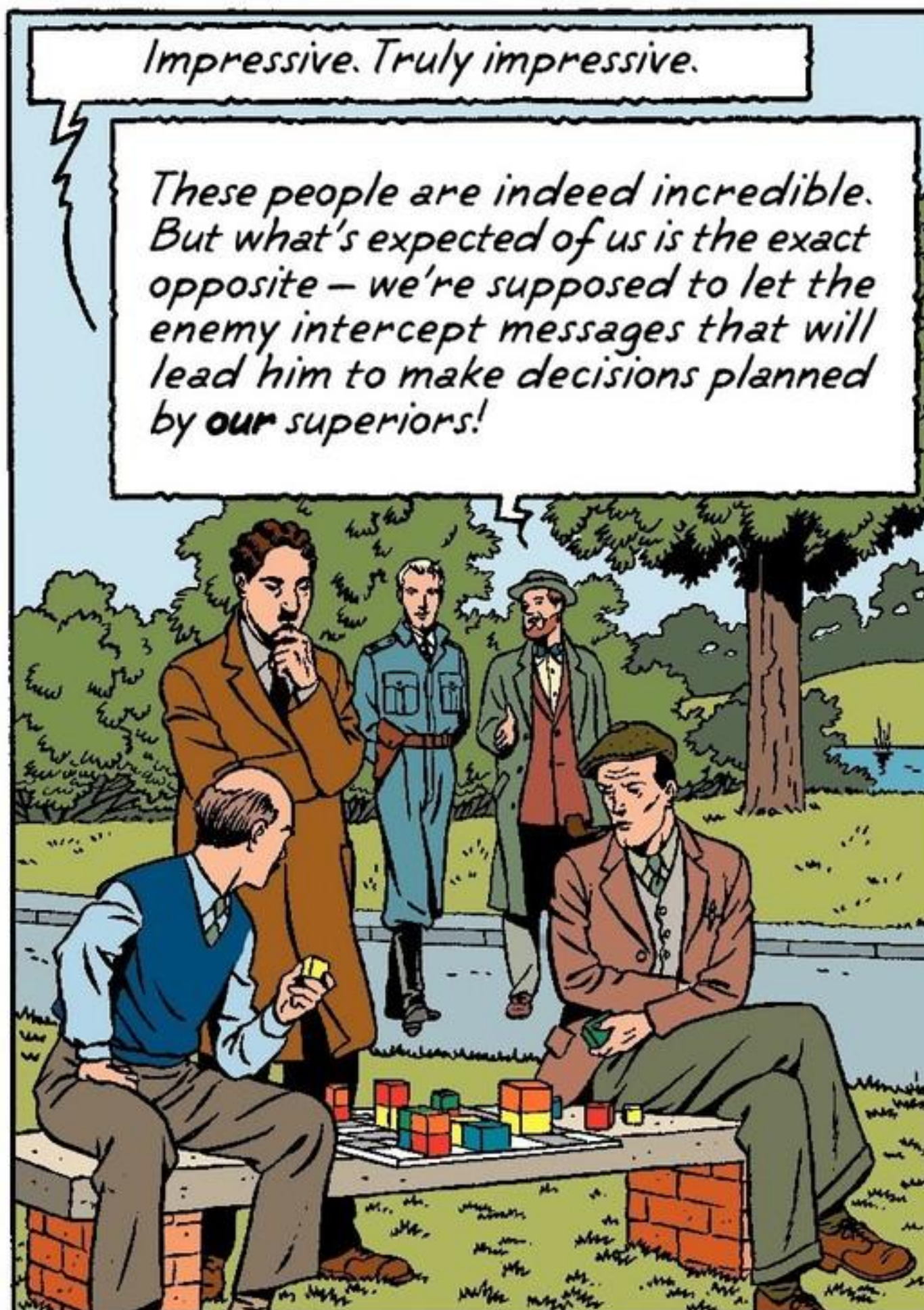
Whether they're mathematicians, linguists, military strategists or cruciverbalists, these men and women use their knowledge to decipher the unknown languages used by the enemy.



Our deciphering experts are spread among these wooden huts. That's where they break the coded messages, each according to his speciality.



Once they reach a result, it's checked several times before being sent on to a 'decode room', where all similar messages will from then on be sent to be 'translated'.



Impressive. Truly impressive.

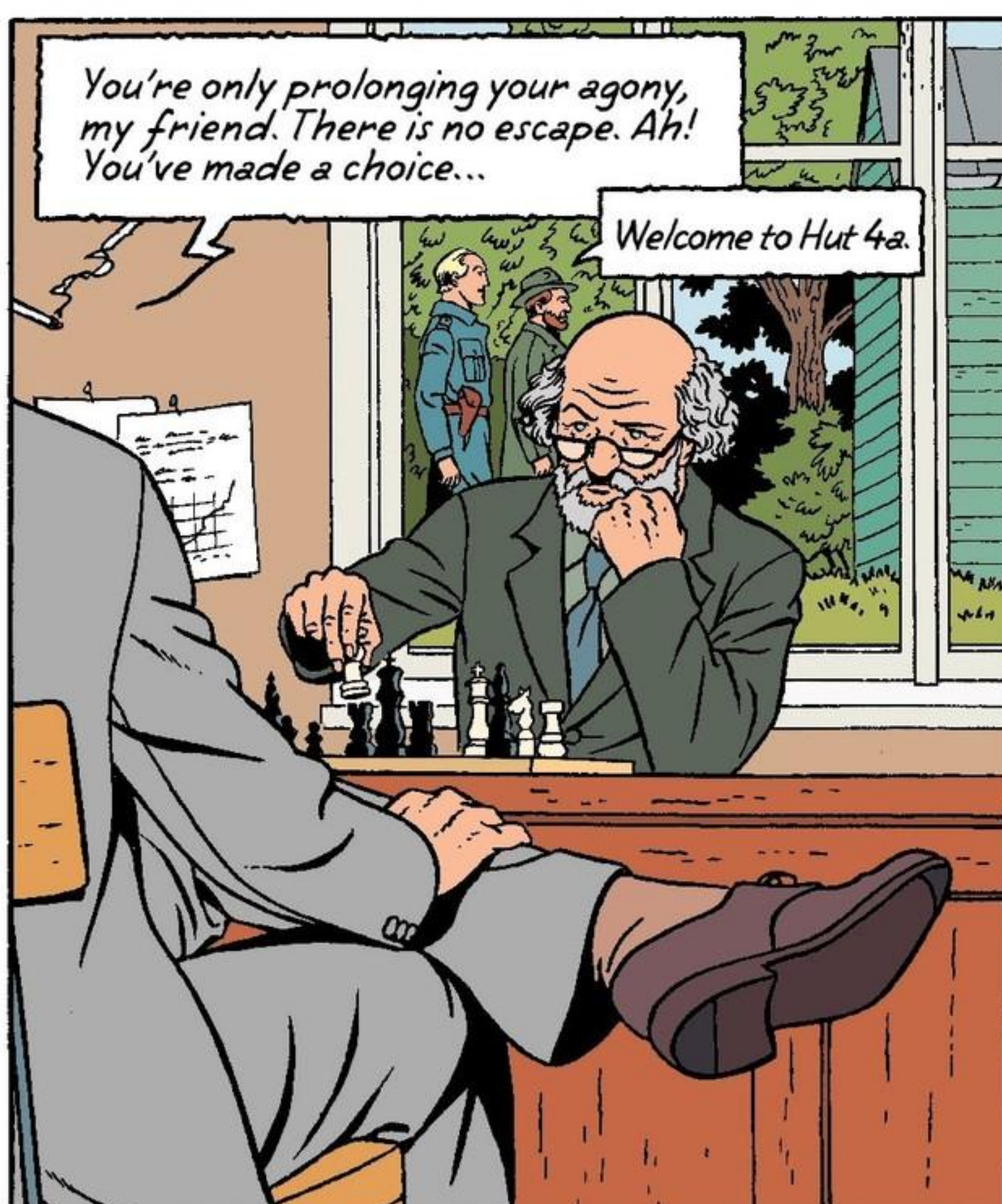
These people are indeed incredible. But what's expected of us is the exact opposite – we're supposed to let the enemy intercept messages that will lead him to make decisions planned by our superiors!



Let's go and get our luggage. I'll explain it all in detail once we're 'home'.

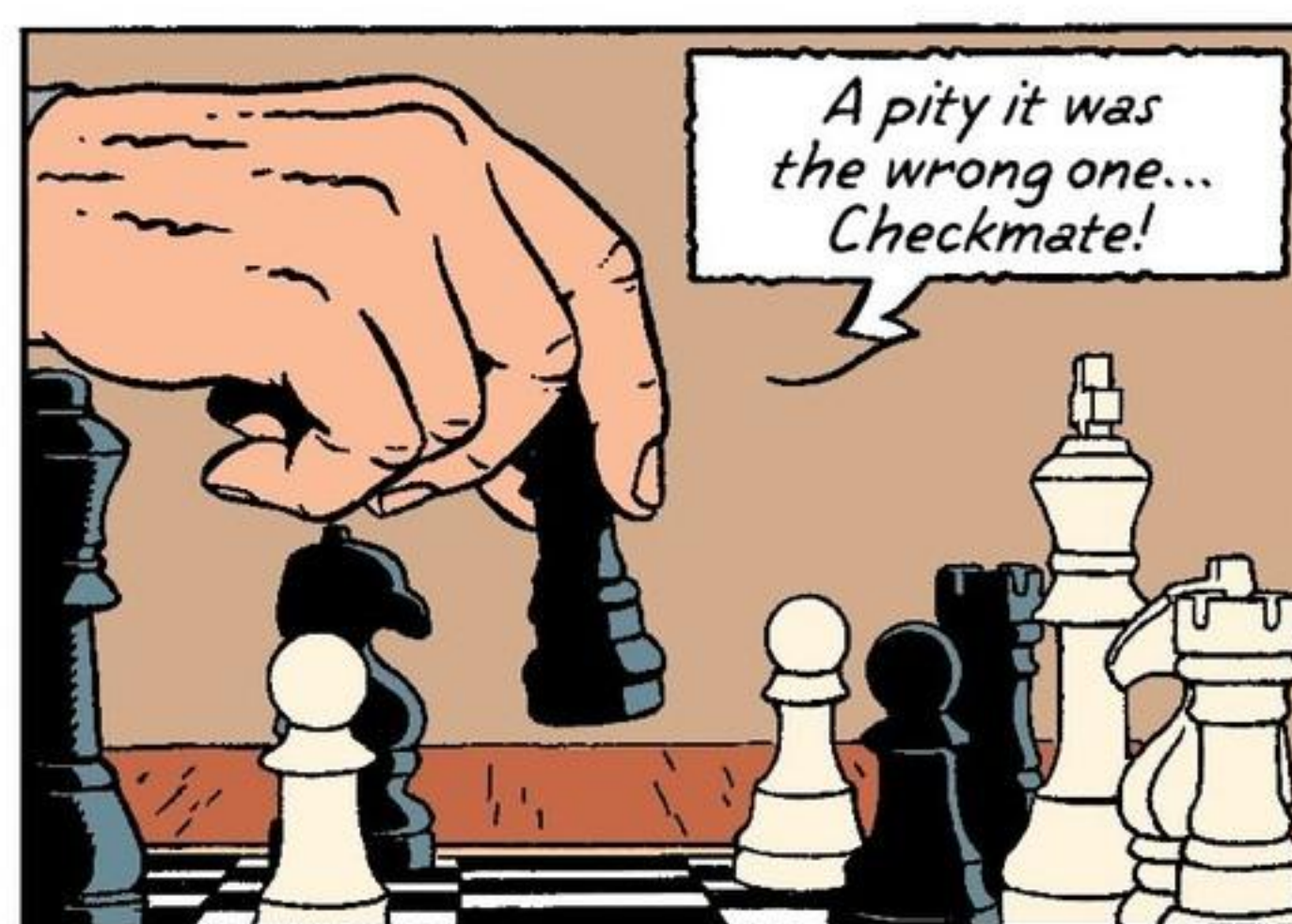


Here we are! As you can see, scant comforts, but absolute quiet – ideal working conditions!

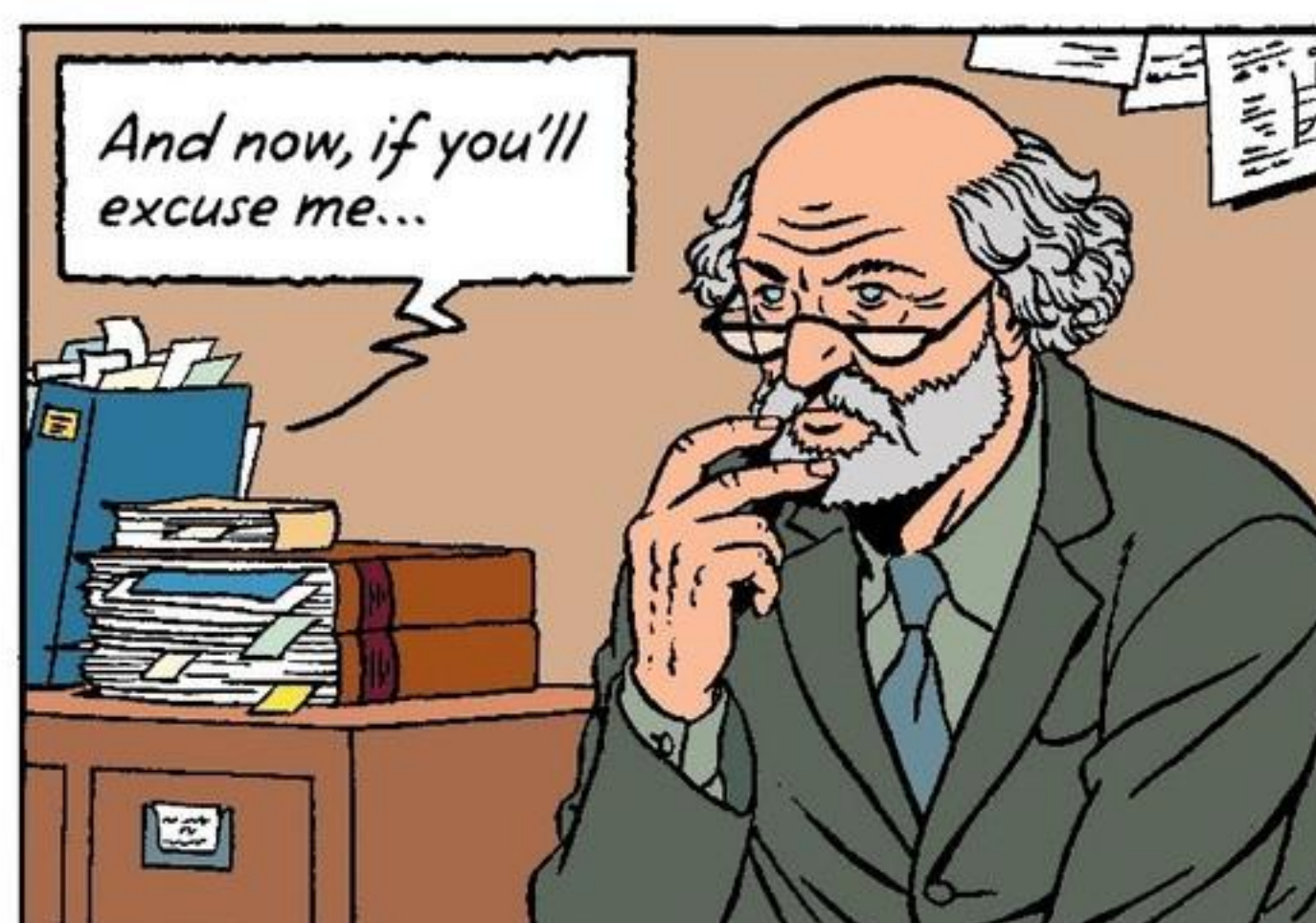


You're only prolonging your agony, my friend. There is no escape. Ah! You've made a choice...

Welcome to Hut 4a.



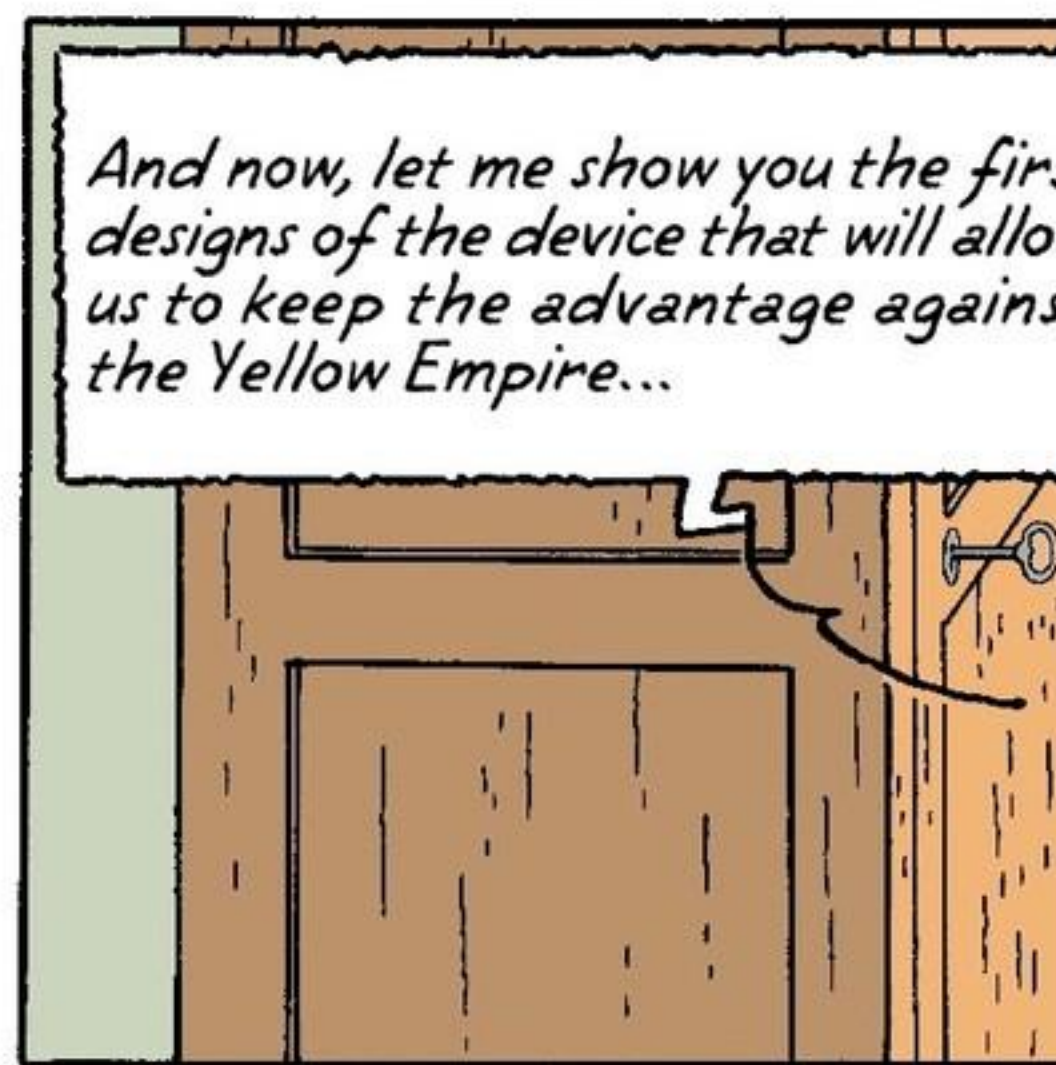
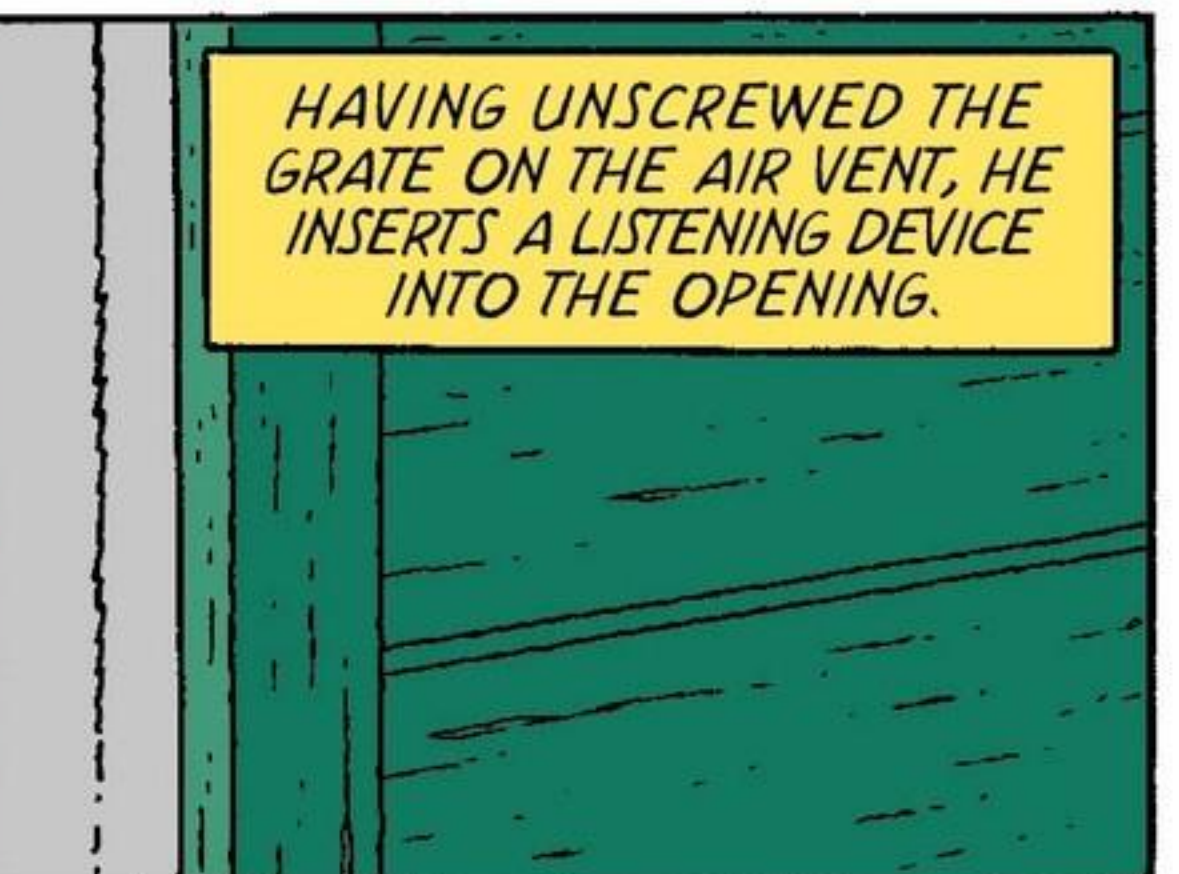
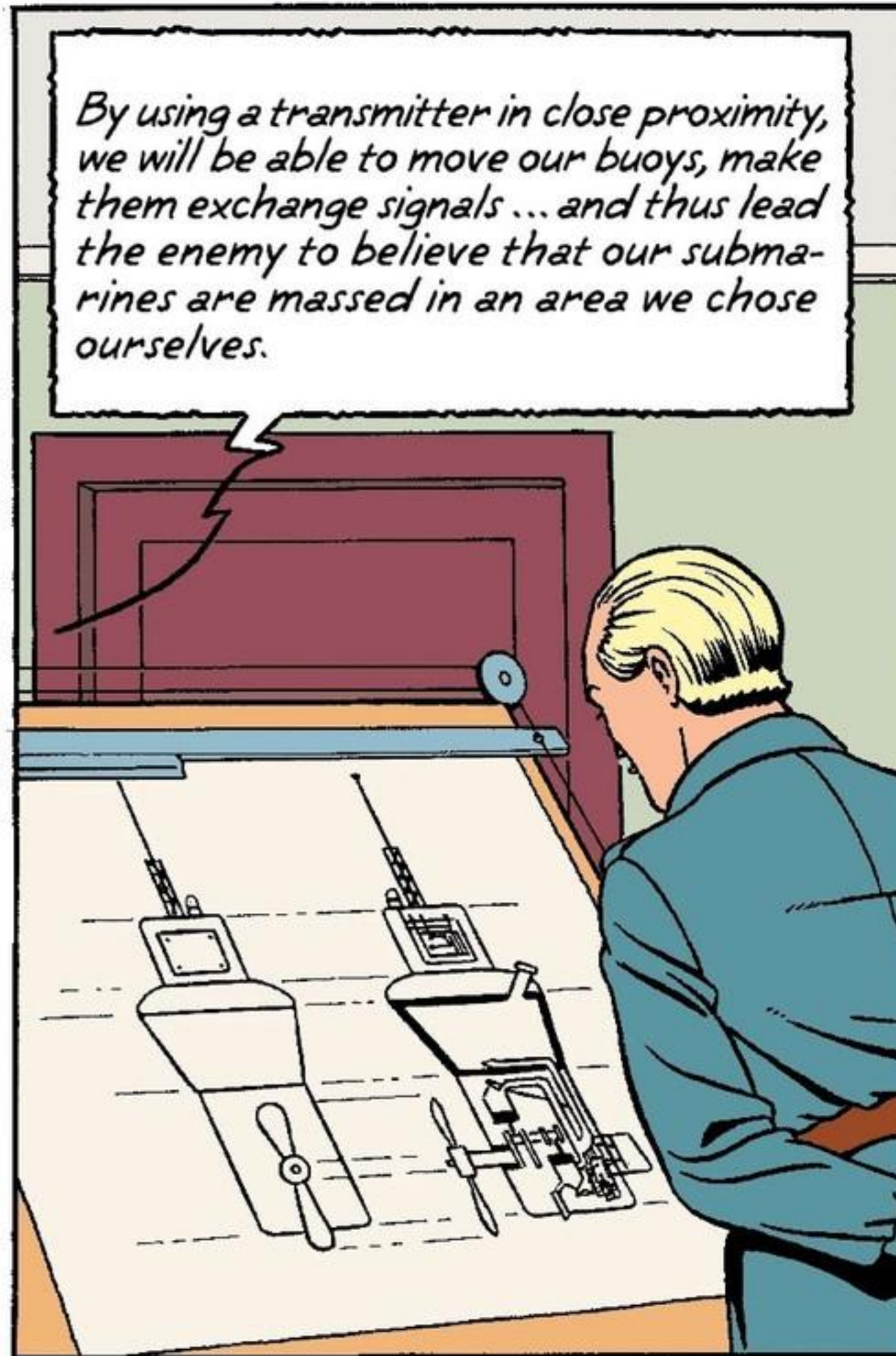
A pity it was the wrong one... Checkmate!

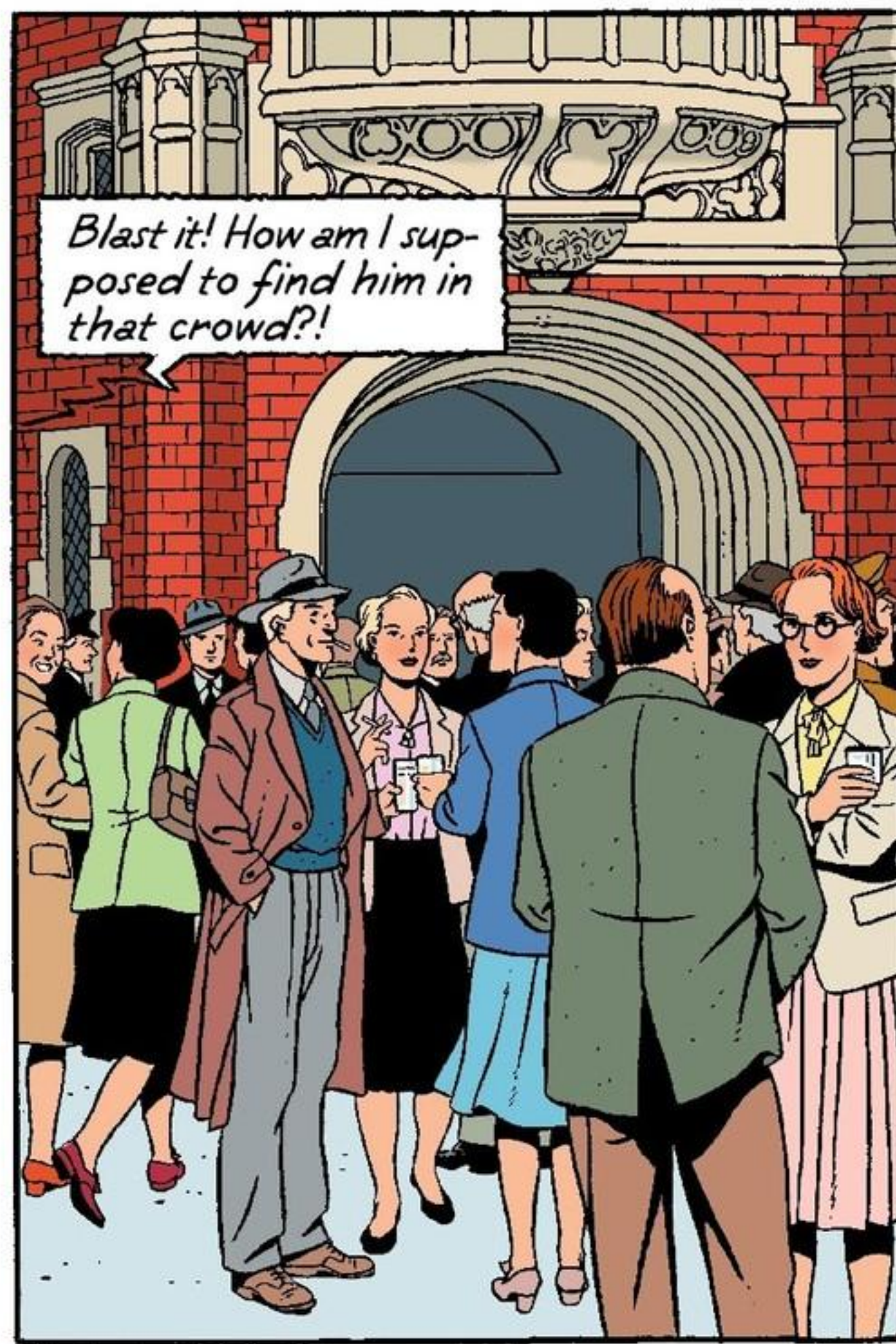
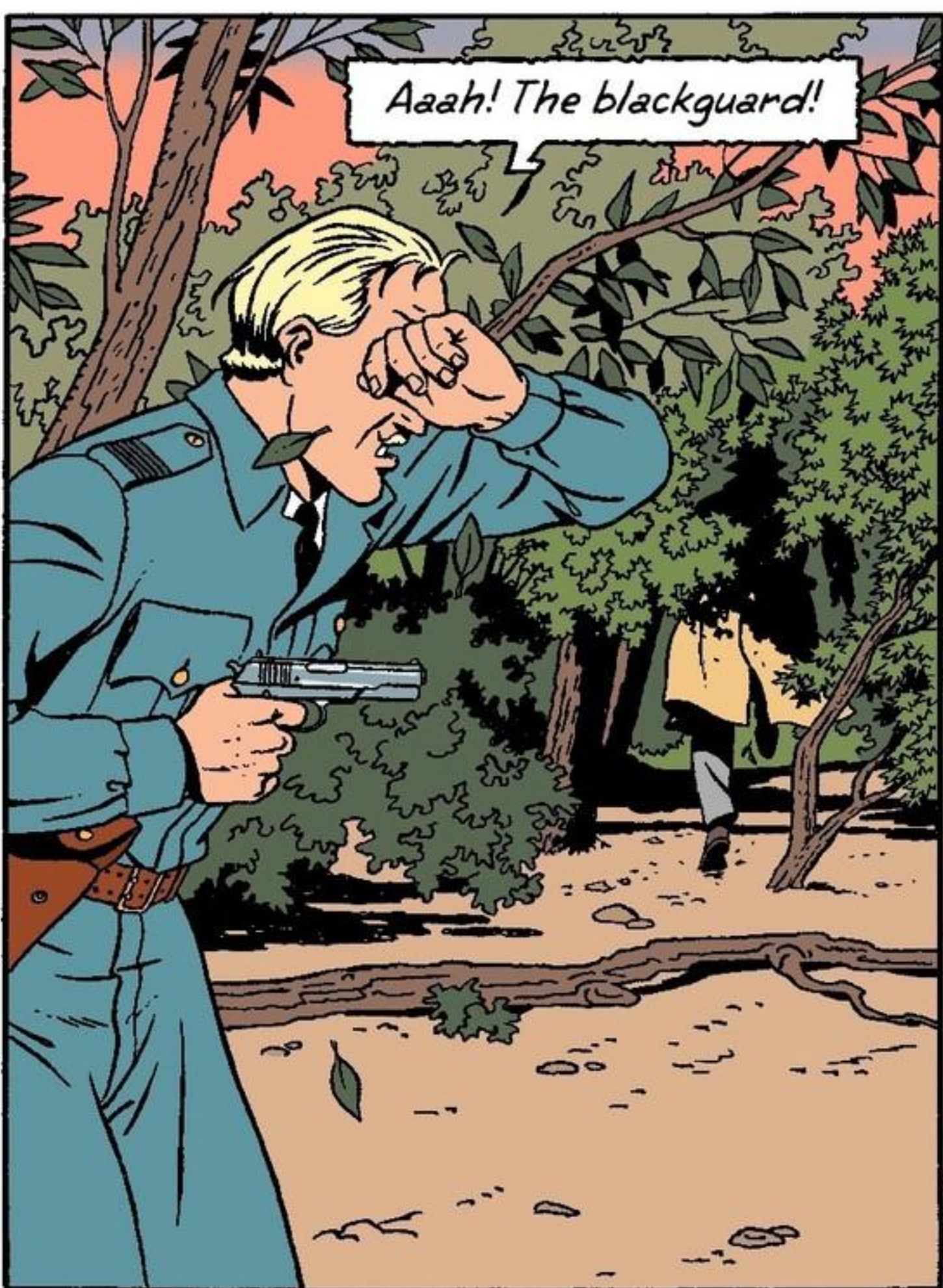
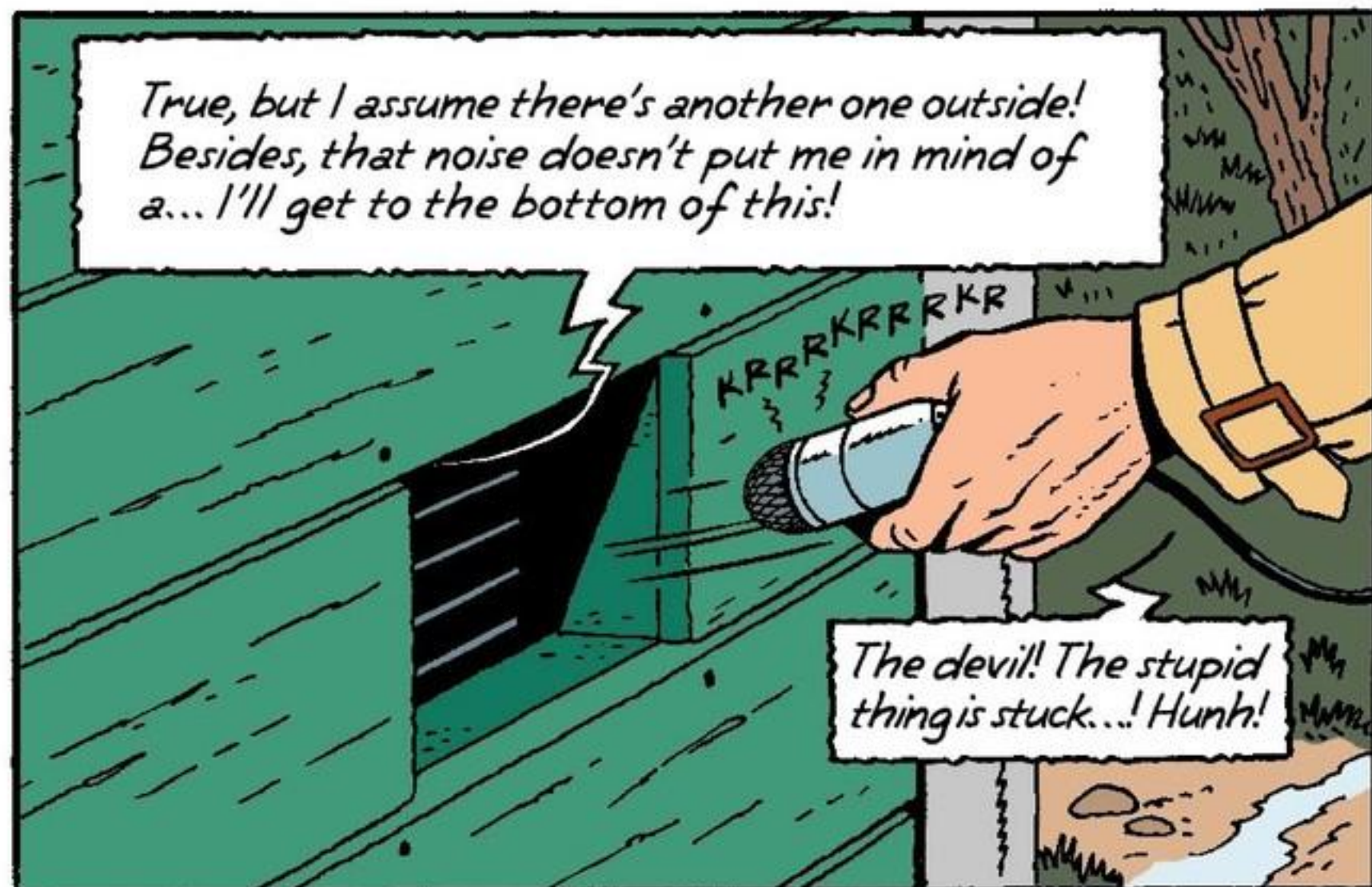
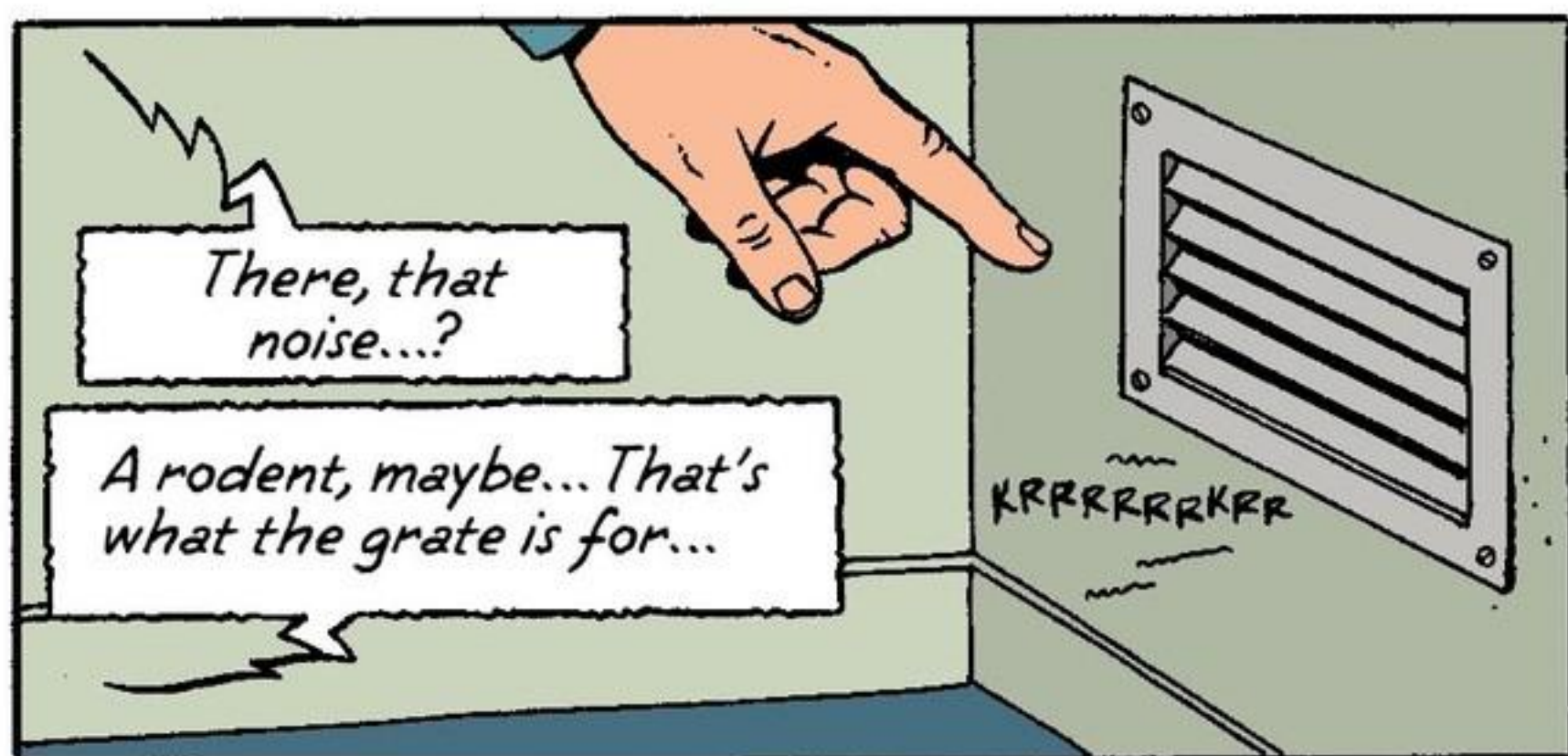


And now, if you'll excuse me...



...I must go.





THROWN OFF BALANCE FOR A MOMENT, THE YOUNG OFFICER DOGGEDLY RESUMES THE HUNT.

Blast it! How am I supposed to find him in that crowd?!



A man was spying on us. He ran away. I chased him as far as the manor, but he managed to hide in the crowd waiting at the entrance.



The grate on the vent was removed. He left his screwdriver... and this...

An antenna!... The antenna of a small listening device. Our mysterious visitor must have broken it off in his eagerness to run.



The best thing to do is to tell Commander Travis. Besides, it's time for an aperitif.



COMPLETELY UNAWARE THAT THE SPY HAS QUIETLY DOUBLED BACK WITH AN ACCOMPLICE, THE PROFESSOR LEADS HIS FRIEND TOWARDS THE MANOR.

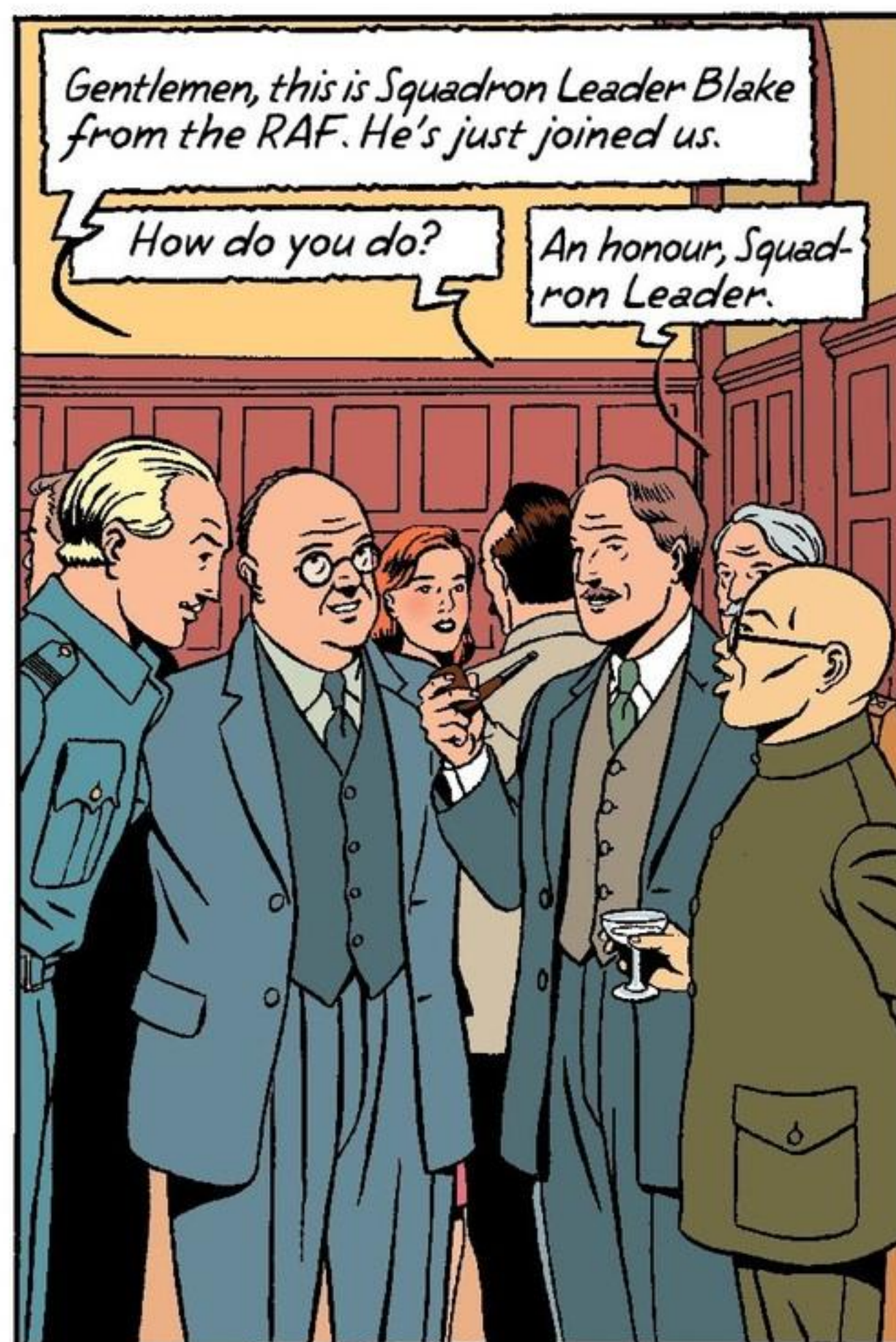
They're heading to the officers' mess.

We'll act tonight. Listen carefully...



THERE, COMMANDER TRAVIS AND MAJOR BENSON ARE WAITING FOR THEM TO PARTAKE IN ONE OF THEIR SHADOW COMPANY'S RARE MOMENTS OF RELAXATION - THE PRE-DINNER.

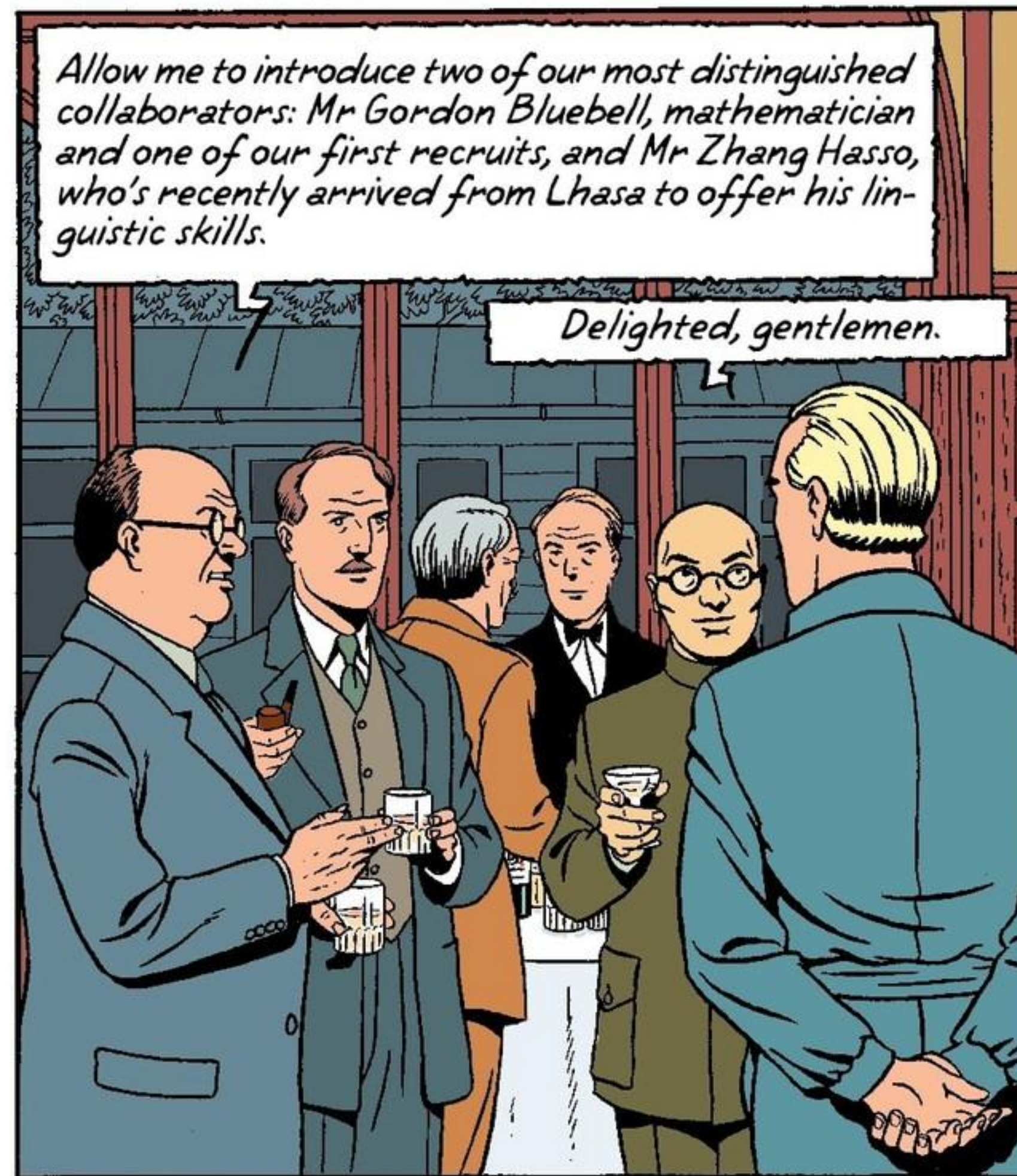
Professor! Squadron Leader! Please join us!



Gentlemen, this is Squadron Leader Blake from the RAF. He's just joined us.

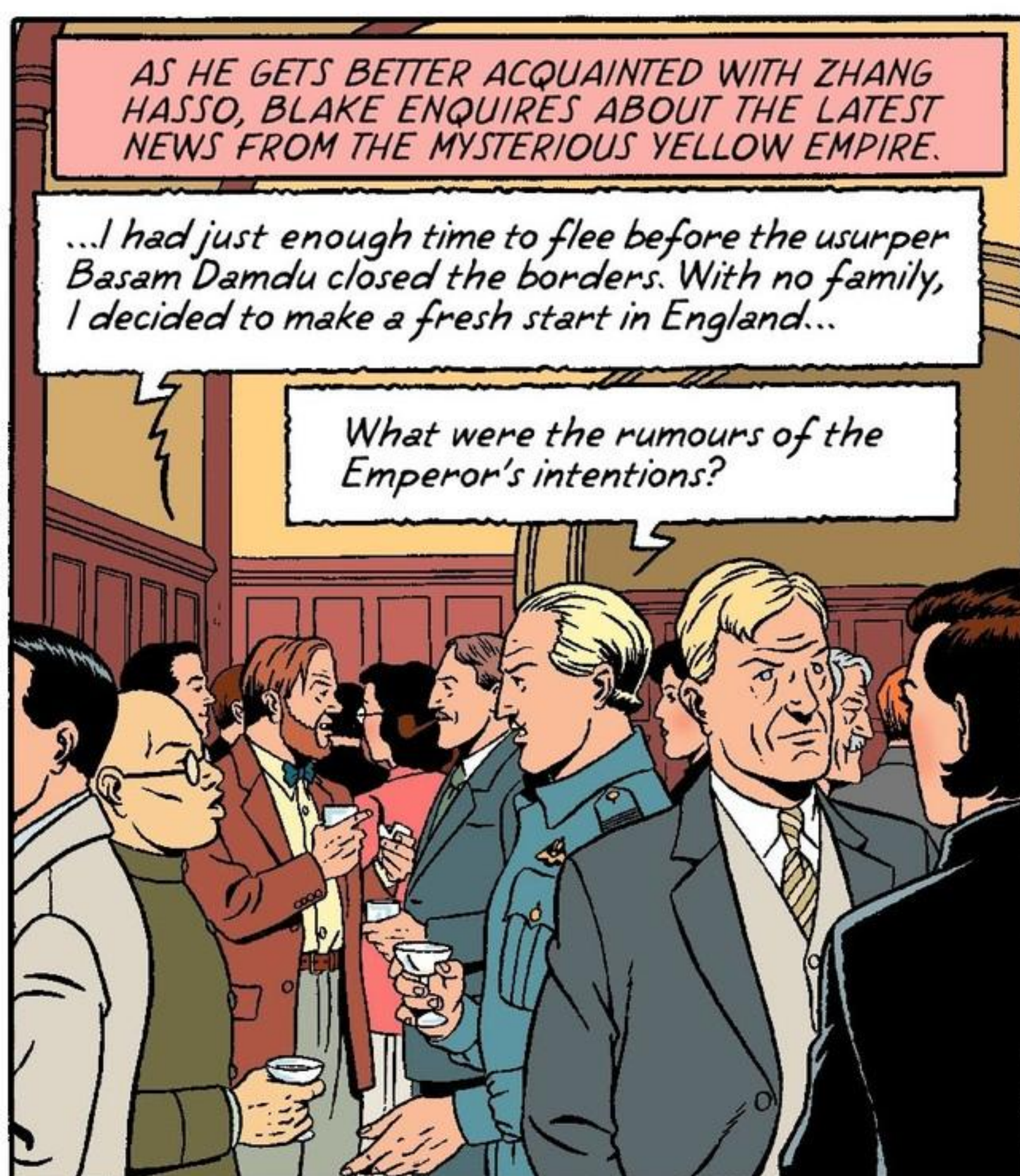
How do you do?

An honour, Squadron Leader.



Allow me to introduce two of our most distinguished collaborators: Mr Gordon Bluebell, mathematician and one of our first recruits, and Mr Zhang Hasso, who's recently arrived from Lhasa to offer his linguistic skills.

Delighted, gentlemen.



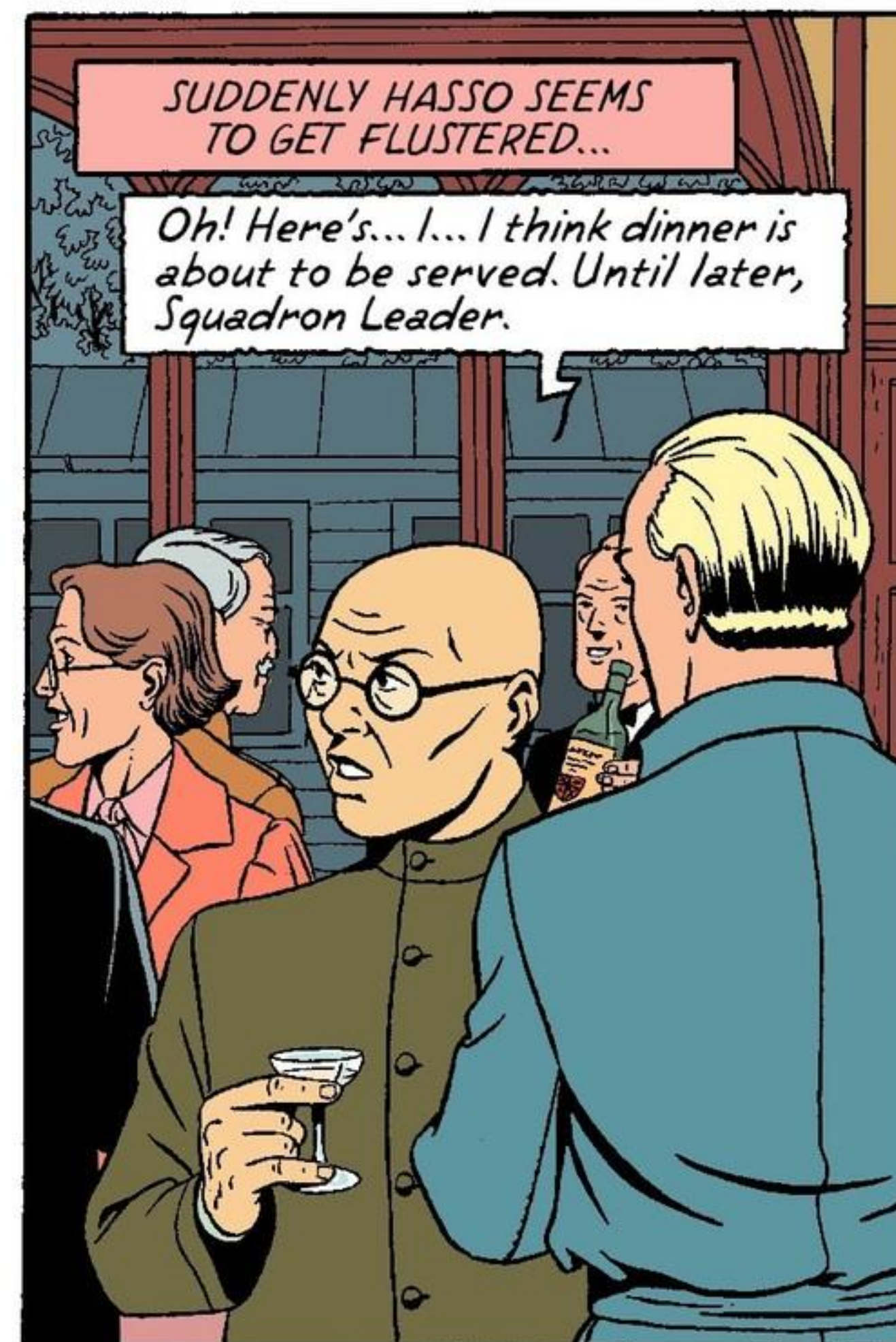
AS HE GETS BETTER ACQUAINTED WITH ZHANG HASSO, BLAKE ENQUIRES ABOUT THE LATEST NEWS FROM THE MYSTERIOUS YELLOW EMPIRE.

...I had just enough time to flee before the usurper Basam Damdu closed the borders. With no family, I decided to make a fresh start in England...

What were the rumours of the Emperor's intentions?



Some said he wanted to cut us off from the world to preserve our ancestral traditions. Others thought he wanted to take over neighbouring China... Whichever of these suppositions is true, neither points towards a happy future and...

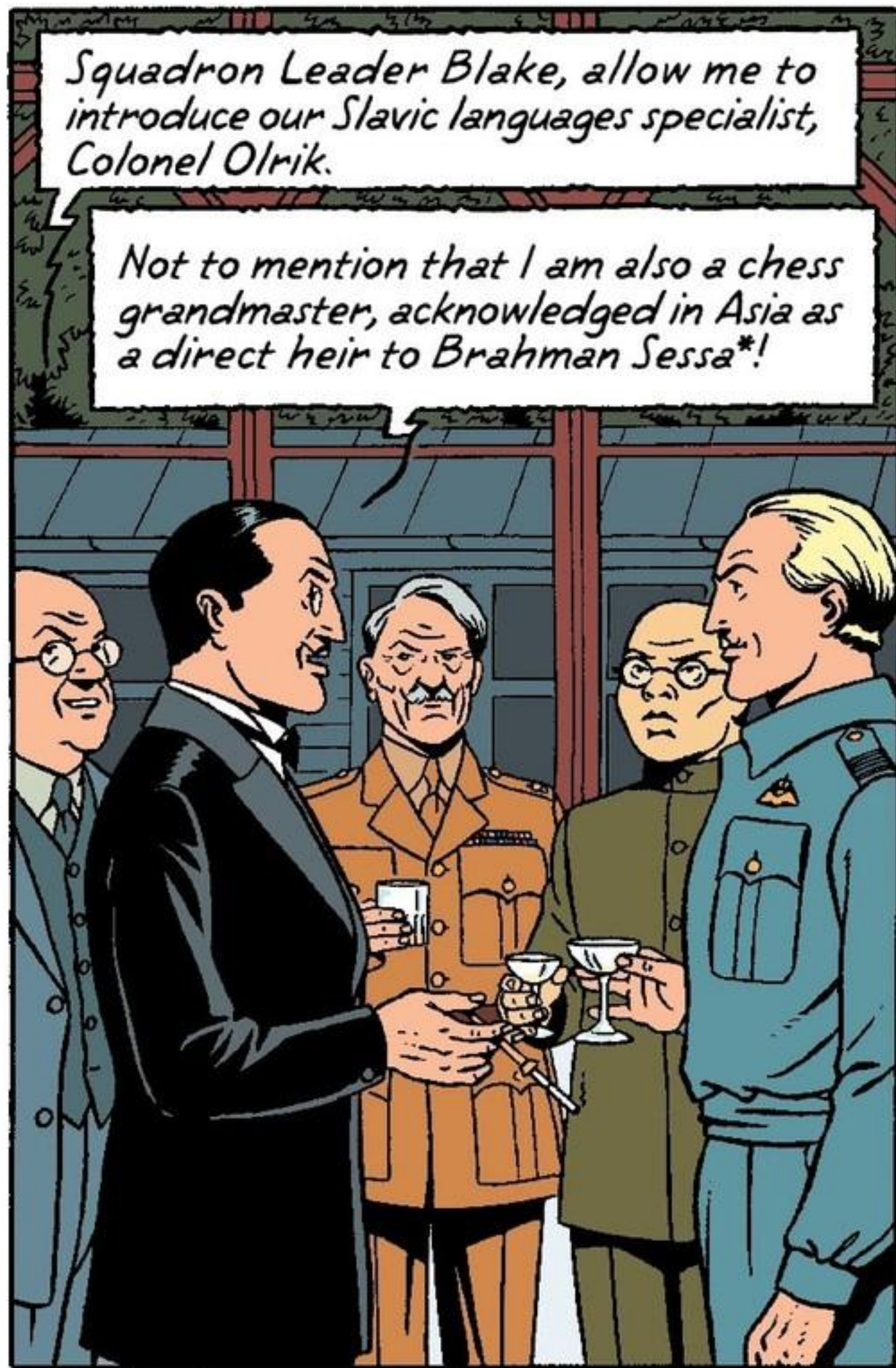


SUDDENLY HASSO SEEMS TO GET FLUSTERED...

Oh! Here's... I... I think dinner is about to be served. Until later, Squadron Leader.



Well, gentlemen? Surely you weren't going to go to dinner without me?



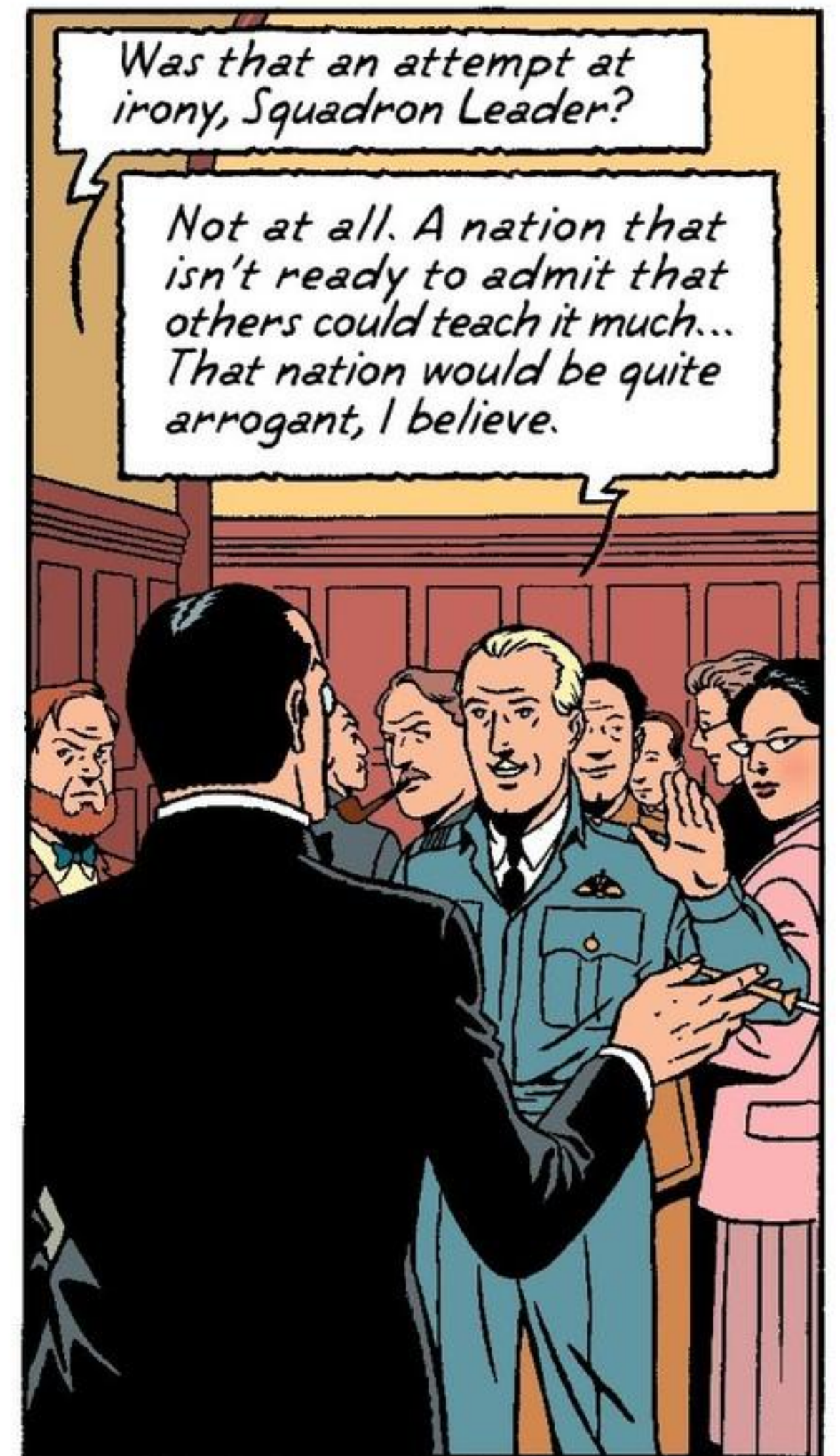
Squadron Leader Blake, allow me to introduce our Slavic languages specialist, Colonel Olrik.

Not to mention that I am also a chess grandmaster, acknowledged in Asia as a direct heir to Brahman Sessa*!



It's the main reason why Great Britain called upon my skills – and Lord knows it needed them!

That much is immediately obvious, Colonel.

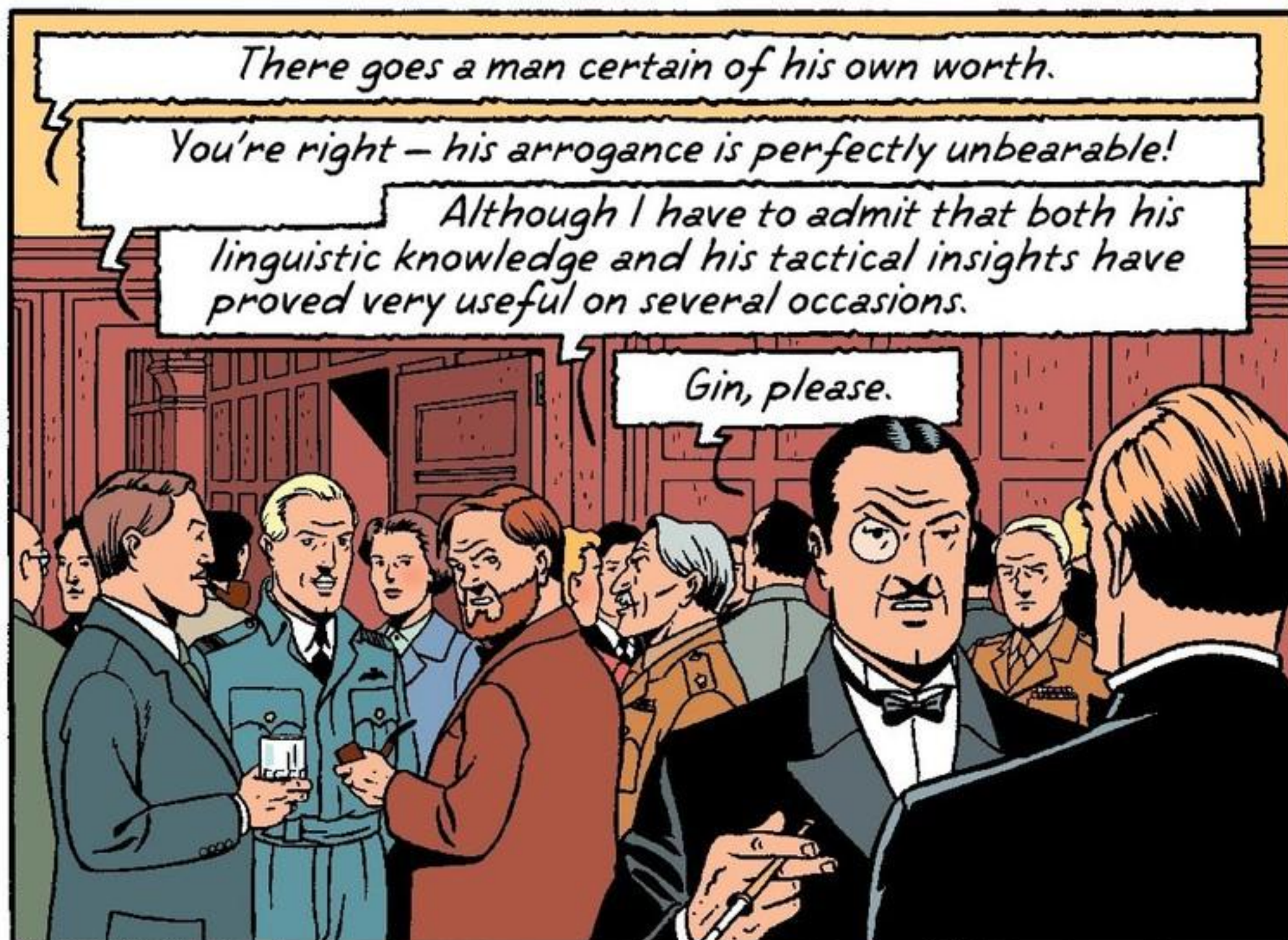


Was that an attempt at irony, Squadron Leader?

Not at all. A nation that isn't ready to admit that others could teach it much... That nation would be quite arrogant, I believe.



Hmm... These are wise words, Squadron Leader. And you're absolutely correct: there are many things I could teach you.

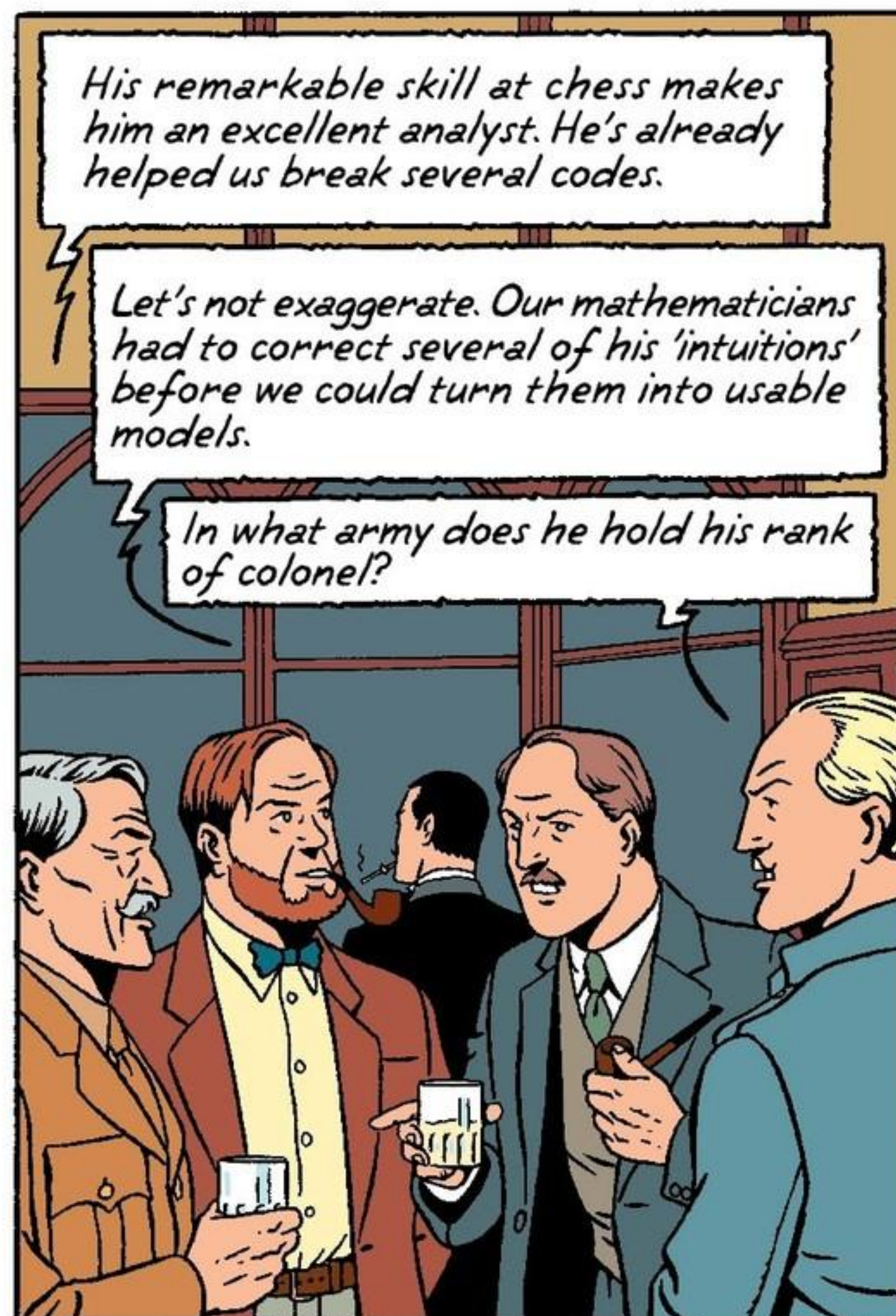


There goes a man certain of his own worth.

You're right – his arrogance is perfectly unbearable!

Although I have to admit that both his linguistic knowledge and his tactical insights have proved very useful on several occasions.

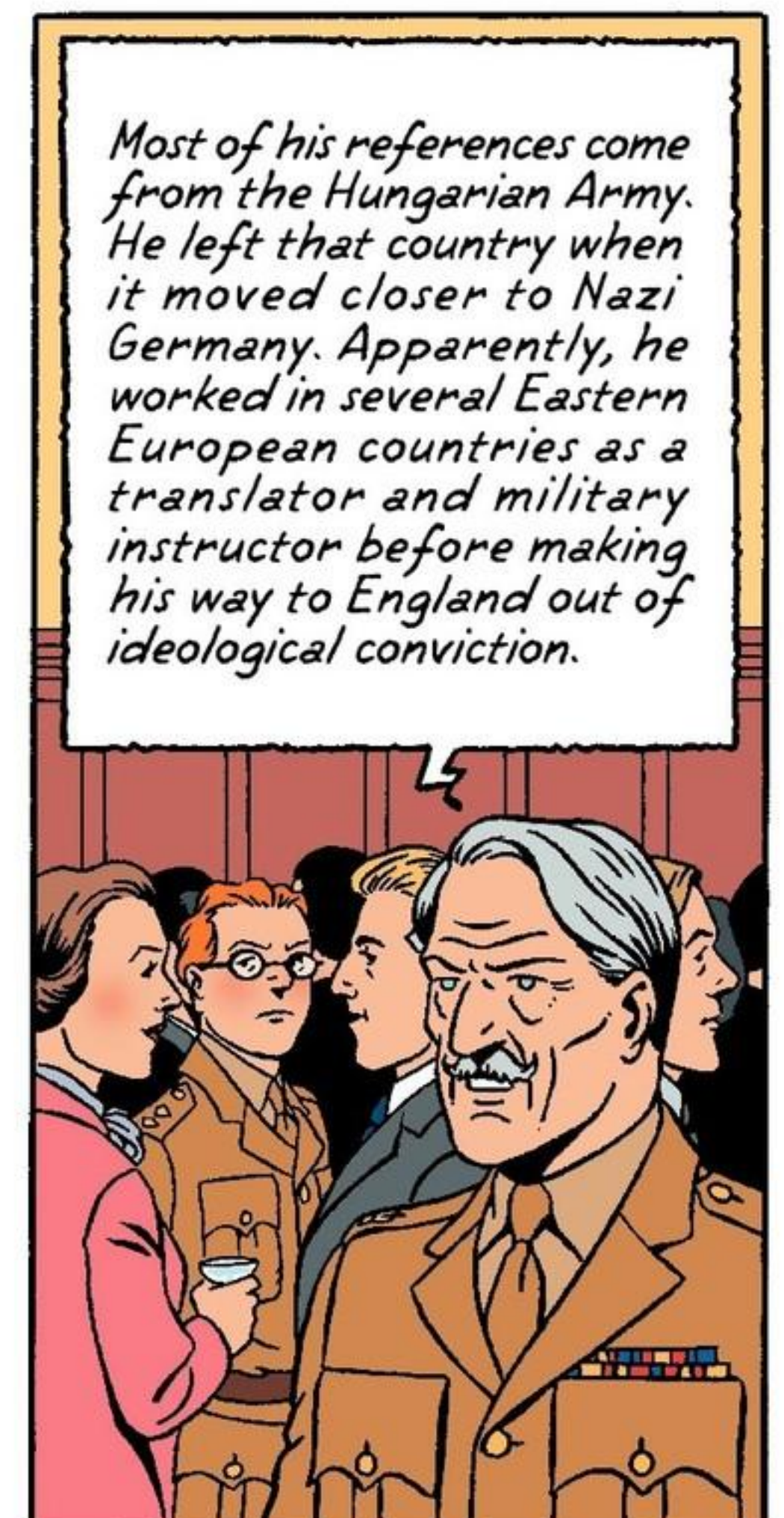
Gin, please.



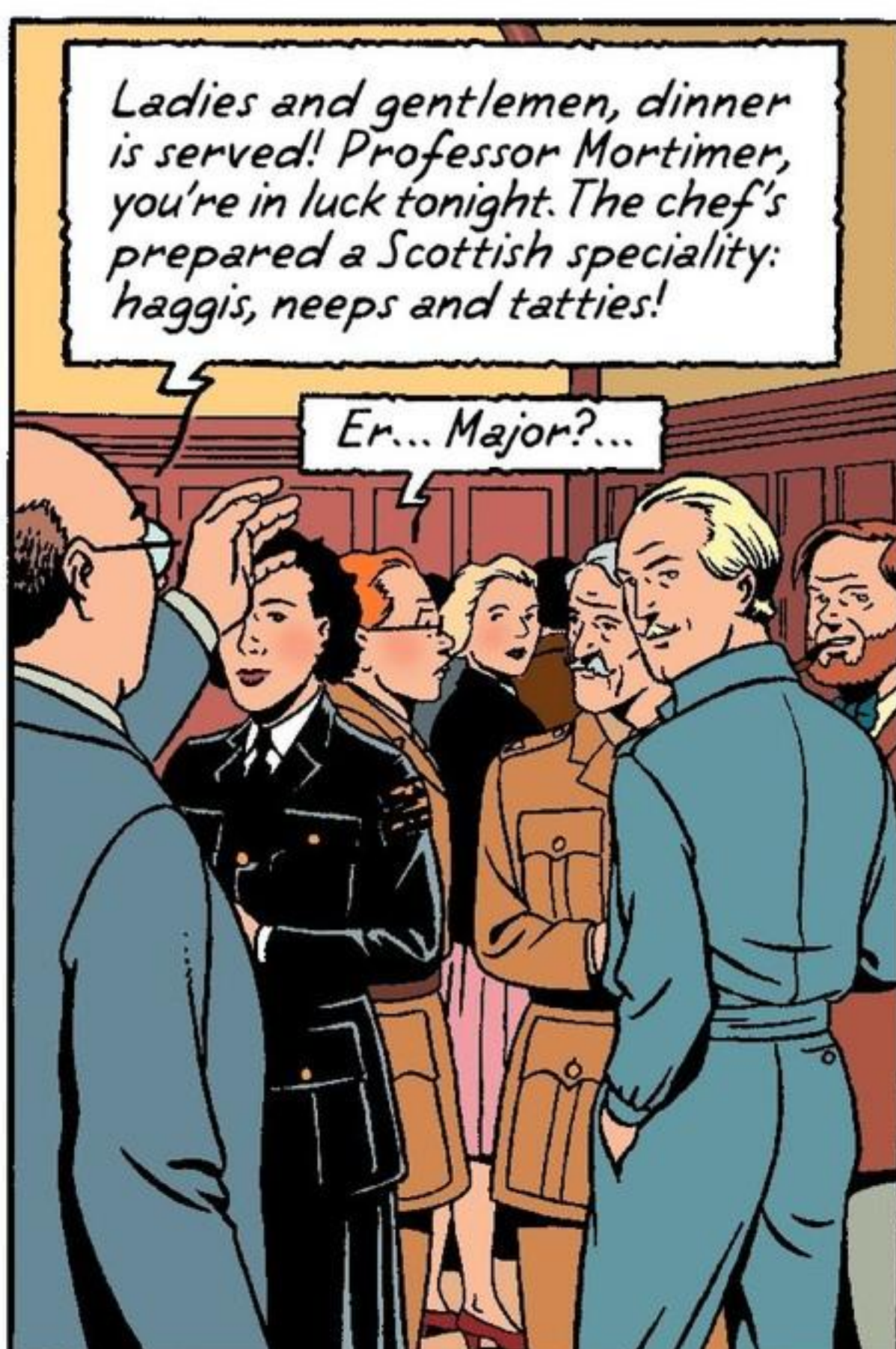
His remarkable skill at chess makes him an excellent analyst. He's already helped us break several codes.

Let's not exaggerate. Our mathematicians had to correct several of his 'intuitions' before we could turn them into usable models.

In what army does he hold his rank of colonel?



Most of his references come from the Hungarian Army. He left that country when it moved closer to Nazi Germany. Apparently, he worked in several Eastern European countries as a translator and military instructor before making his way to England out of ideological conviction.



Ladies and gentlemen, dinner is served! Professor Mortimer, you're in luck tonight. The chef's prepared a Scottish speciality: haggis, neeps and tatties!

Er... Major?...



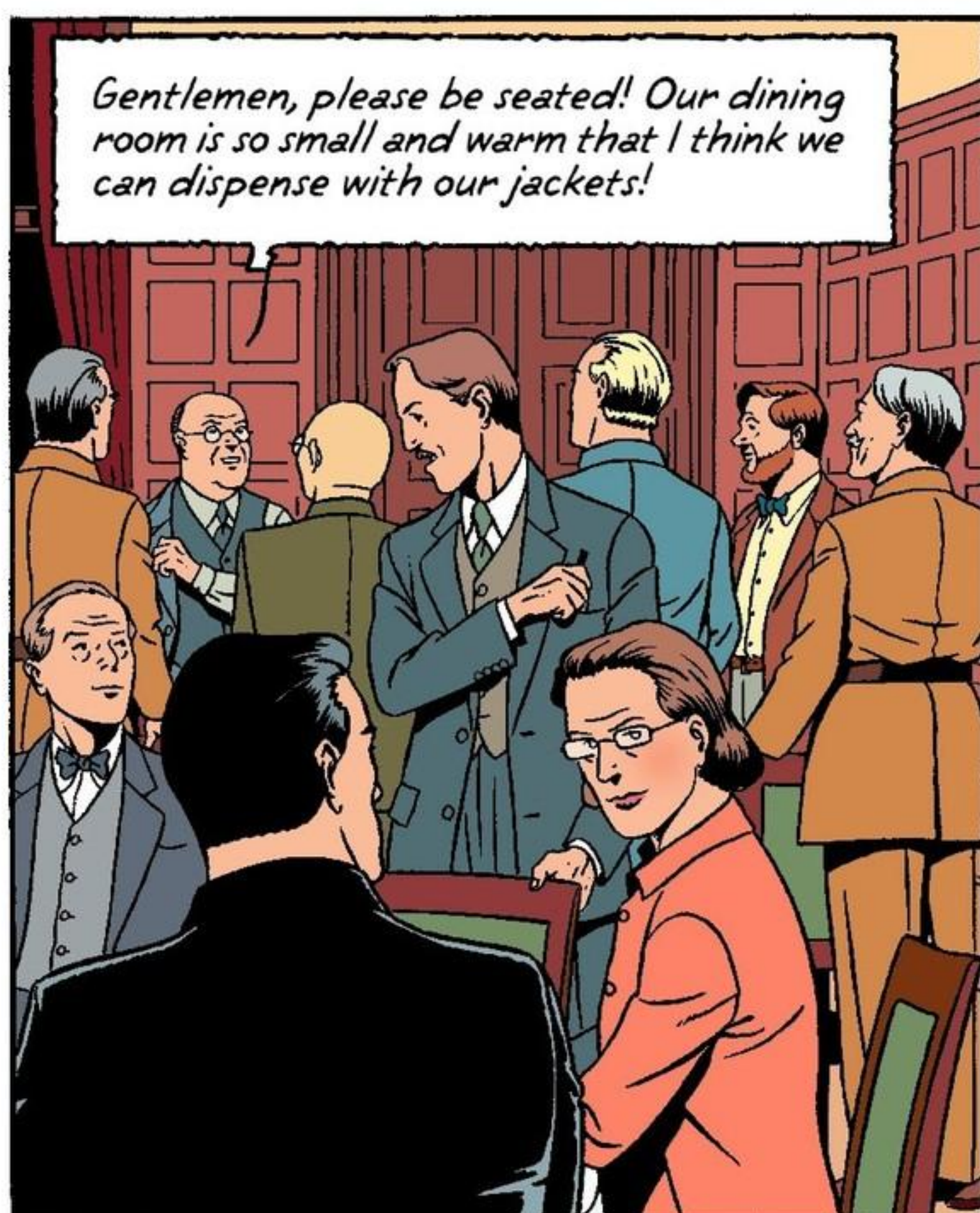
You look a tad green about the gills, Lieutenant. Aren't you going to eat?

Er... My stomach has trouble digesting boiled offal, Major. A little green tea will do. Afterwards, I'll go for a walk, if you don't mind...



LEAVING THE SECRETARY AND HIS WEAK STOMACH TO THEIR TROUBLE, THE MAJOR MAKES HIS WAY TO THE DINING ROOM.

*ONE OF THE LEGENDARY INVENTORS OF THE GAME OF CHESS, CIRCA 3000 BC



Gentlemen, please be seated! Our dining room is so small and warm that I think we can dispense with our jackets!



Clumsy fool!



Did you drop something, Colonel?

Not 'something', Professor...



...my gold cigarette holder - it's all I have left of my departed father! It's very dear to me.

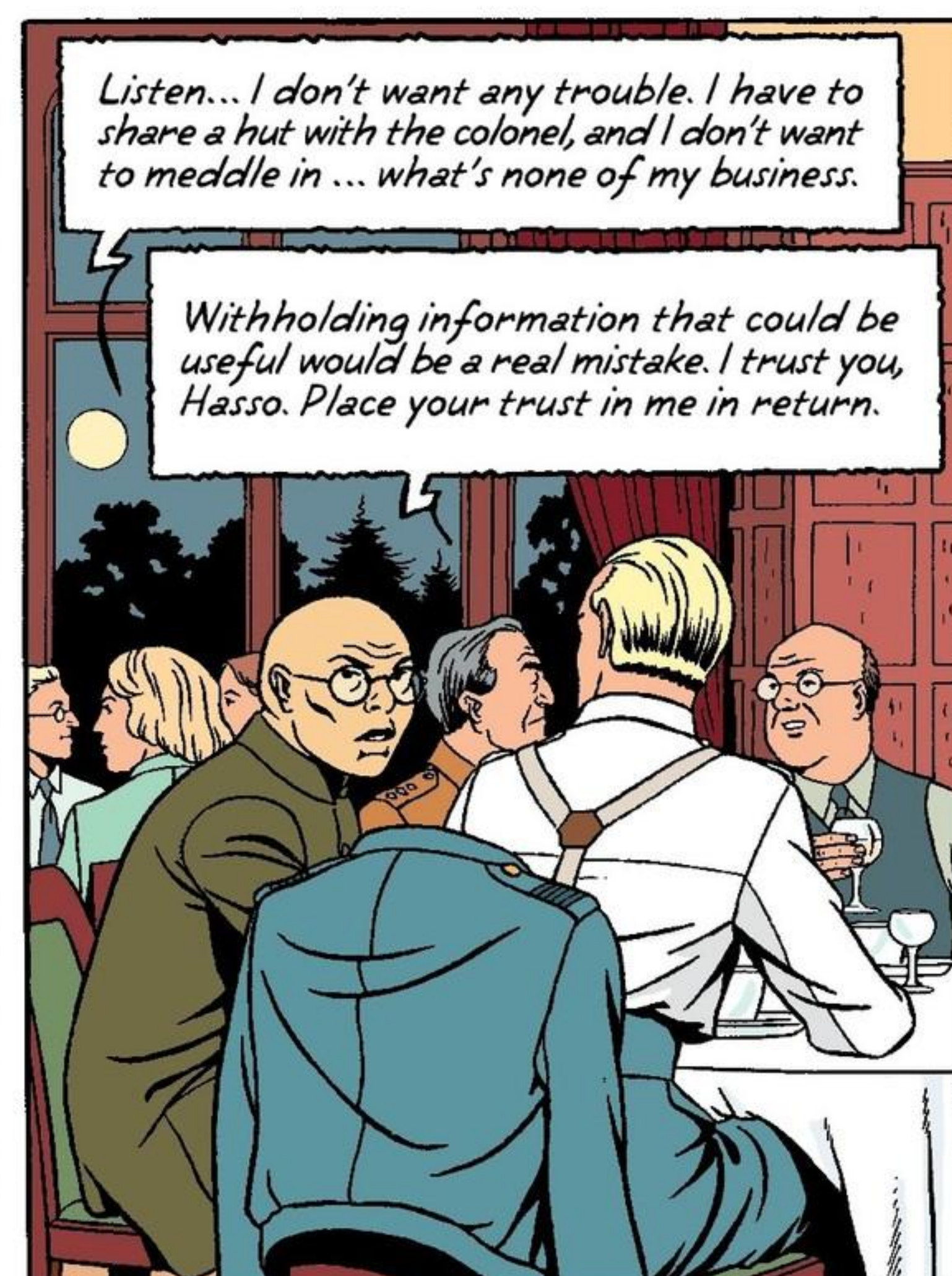
Fortunately it seems undamaged.



Which reminds me that I'm out of cigarettes. I'll go and get some now; that way I won't bother anyone at the end of the meal.

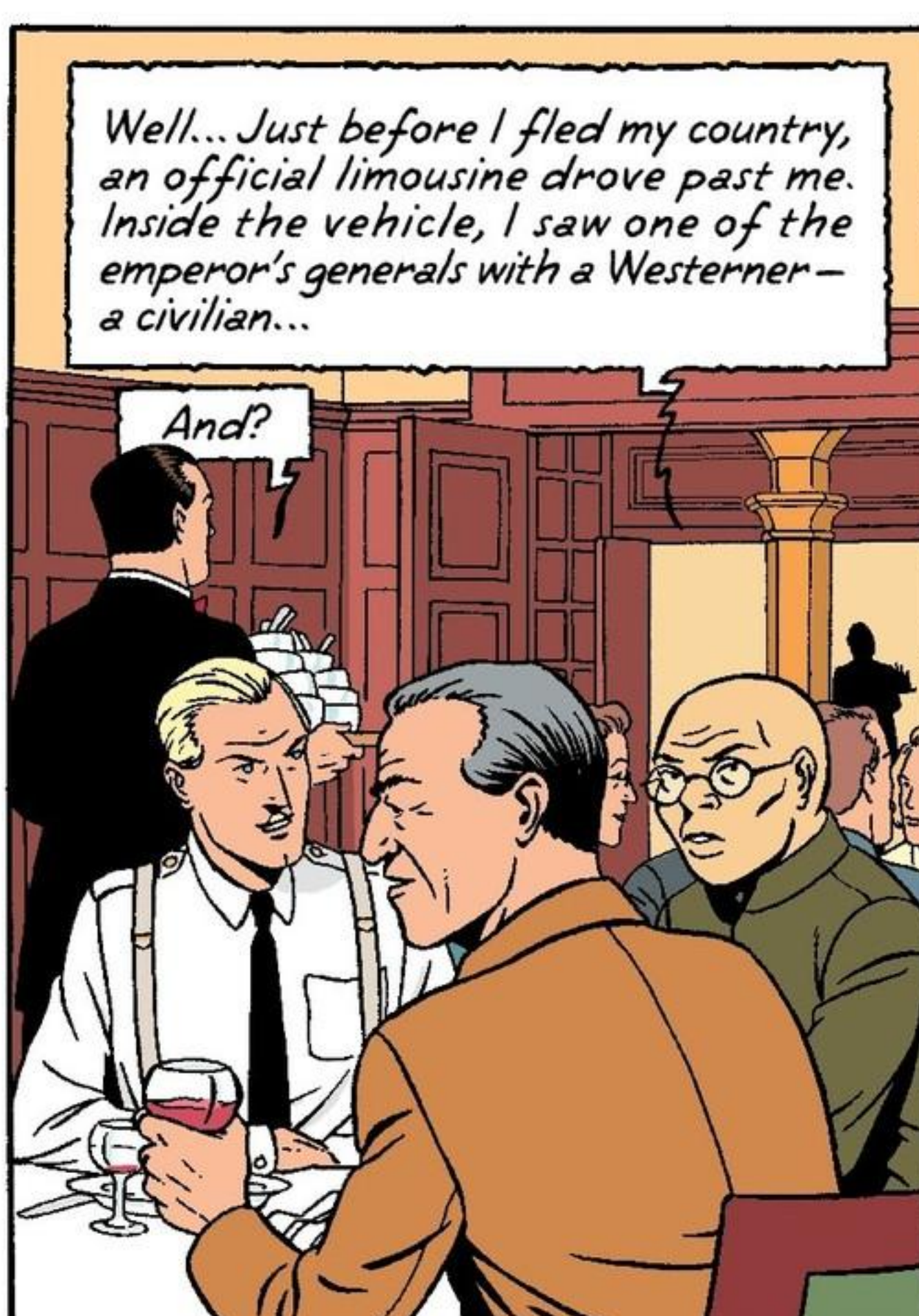


Tell me, Hasso... Earlier, I got the impression that you'd preferred to have stayed away from that Colonel Olrik. Is there a particular reason for that?



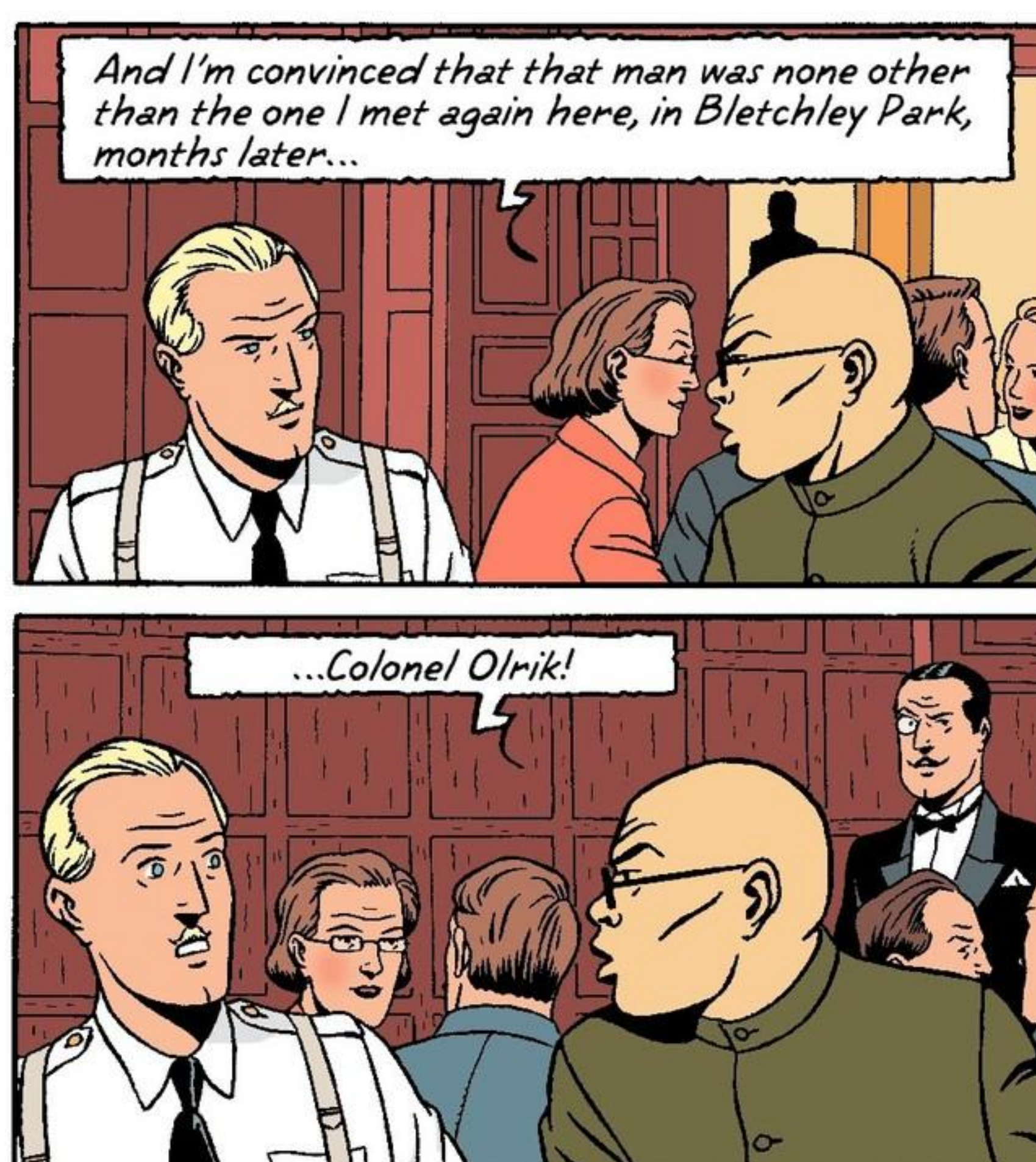
Listen... I don't want any trouble. I have to share a hut with the colonel, and I don't want to meddle in ... what's none of my business.

Withholding information that could be useful would be a real mistake. I trust you, Hasso. Place your trust in me in return.



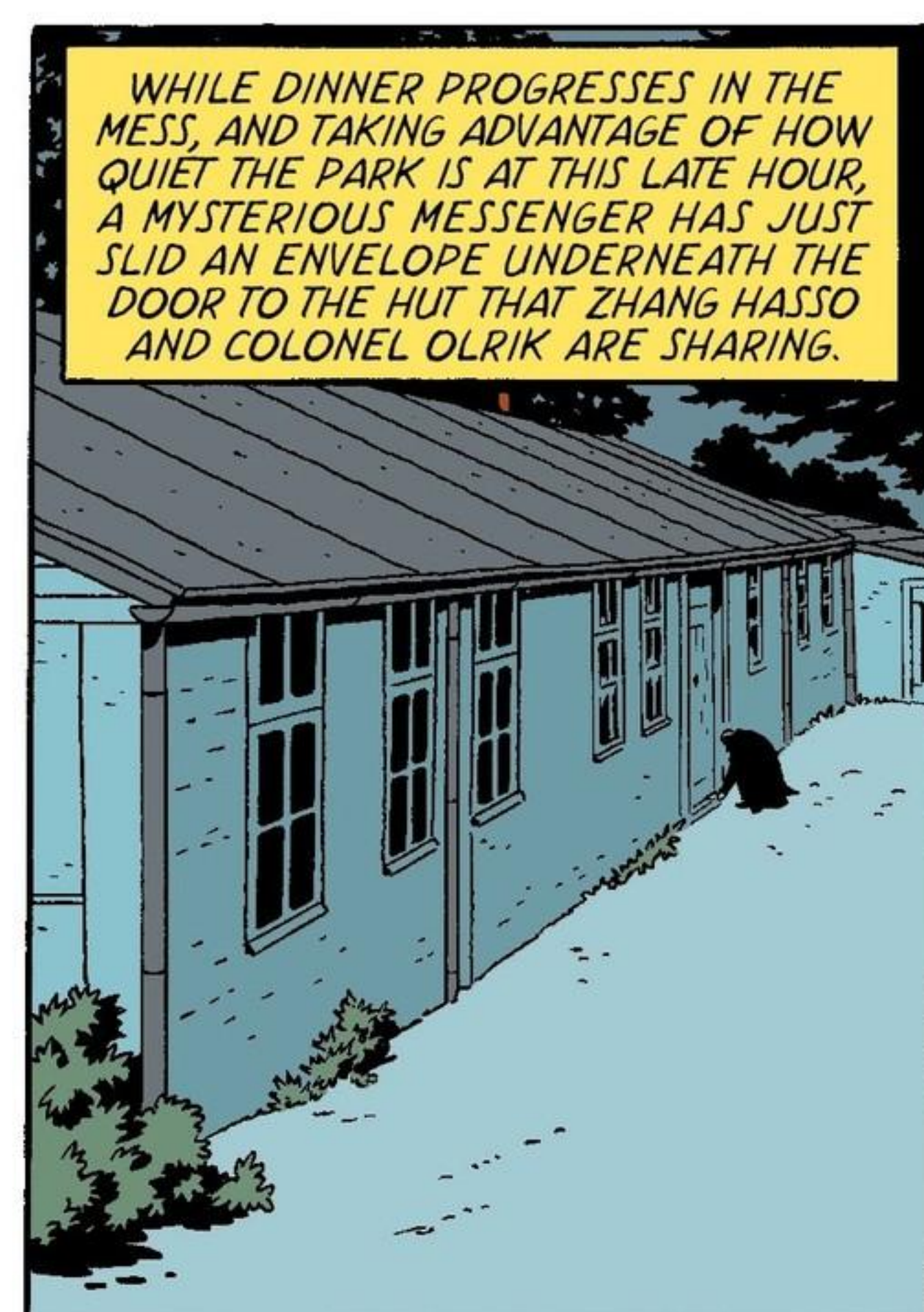
Well... Just before I fled my country, an official limousine drove past me. Inside the vehicle, I saw one of the emperor's generals with a Westerner - a civilian...

And?

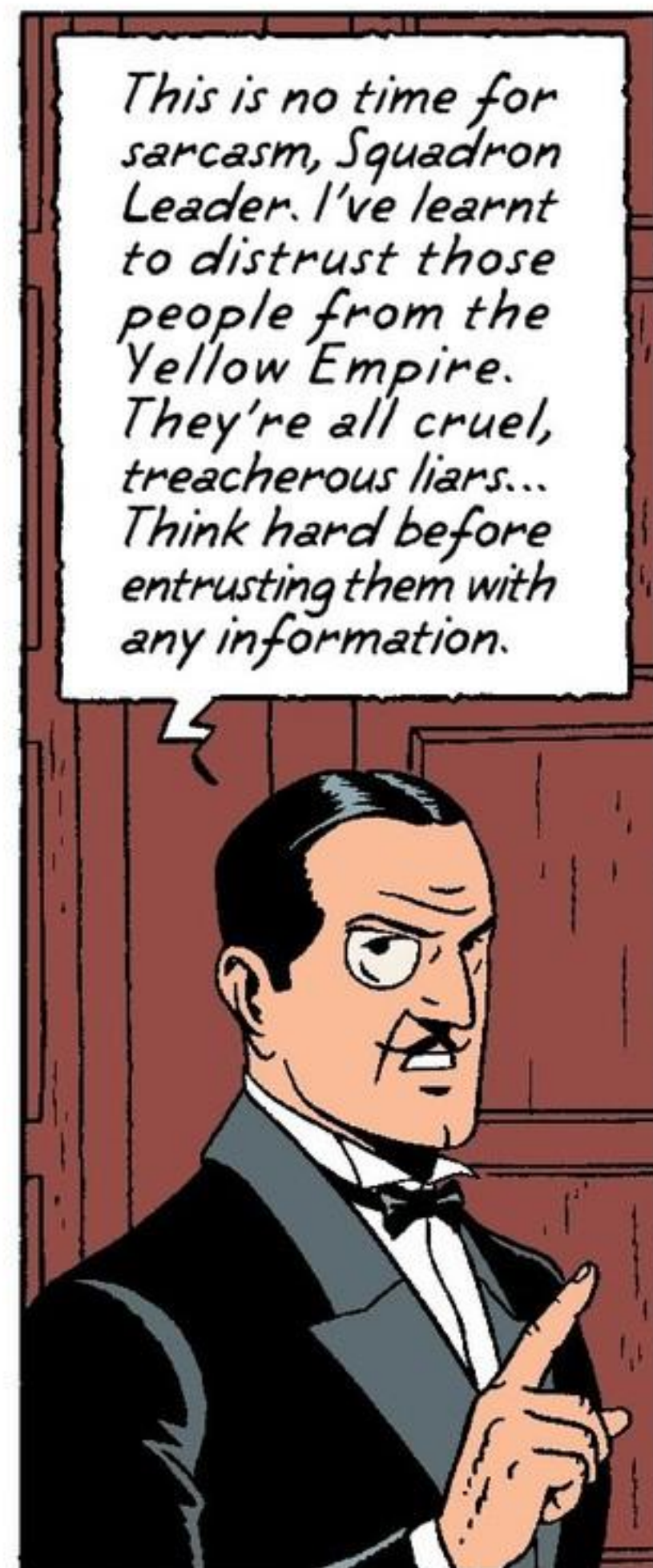
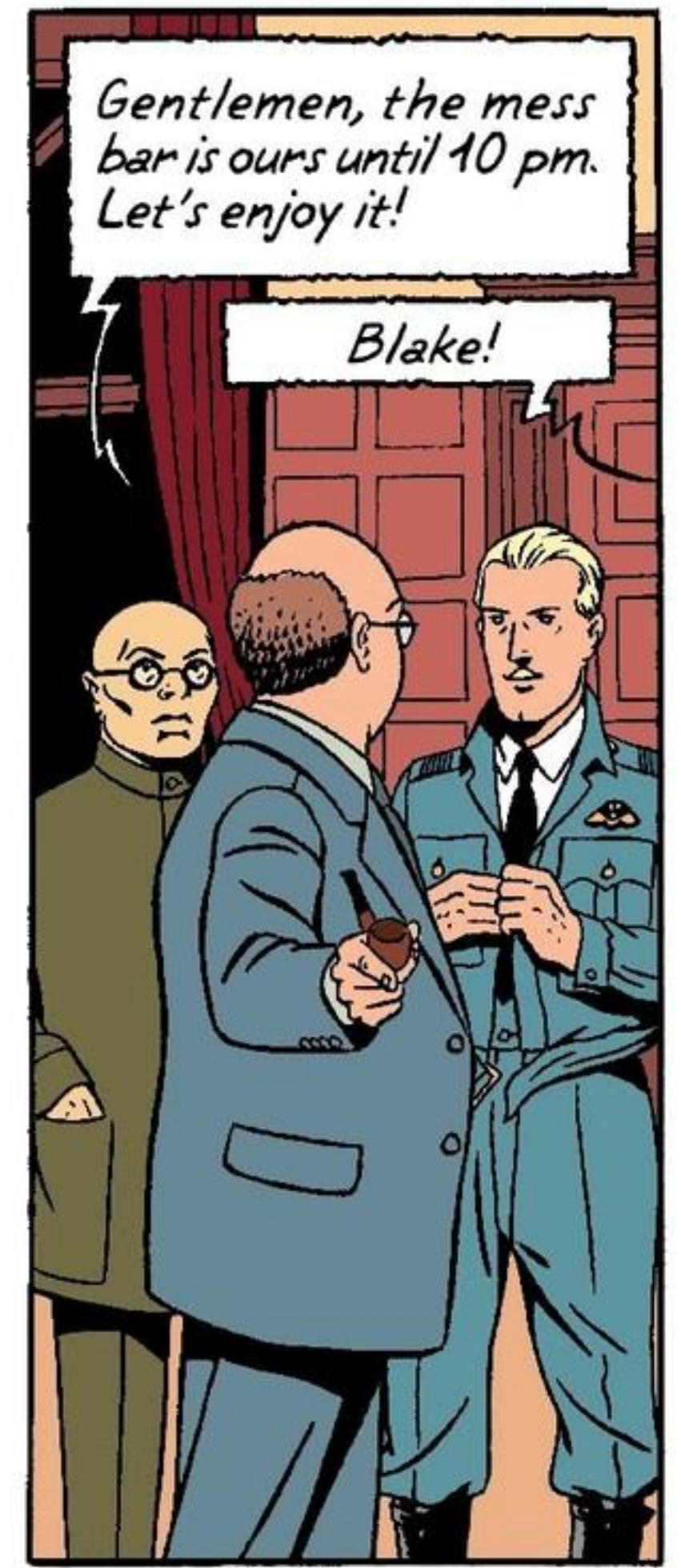


And I'm convinced that that man was none other than the one I met again here, in Bletchley Park, months later...

...Colonel Olrik!



WHILE DINNER PROGRESSES IN THE MESS, AND TAKING ADVANTAGE OF HOW QUIET THE PARK IS AT THIS LATE HOUR, A MYSTERIOUS MESSENGER HAS JUST SLID AN ENVELOPE UNDERNEATH THE DOOR TO THE HUT THAT ZHANG HASSO AND COLONEL OLRİK ARE SHARING.





Oh?! My key isn't in my pocket!



But I remember seeing you lock the door.

Ah, here it is! That's strange. I usually put it in the other one...



Isn't there a saying that scientists are always absent-minded?

Some of my colleagues are permanently lost in thought, yes...



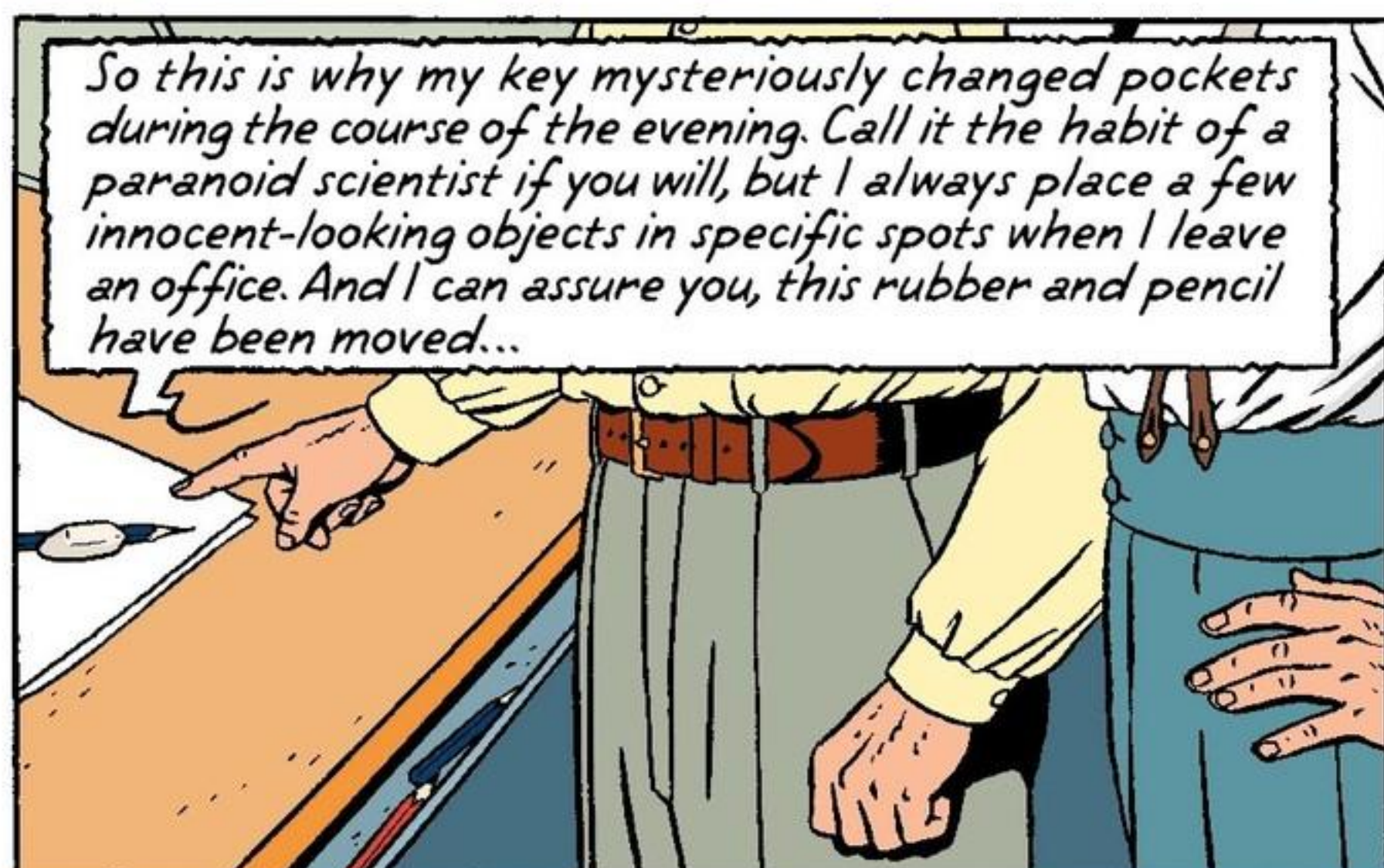
...but not me!...

By Jove!



Someone's been here!

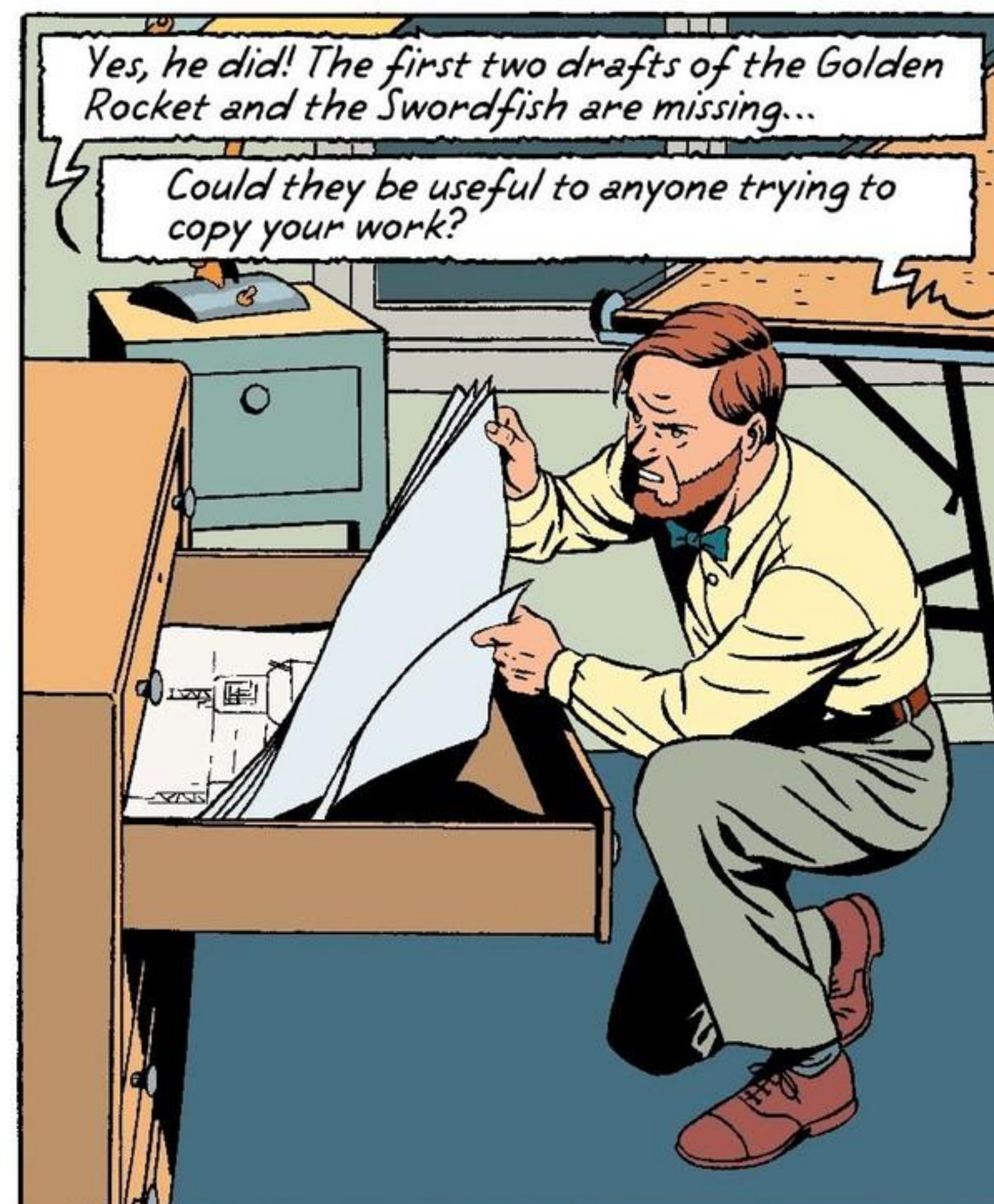
Are you certain? I see no signs of a break-in, no disturbance...



So this is why my key mysteriously changed pockets during the course of the evening. Call it the habit of a paranoid scientist if you will, but I always place a few innocent-looking objects in specific spots when I leave an office. And I can assure you, this rubber and pencil have been moved...

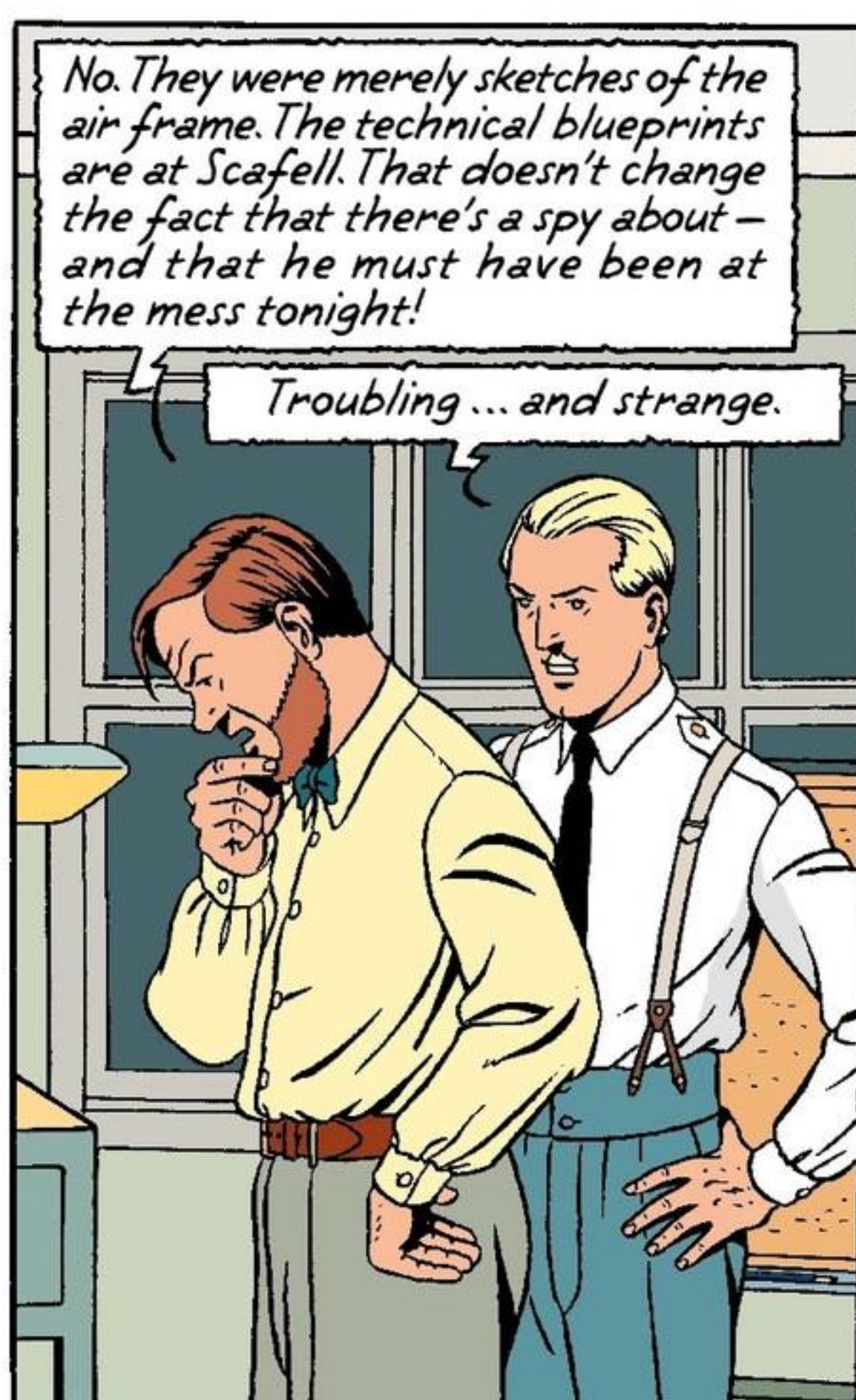


My key ring also has the key for this chest of drawers, in which I put my plans. Whoever stole it to come in here may have...



Yes, he did! The first two drafts of the Golden Rocket and the Swordfish are missing...

Could they be useful to anyone trying to copy your work?



No. They were merely sketches of the air frame. The technical blueprints are at Scafell. That doesn't change the fact that there's a spy about - and that he must have been at the mess tonight!

Troubling... and strange.



Why strange?

If an enemy spy is at large in Bletchley Park, the Germans are sure to know we've cracked their Enigma code. Why on earth would they still be using it, then?

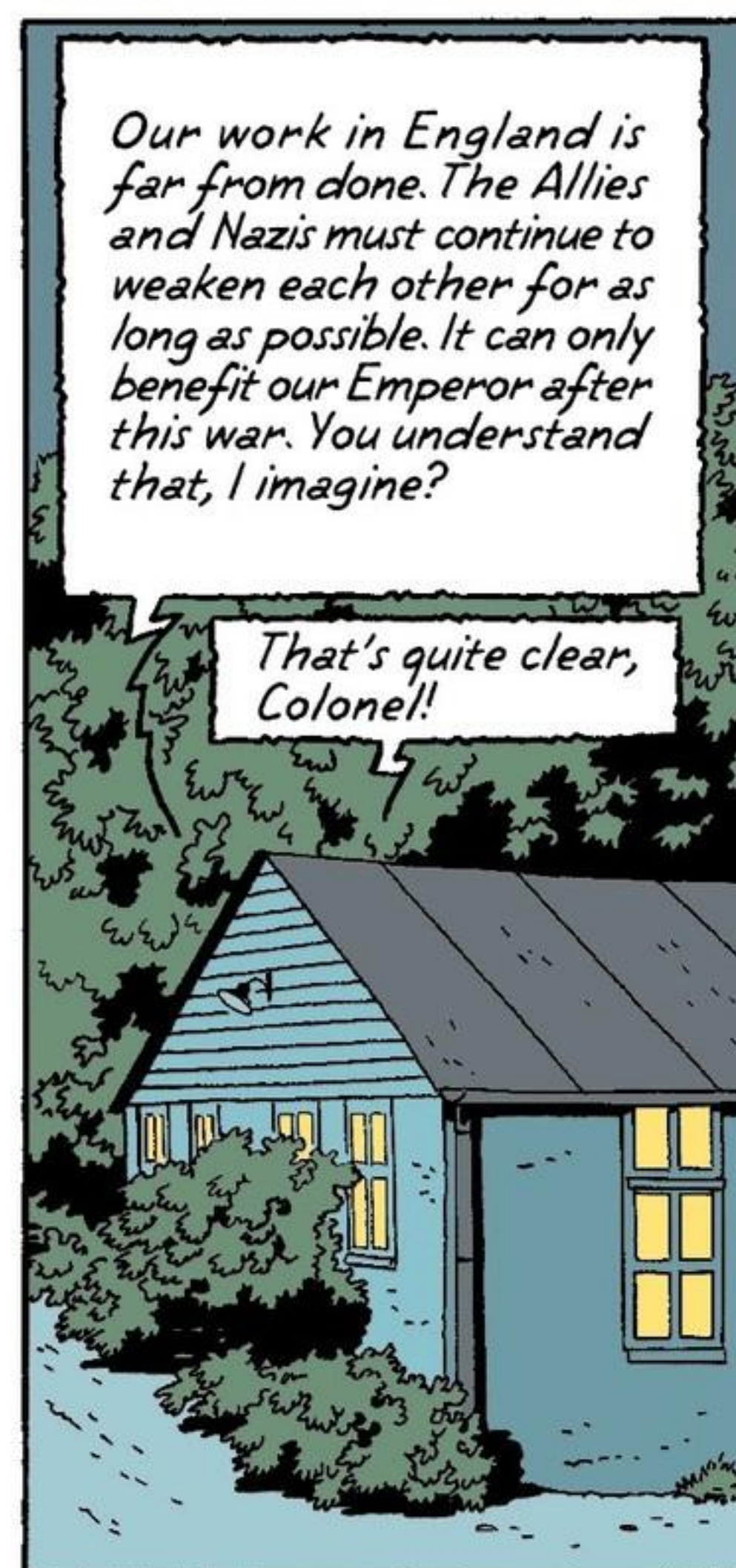
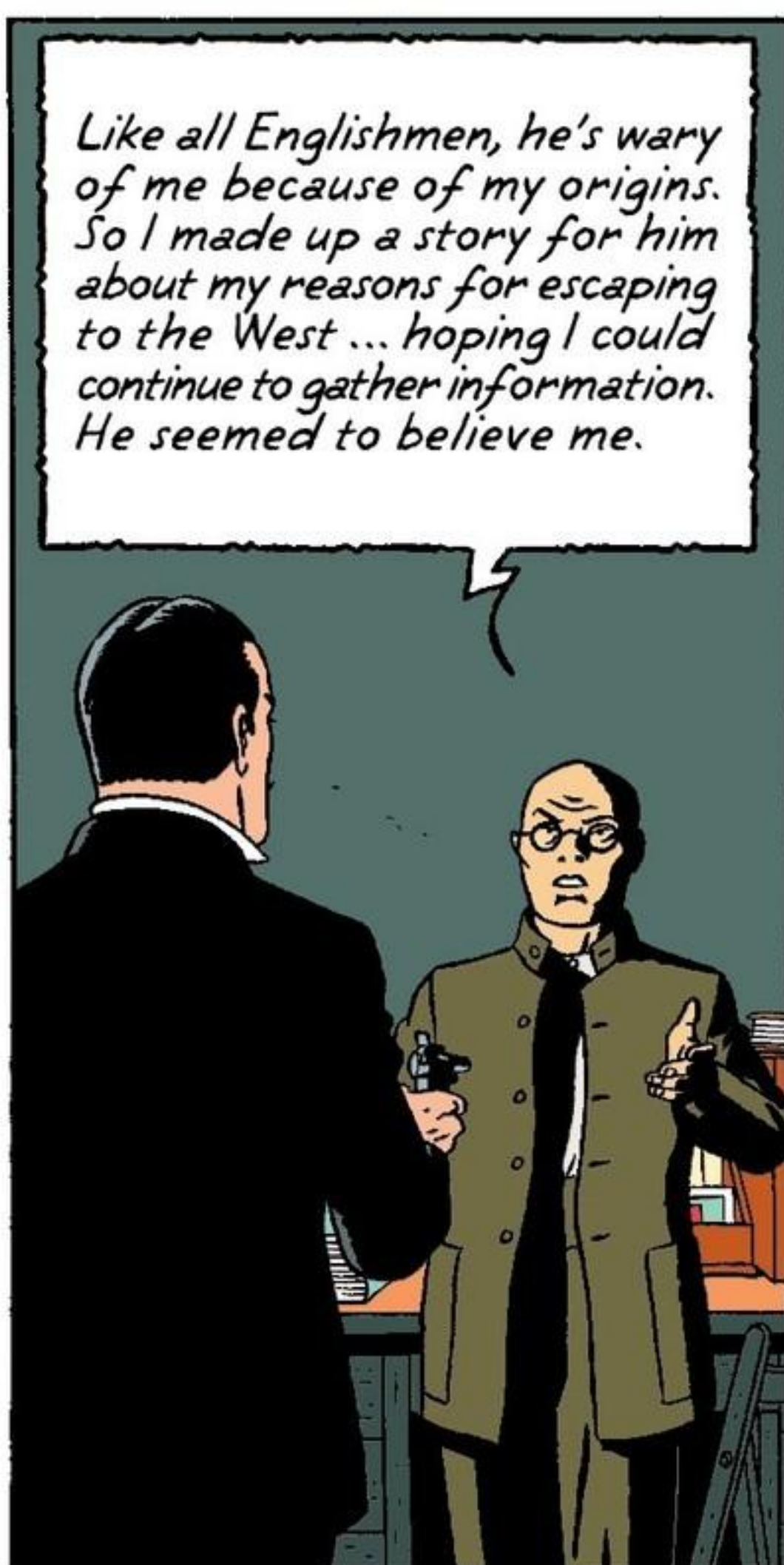
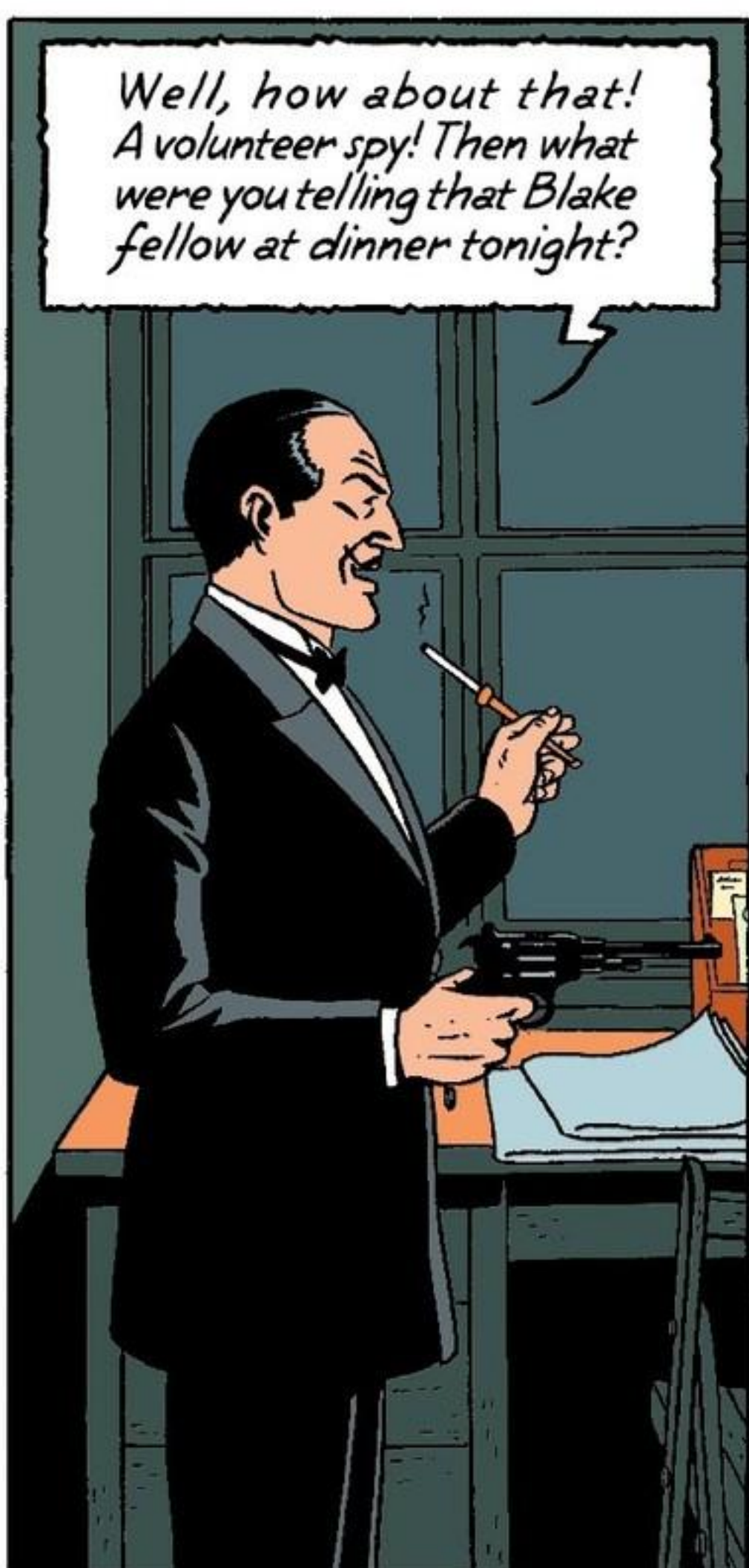
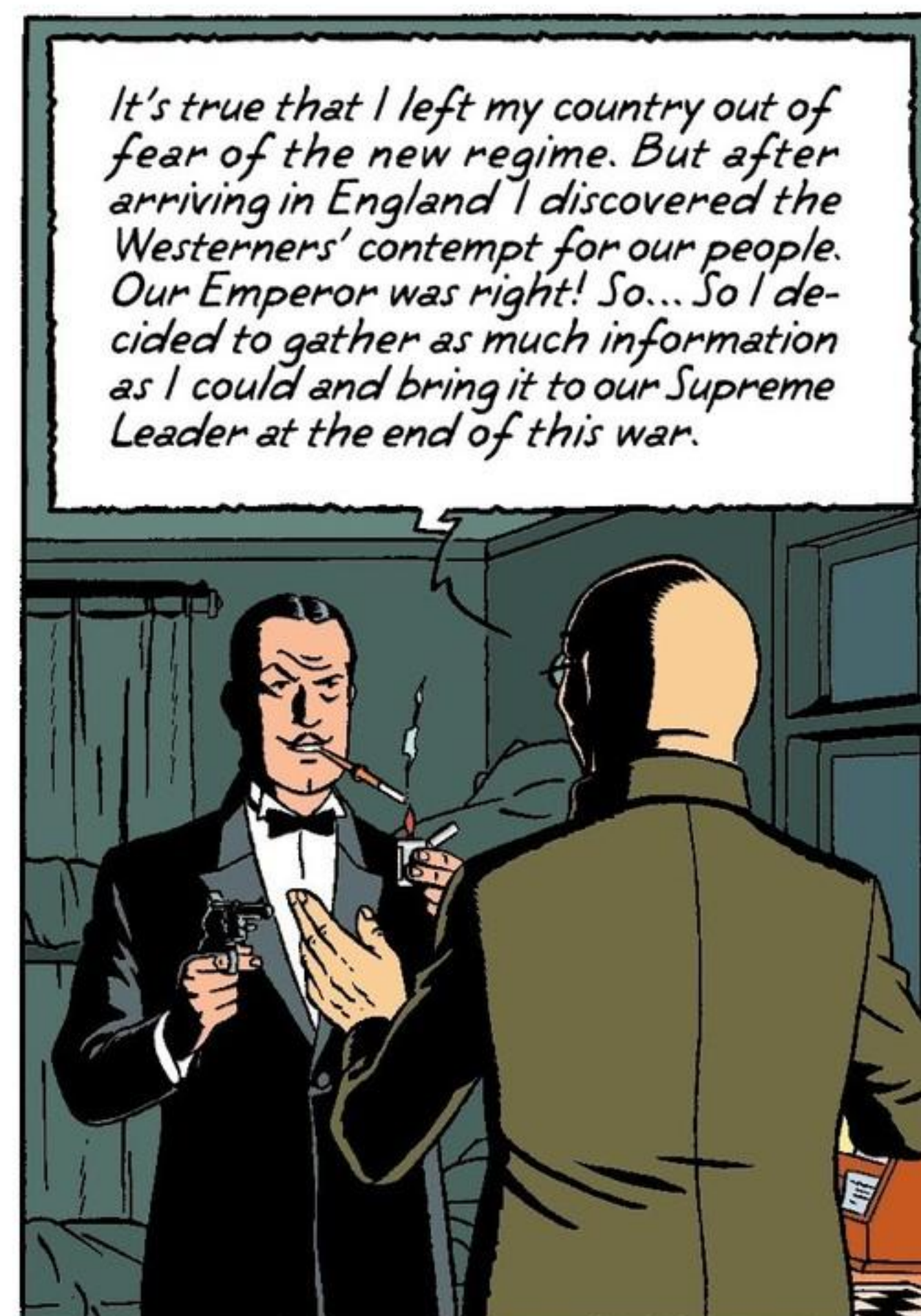
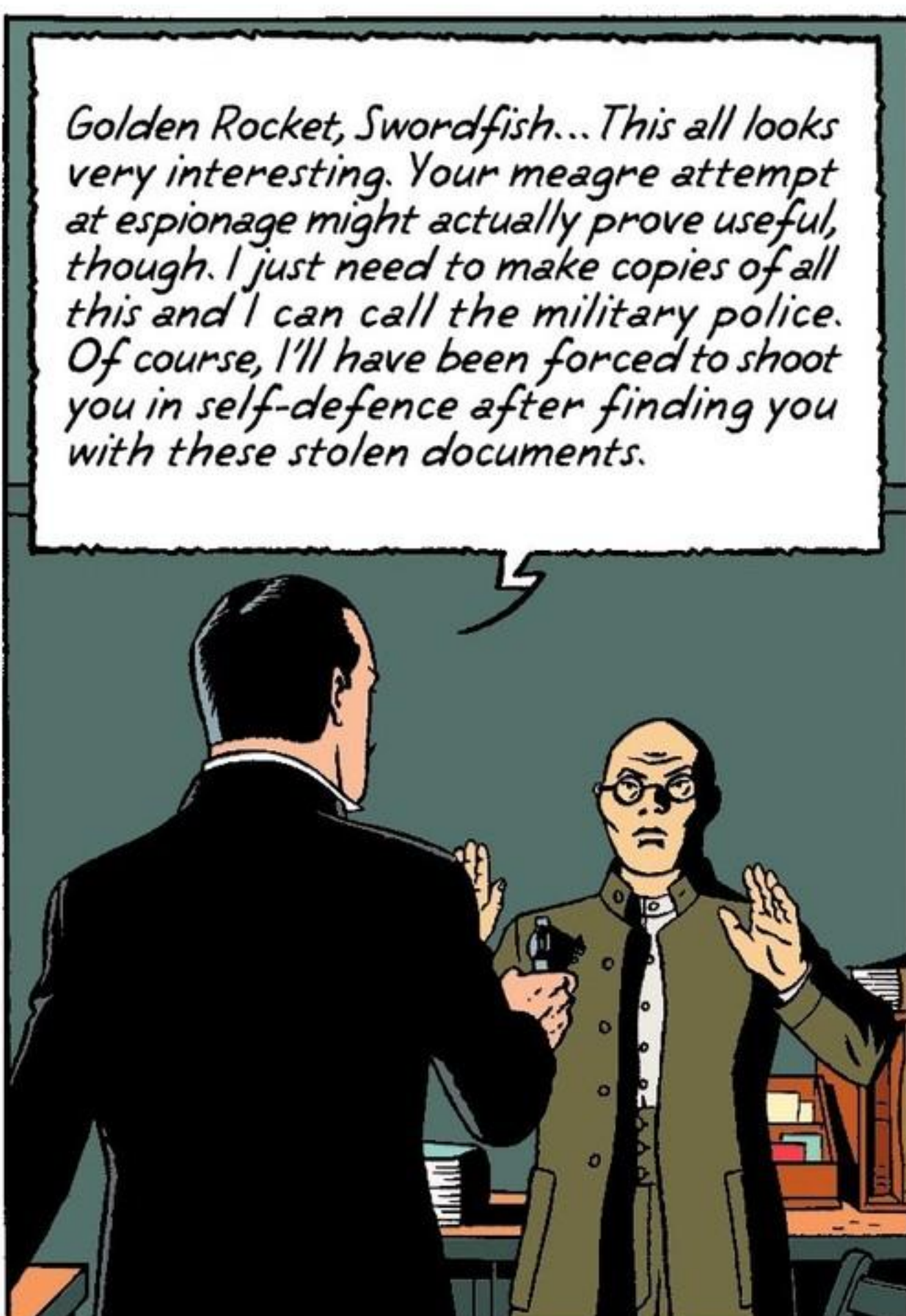
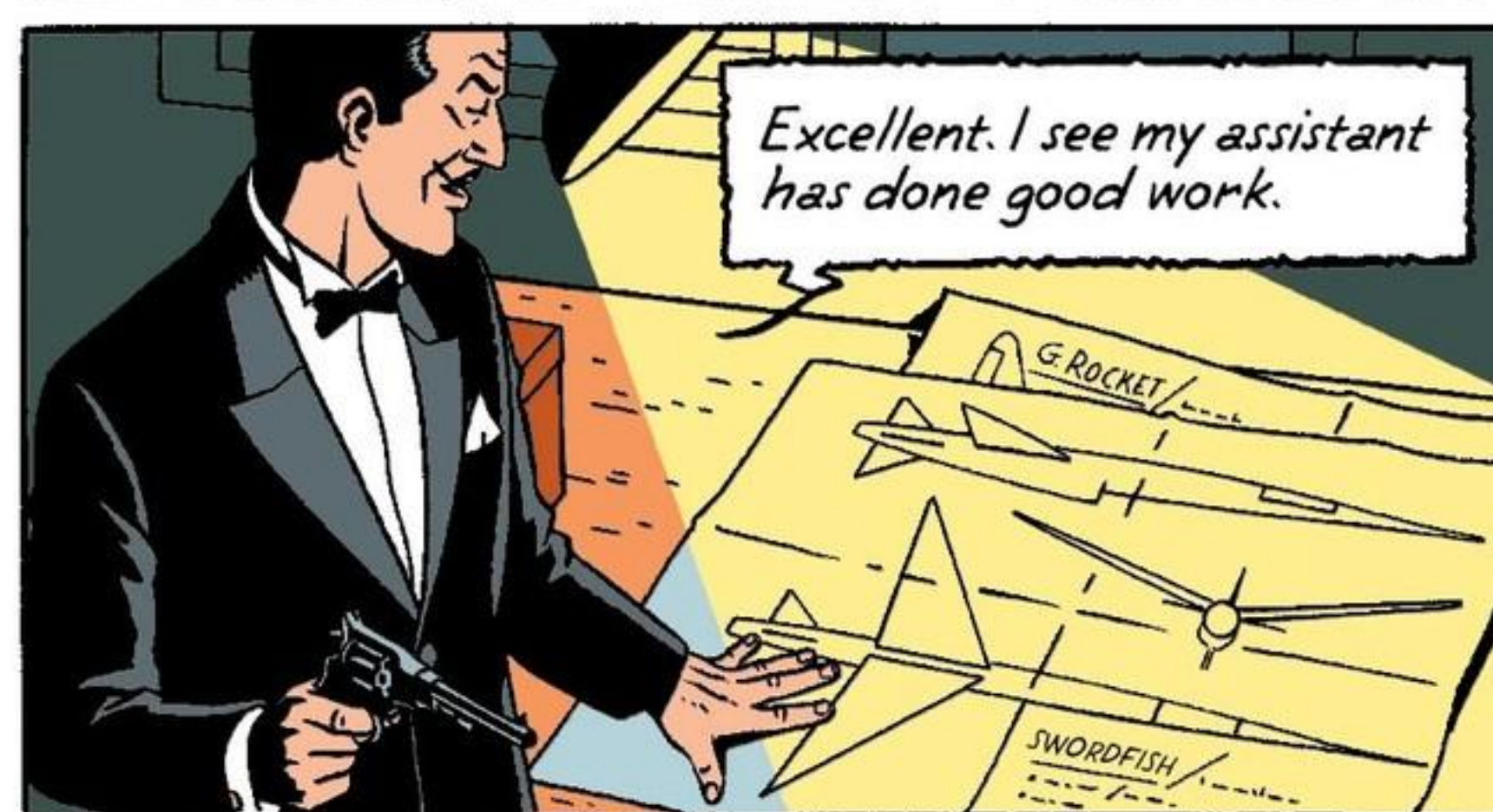
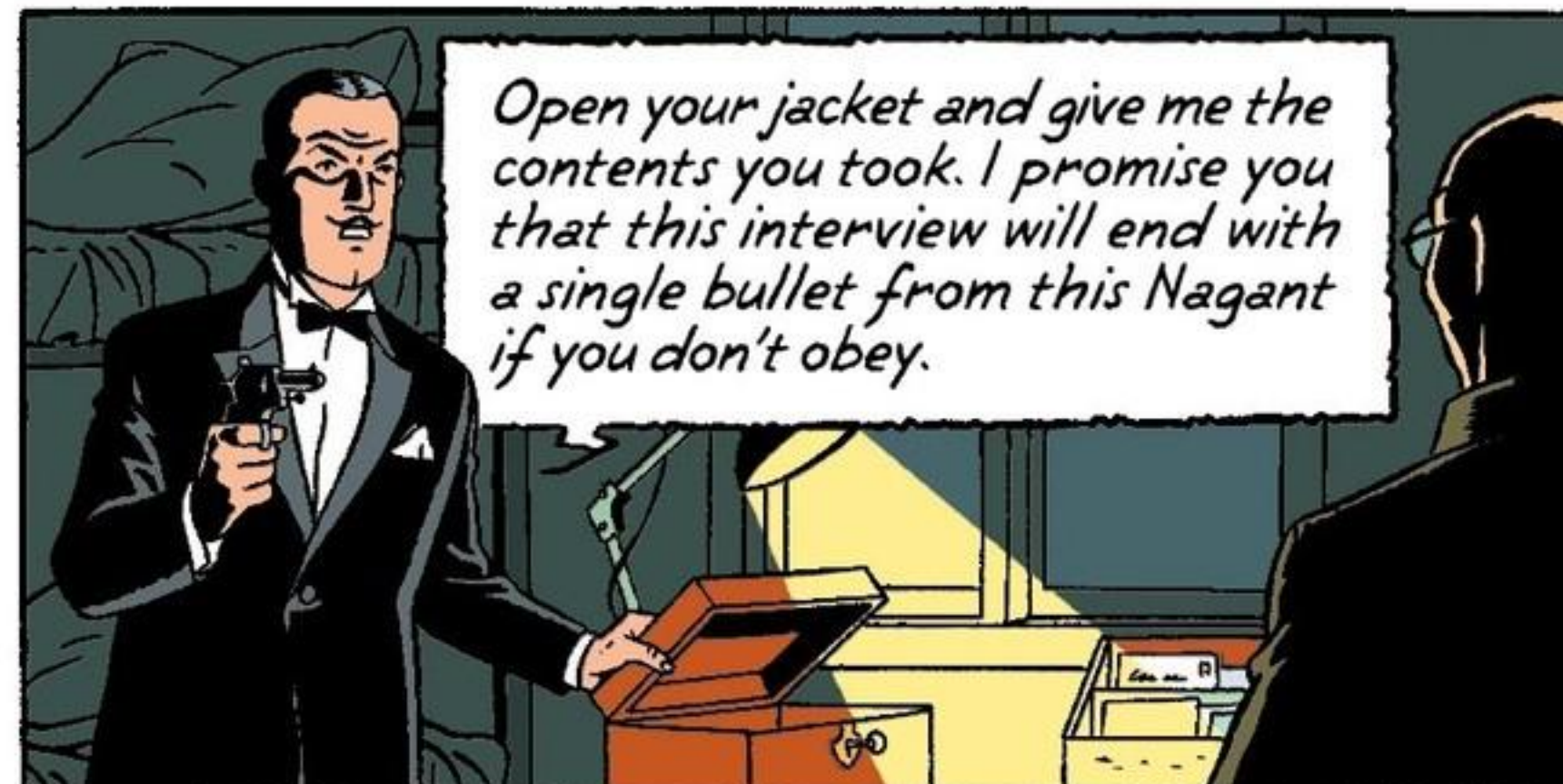
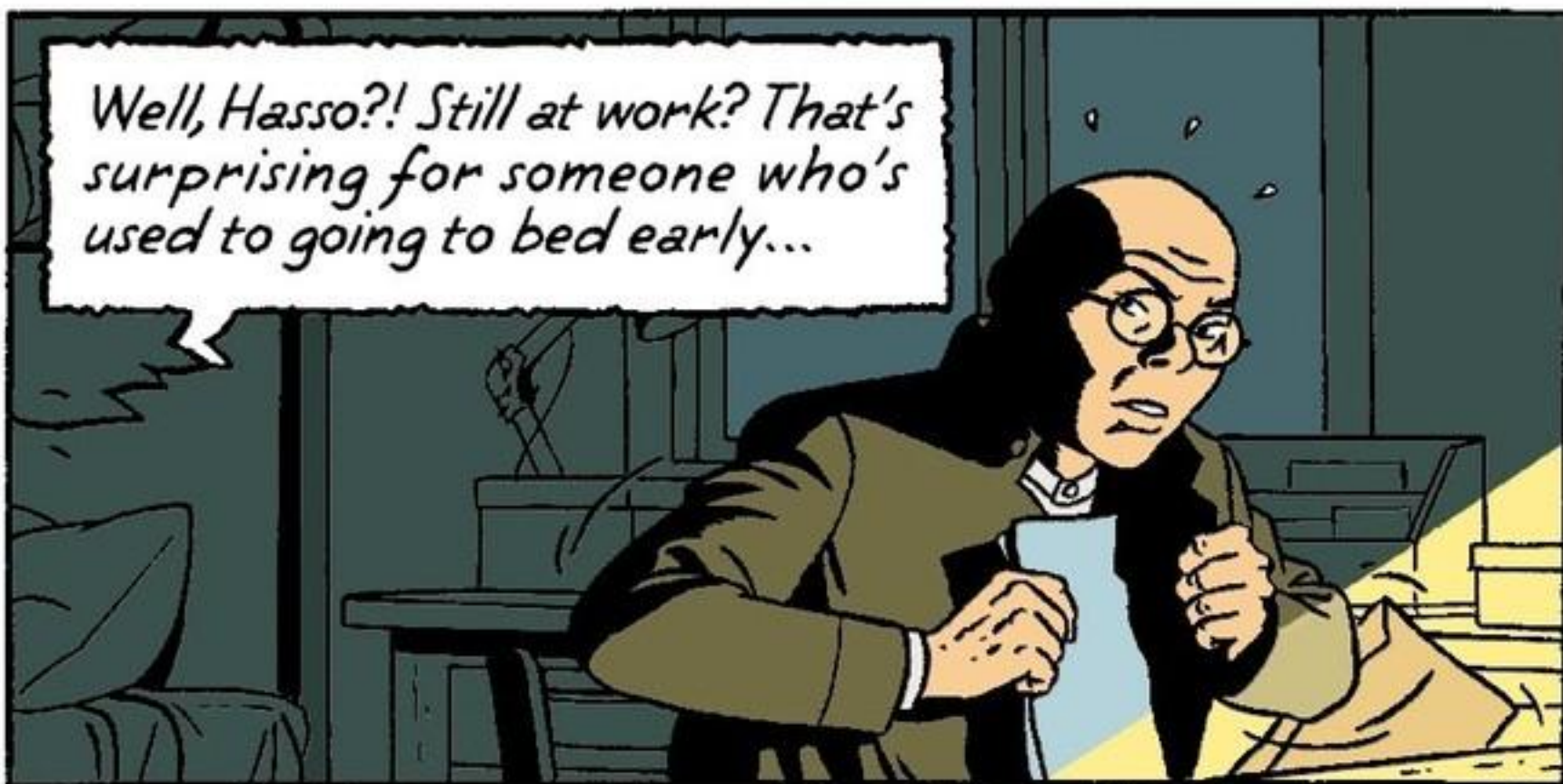


Unless the spy isn't working for the most obvious enemy...



MEANWHILE...

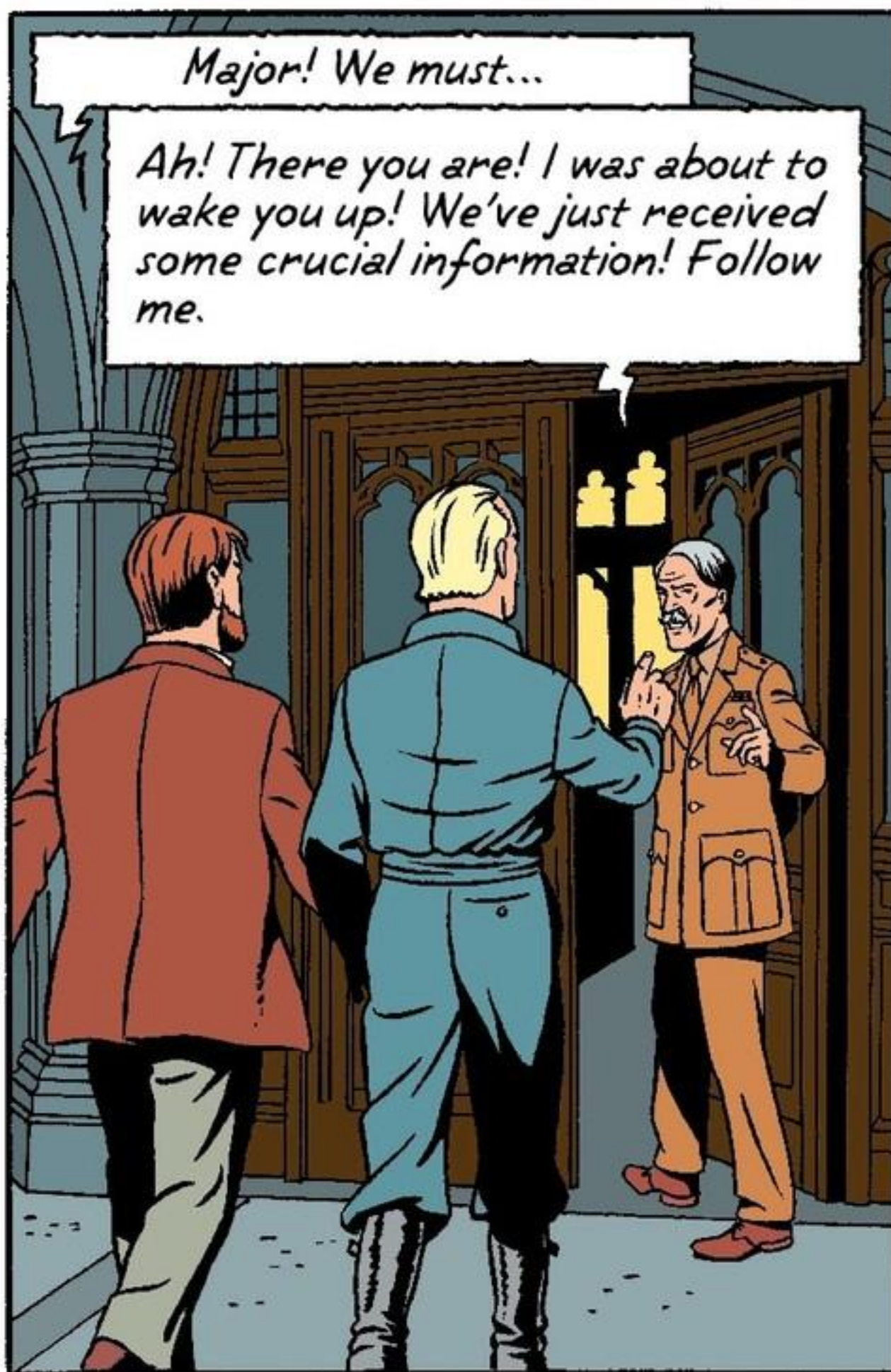
Uh-oh! Now this is interesting...





Major! We must...

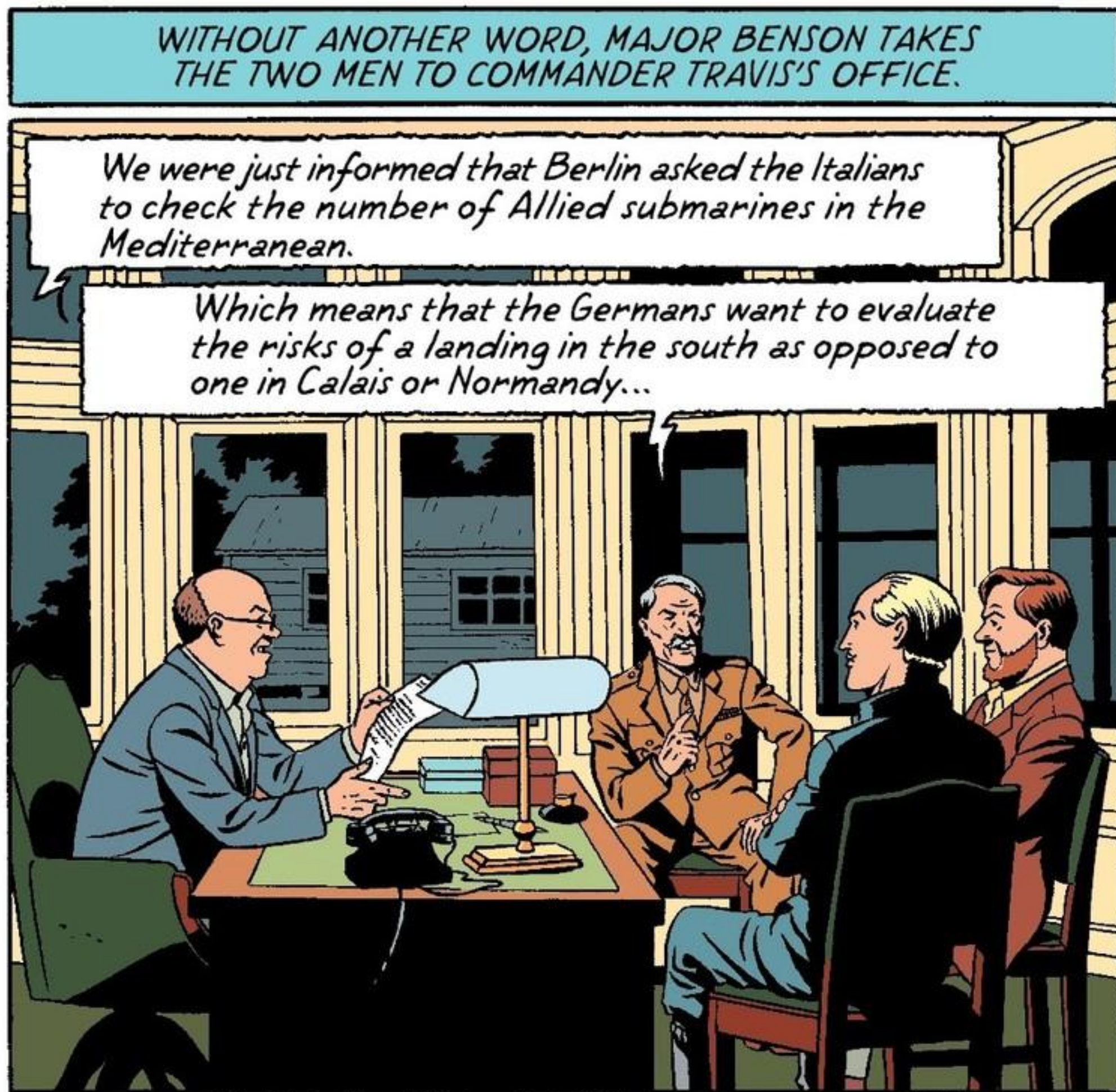
Ah! There you are! I was about to wake you up! We've just received some crucial information! Follow me.



WITHOUT ANOTHER WORD, MAJOR BENSON TAKES THE TWO MEN TO COMMANDER TRAVIS'S OFFICE.

We were just informed that Berlin asked the Italians to check the number of Allied submarines in the Mediterranean.

Which means that the Germans want to evaluate the risks of a landing in the south as opposed to one in Calais or Normandy...



Professor, you must go to Gibraltar immediately in order to deploy your buoy network. Squadron Leader Blake will be your pilot and your liaison officer.



HAVING DISCUSSED THE PRACTICAL CONSIDERATIONS OF OPERATION NARWHAL, BLAKE AND MORTIMER ARE ABOUT TO LEAVE THEIR SUPERIORS.

One last thing, gentlemen...



...We were on our way to notify you that our hut was visited by a spy during dinner. He managed to temporarily borrow Professor Mortimer's key. I must advise you to keep a close watch on the officers' mess regulars...



MEANWHILE, OLRİK AND HASSO HAVE GONE TO BED. EVERYTHING SEEMS QUIET INSIDE THEIR HUT. AND YET...



Where are you going all dressed up, Hasso?



Oh!... Nowhere in particular, Colonel. I... I can't sleep. I usually go for a walk; the fresh air does...

In this weather?... Tsk tsk...



I'm afraid you'll have to change your habits. Since you've entered my service, we'll go everywhere together, my dear chap. You, me ... and my good old Nagant.



INSIDE HUT 4A, FRANCIS BLAKE AND PHILIP MORTIMER WON'T BE GOING TO BED FOR A WHILE. THEY HAVE TO IRON OUT THE DETAILS OF THE PLAN THAT IS TO BE PUT INTO ACTION THE NEXT DAY.



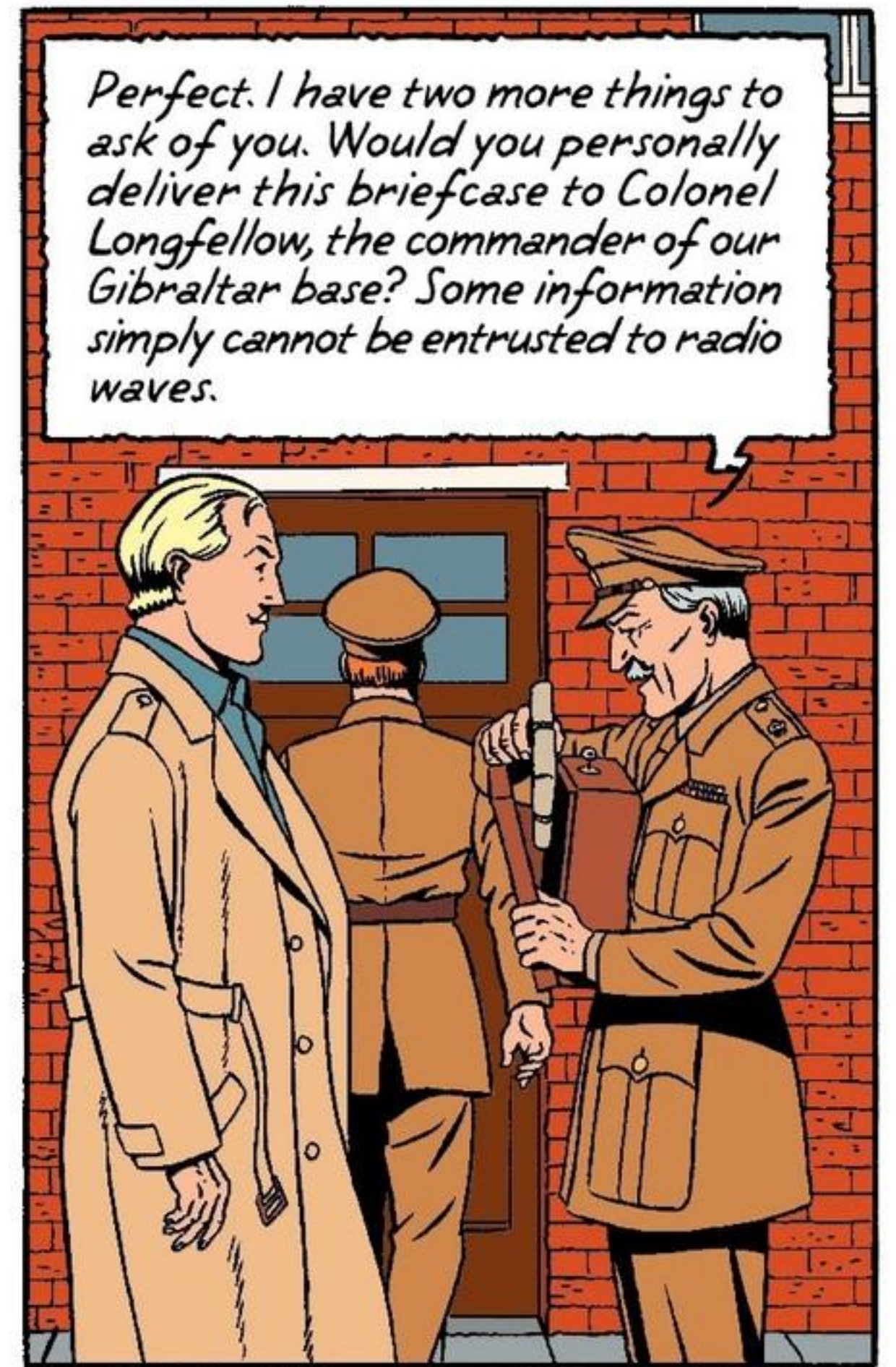


...All I can do is wish you good fortune, Squadron Leader!

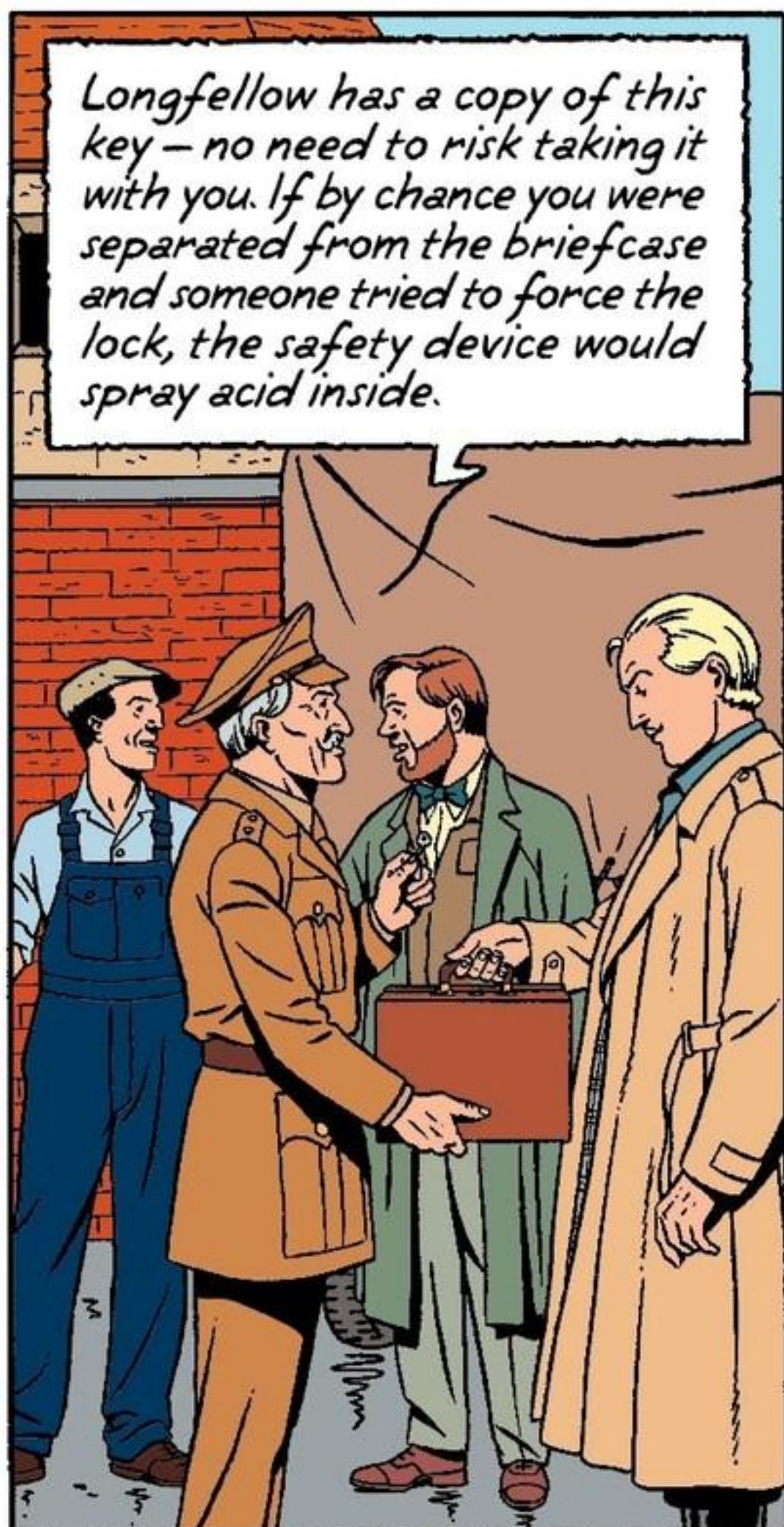
Thank you, Sir Edward.



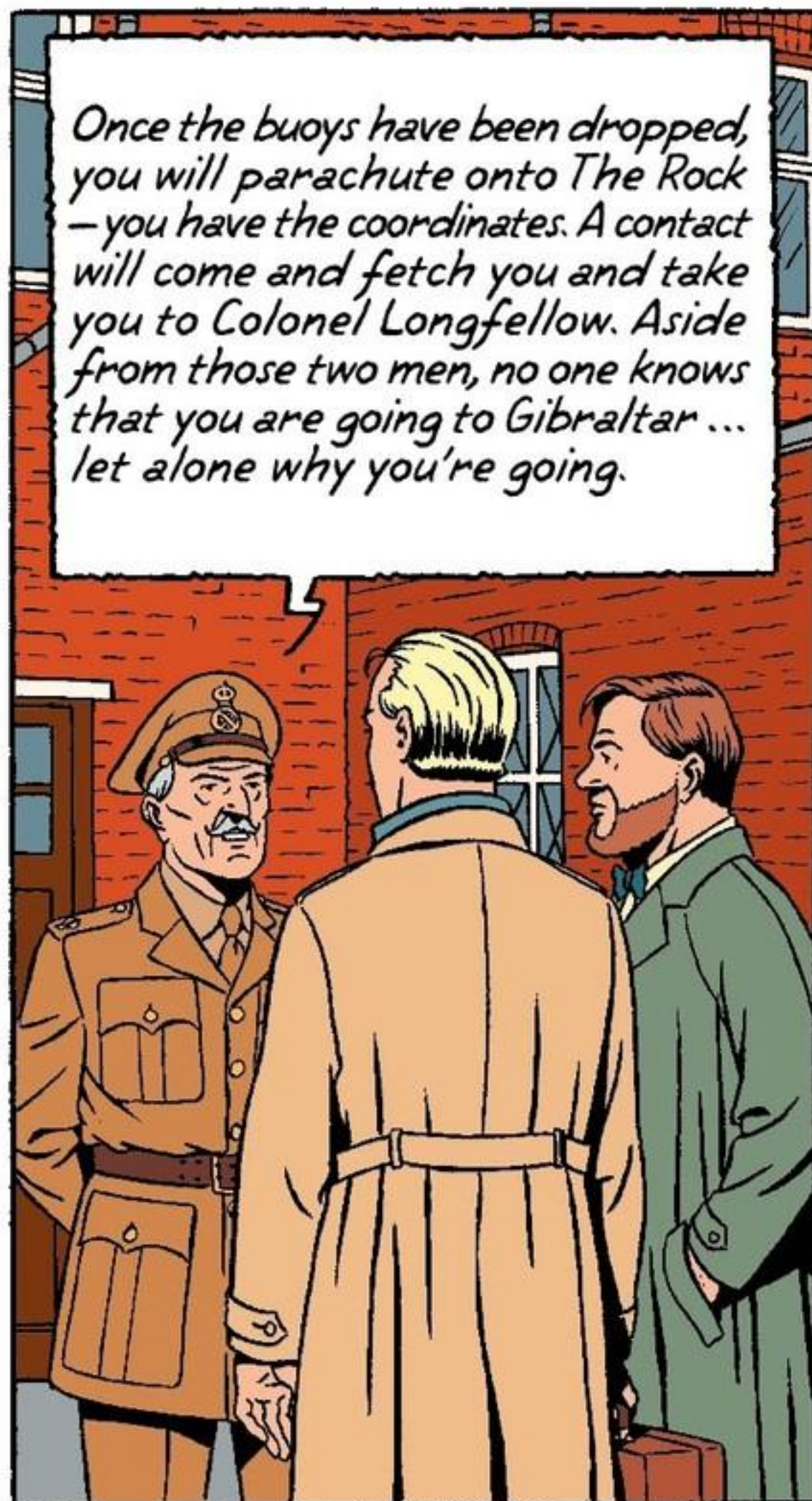
We're ready to go, Major.



Perfect. I have two more things to ask of you. Would you personally deliver this briefcase to Colonel Longfellow, the commander of our Gibraltar base? Some information simply cannot be entrusted to radio waves.



Longfellow has a copy of this key - no need to risk taking it with you. If by chance you were separated from the briefcase and someone tried to force the lock, the safety device would spray acid inside.



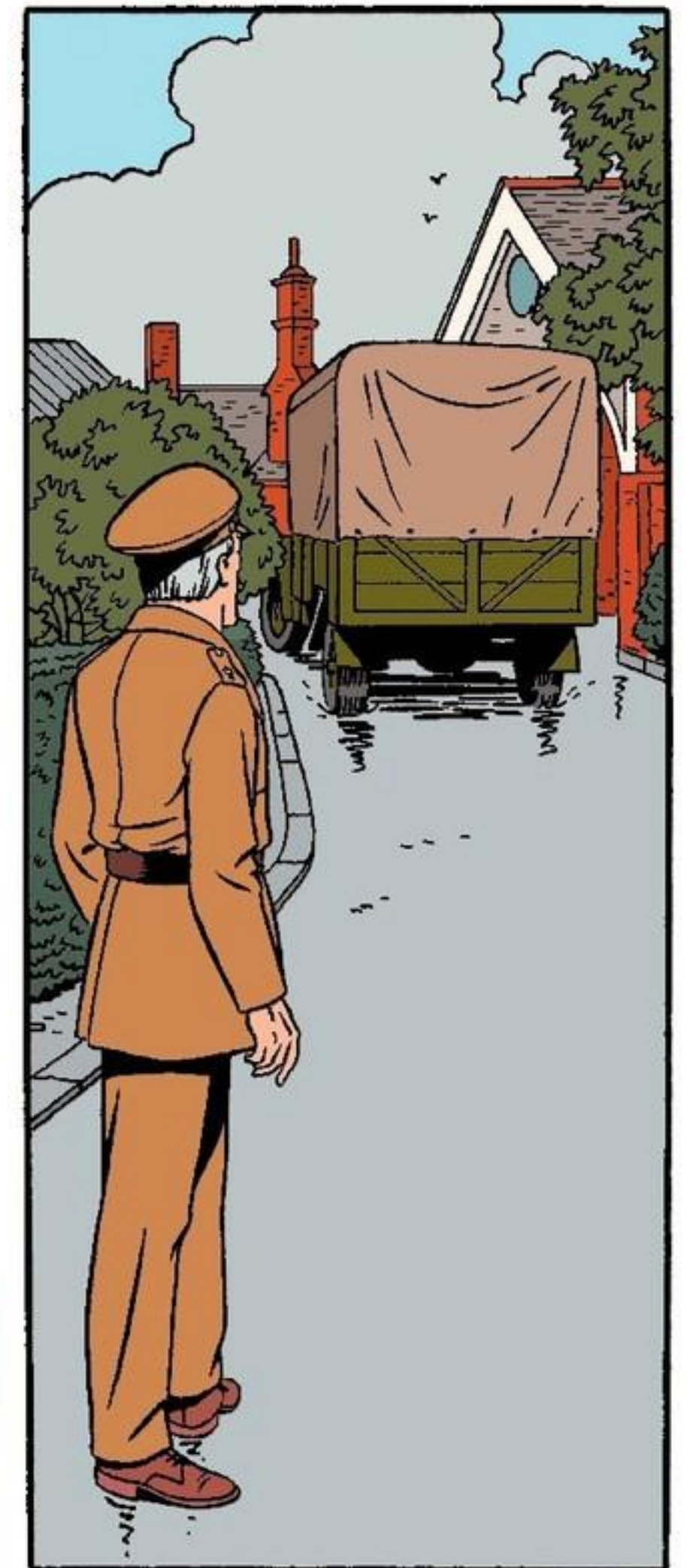
Once the buoys have been dropped, you will parachute onto The Rock - you have the coordinates. A contact will come and fetch you and take you to Colonel Longfellow. Aside from those two men, no one knows that you are going to Gibraltar ... let alone why you're going.



Good luck, gentlemen. Don't forget that the success of our invasion of France depends in great part on your mission.

We will succeed, Major.

We'll see you again after the victory, Major.



AS THE LORRY HEADS TOWARDS THE PARK'S EXIT GATE, BLAKE IS LOOKING OUT OF THE SIDE WINDOW...



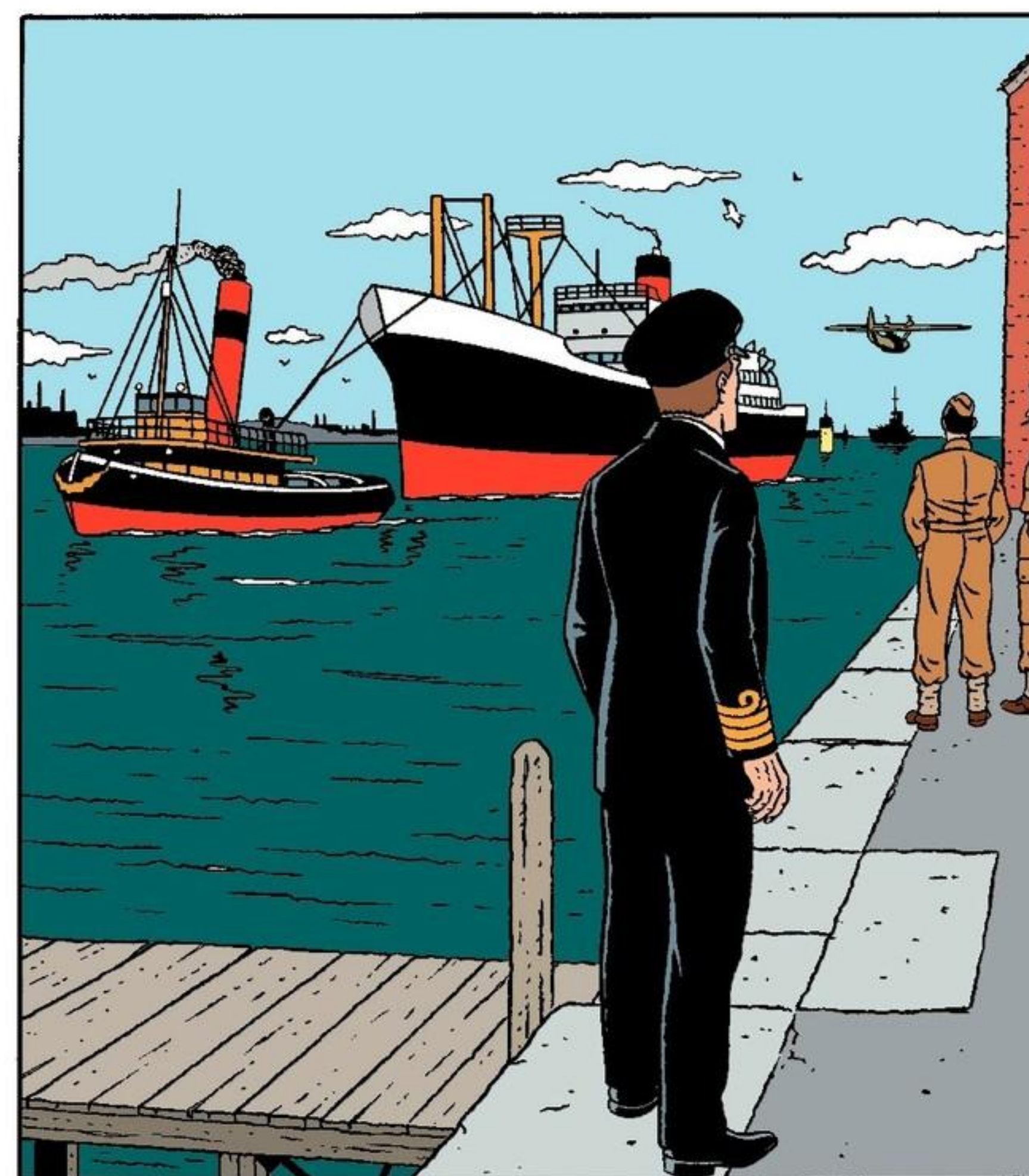
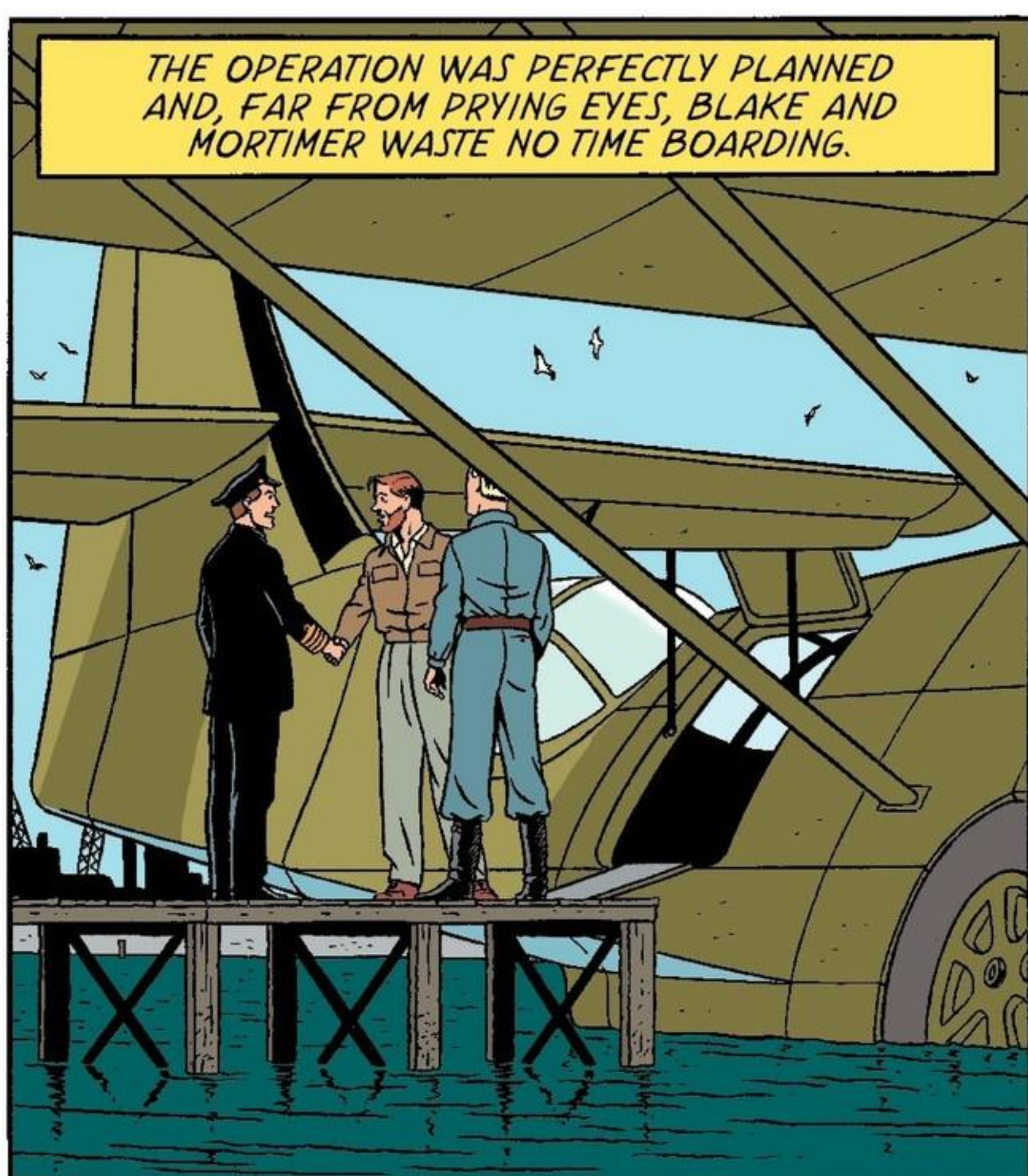
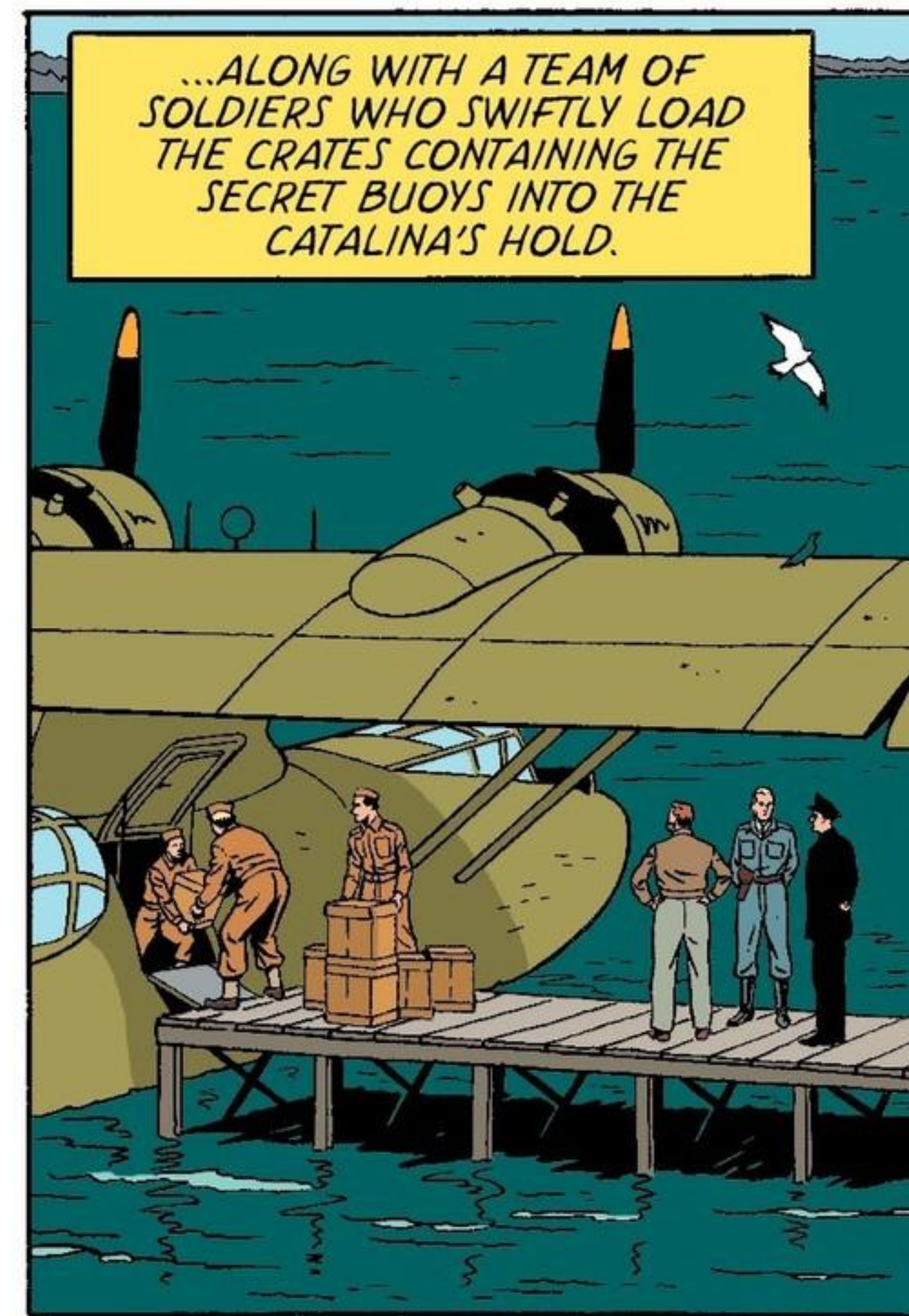
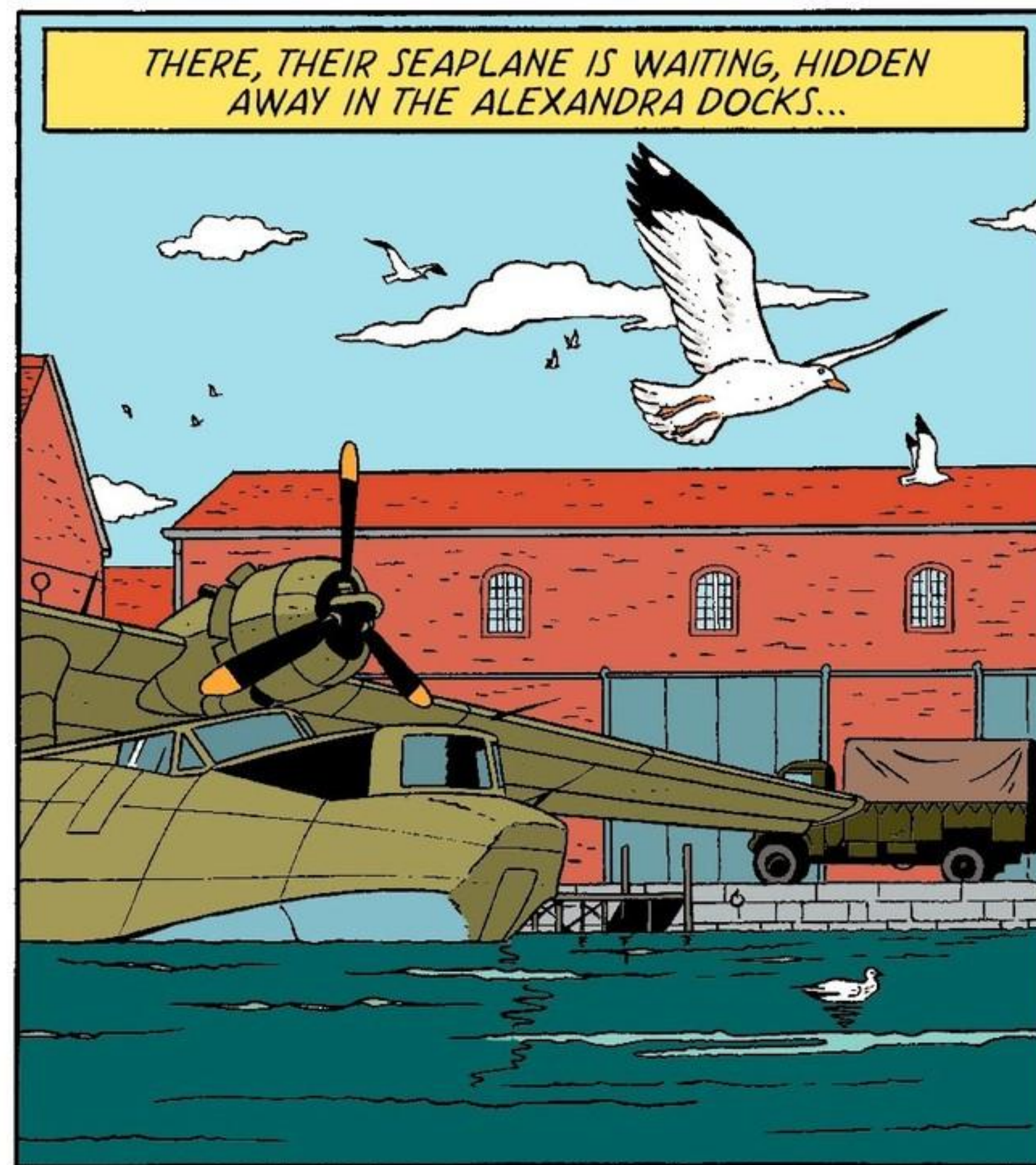
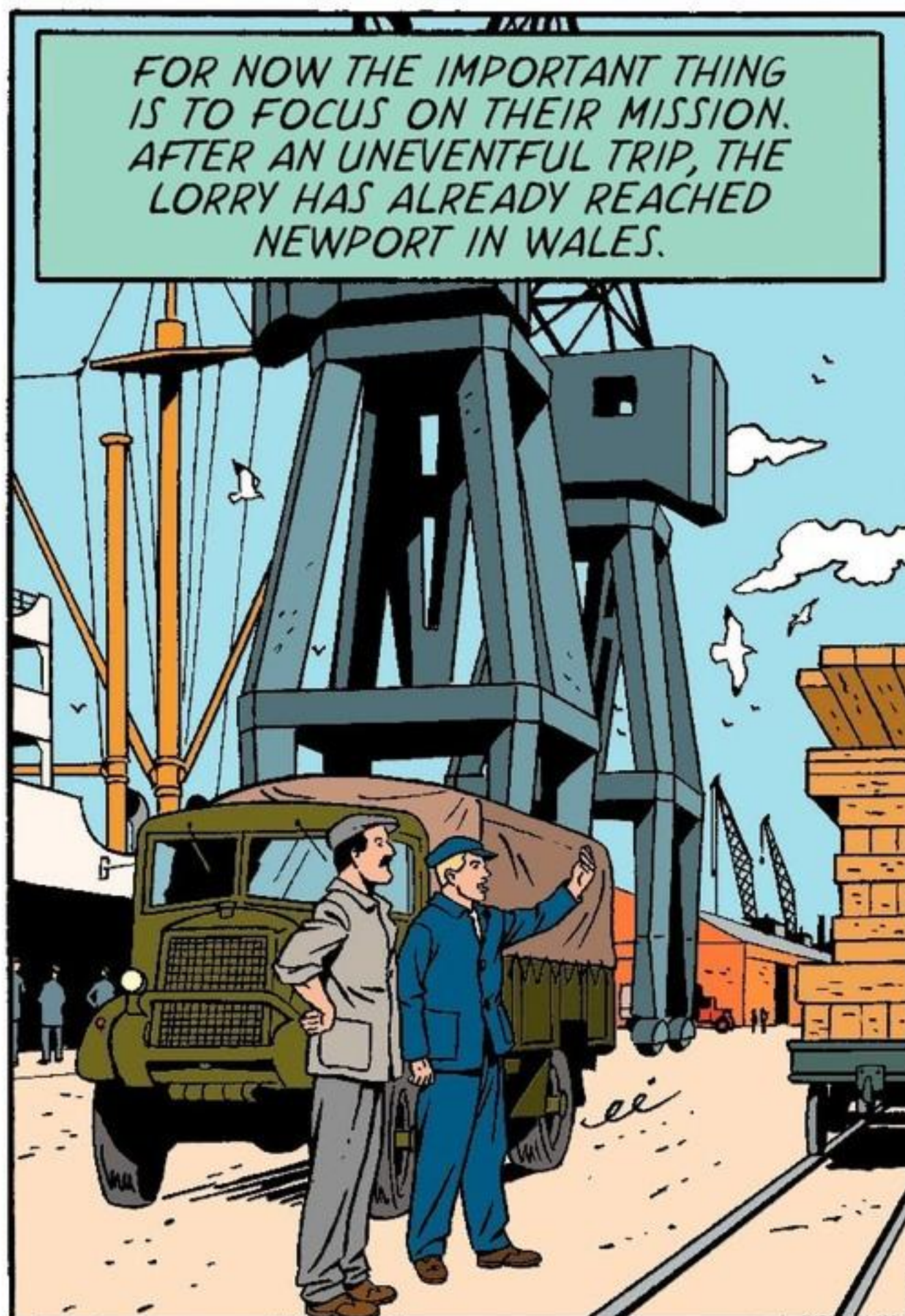
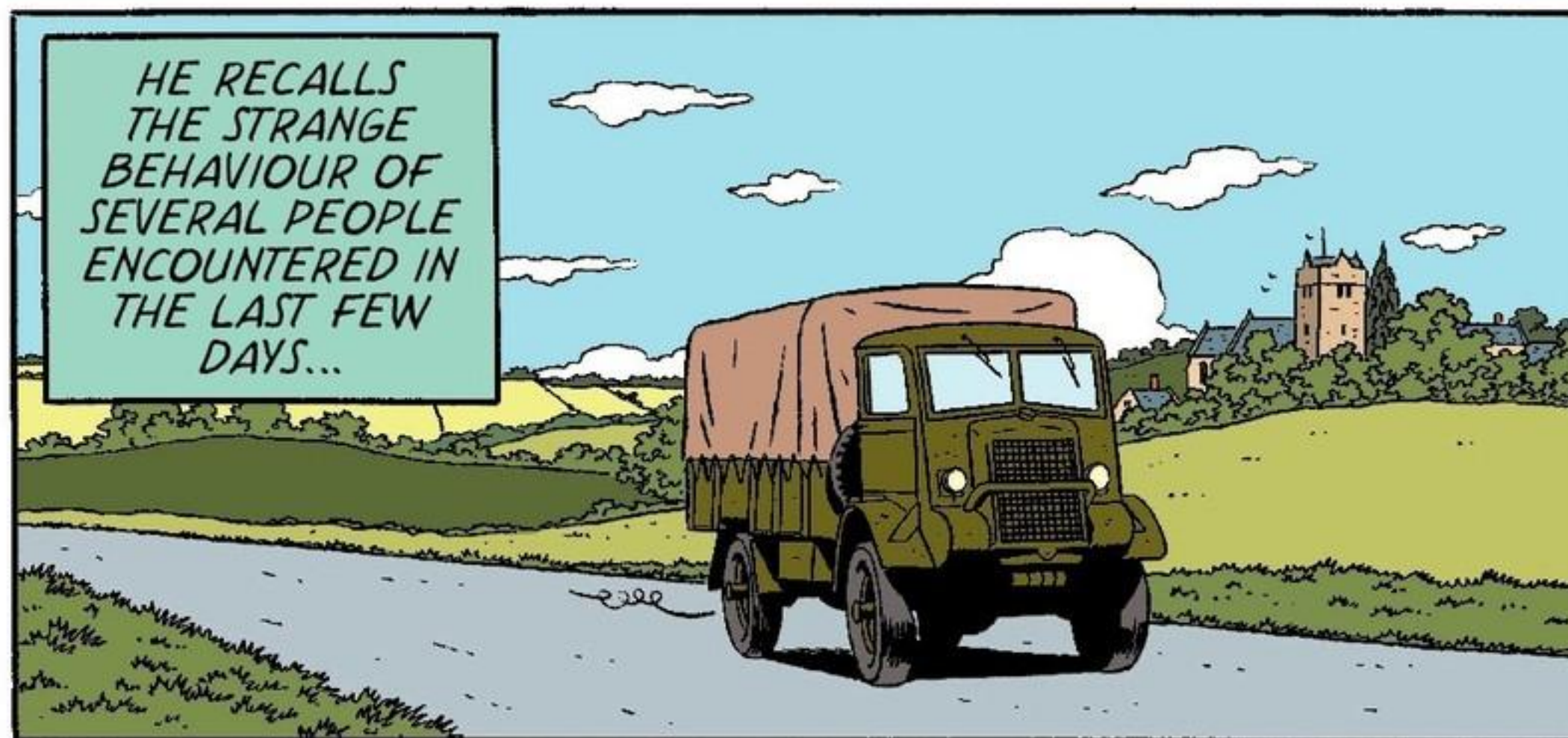
...WHEN HIS ATTENTION IS DRAWN TOWARDS A LARGE RED LIMOUSINE AS THEY PASS THE GARAGE. A LIMOUSINE THAT LOOKS REMARKABLY LIKE THE ONE HE'D NOTICED THE OTHER NIGHT FROM HIS ROOM IN PARK LANE.

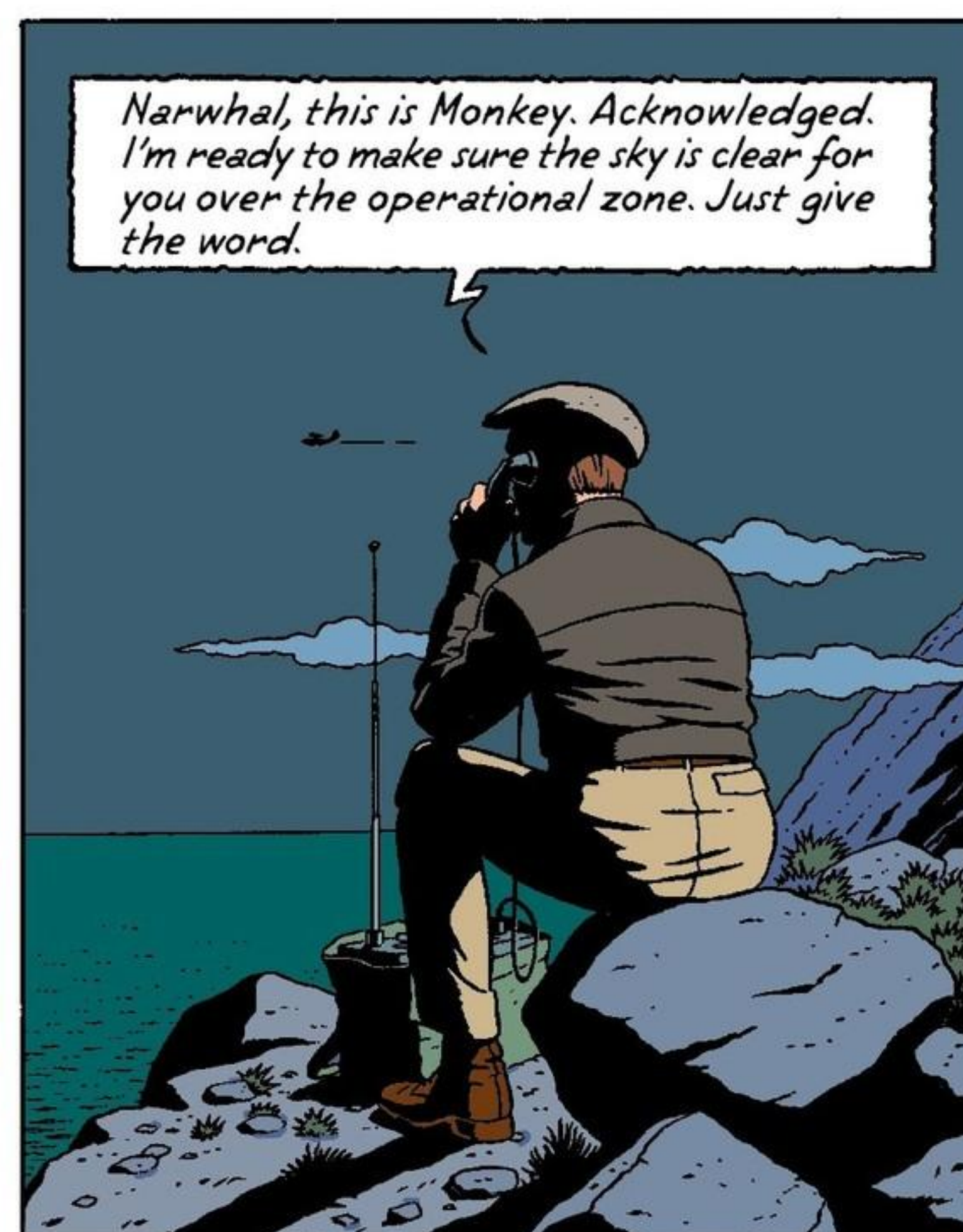
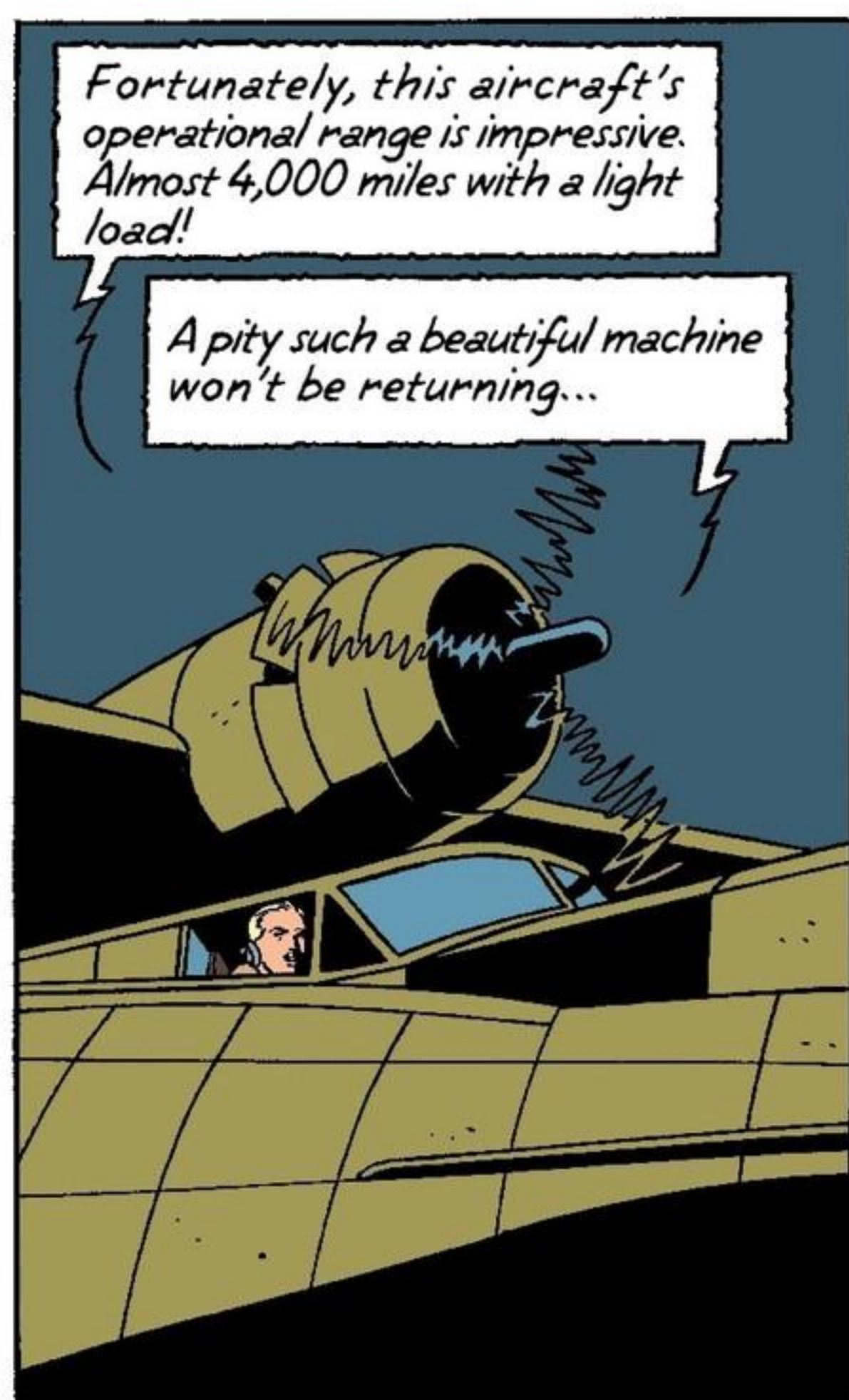


?!



That strange man again!...







Philip, we have a green light! Are you ready?

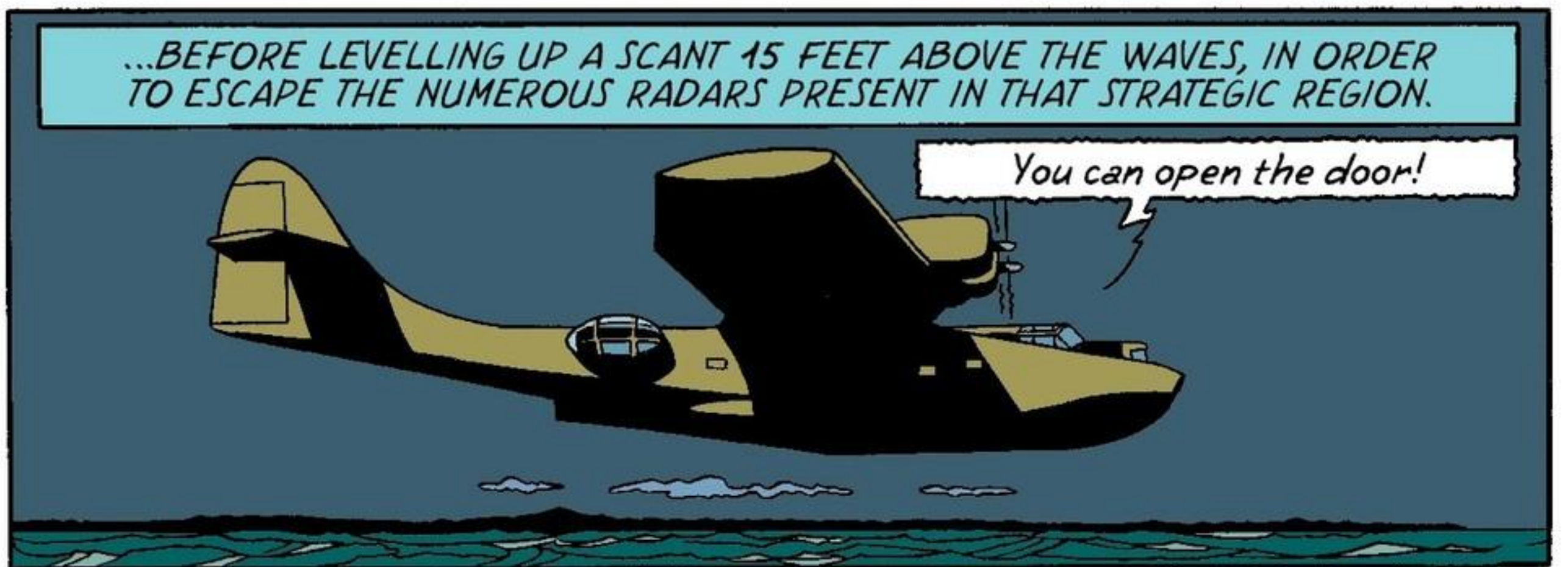
Ready!



Then let's jump to it!



AND THE CATALINA DIVES TOWARDS THE WATER...



...BEFORE LEVELLING UP A SCANT 15 FEET ABOVE THE WAVES, IN ORDER TO ESCAPE THE NUMEROUS RADARS PRESENT IN THAT STRATEGIC REGION.

You can open the door!



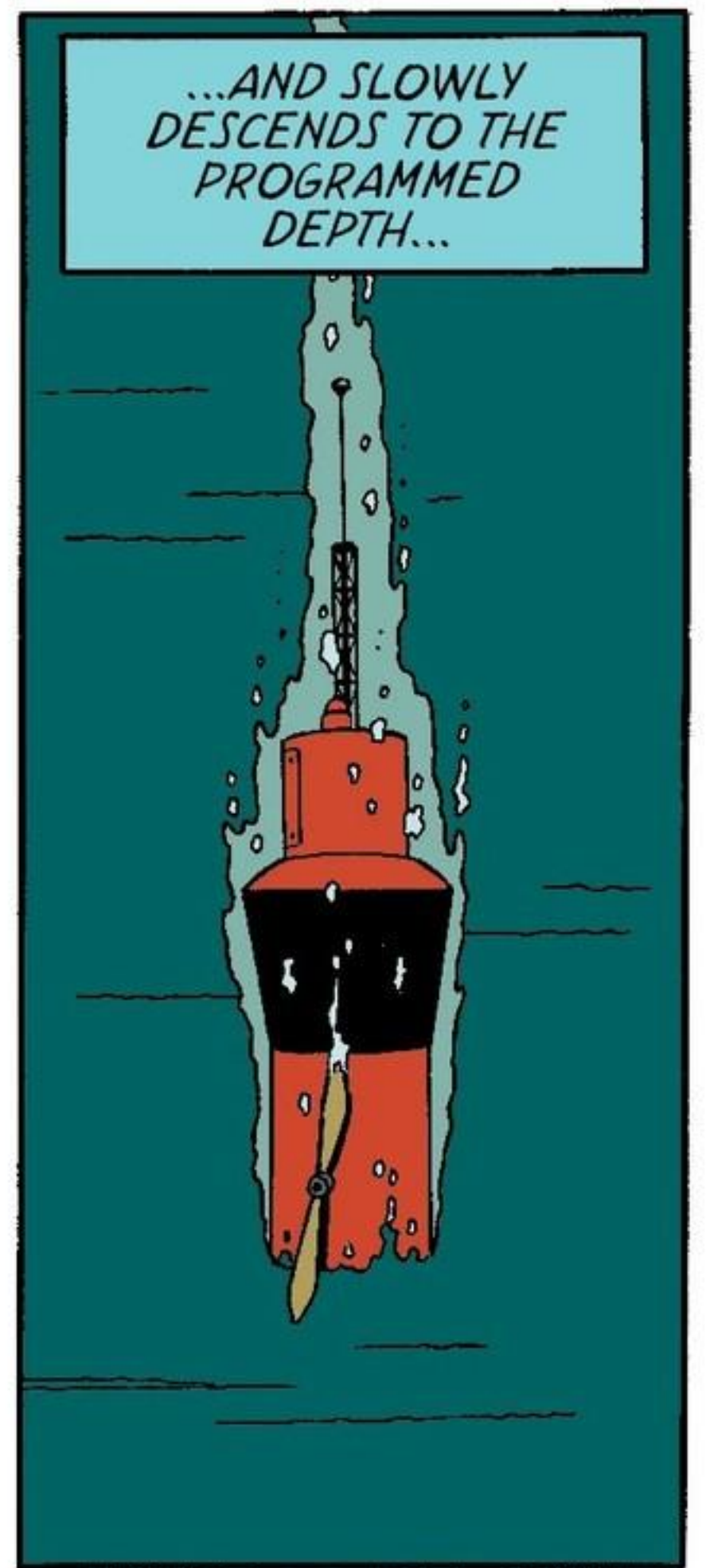
Drop point one in sight! Drop!



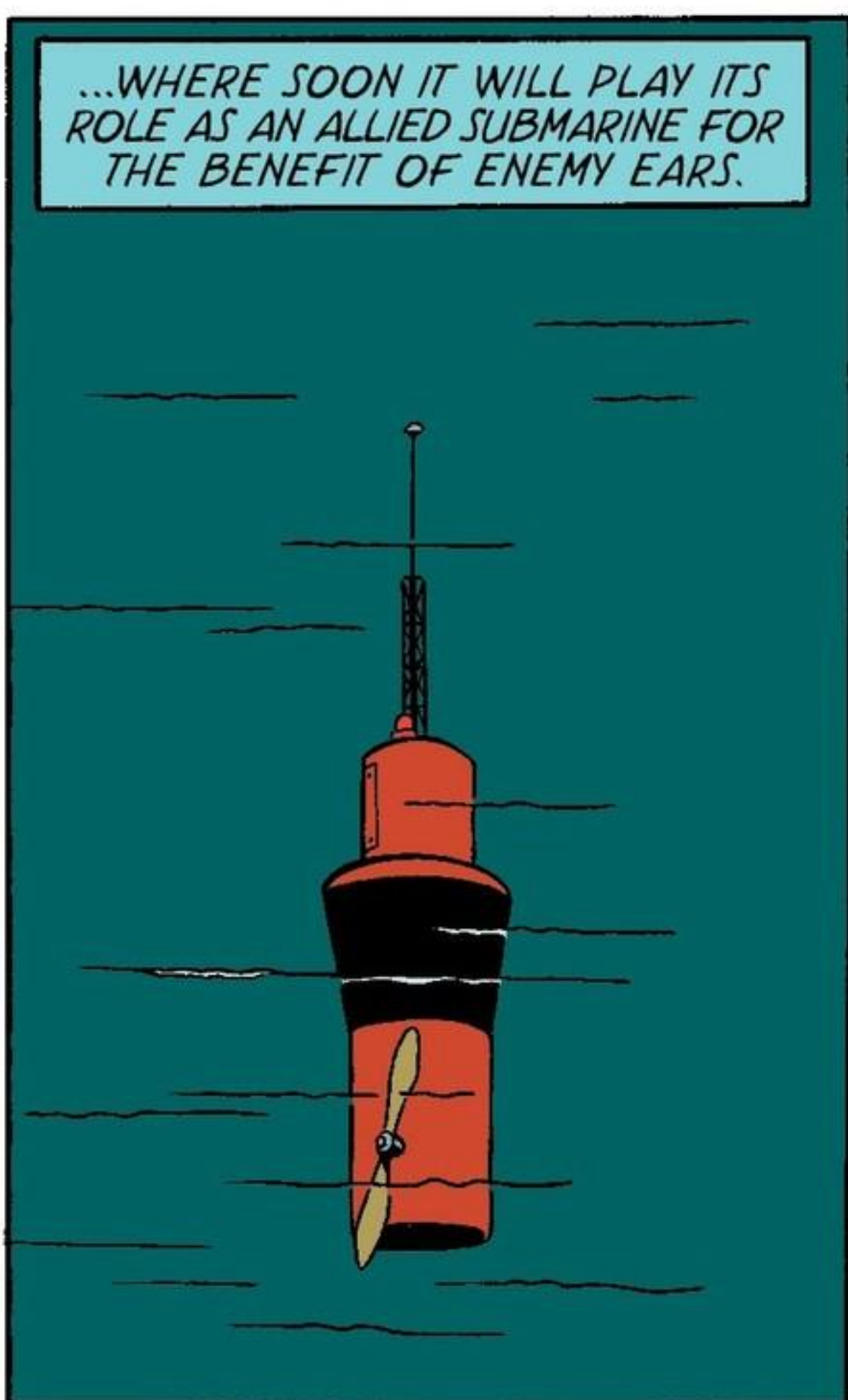
Righto!



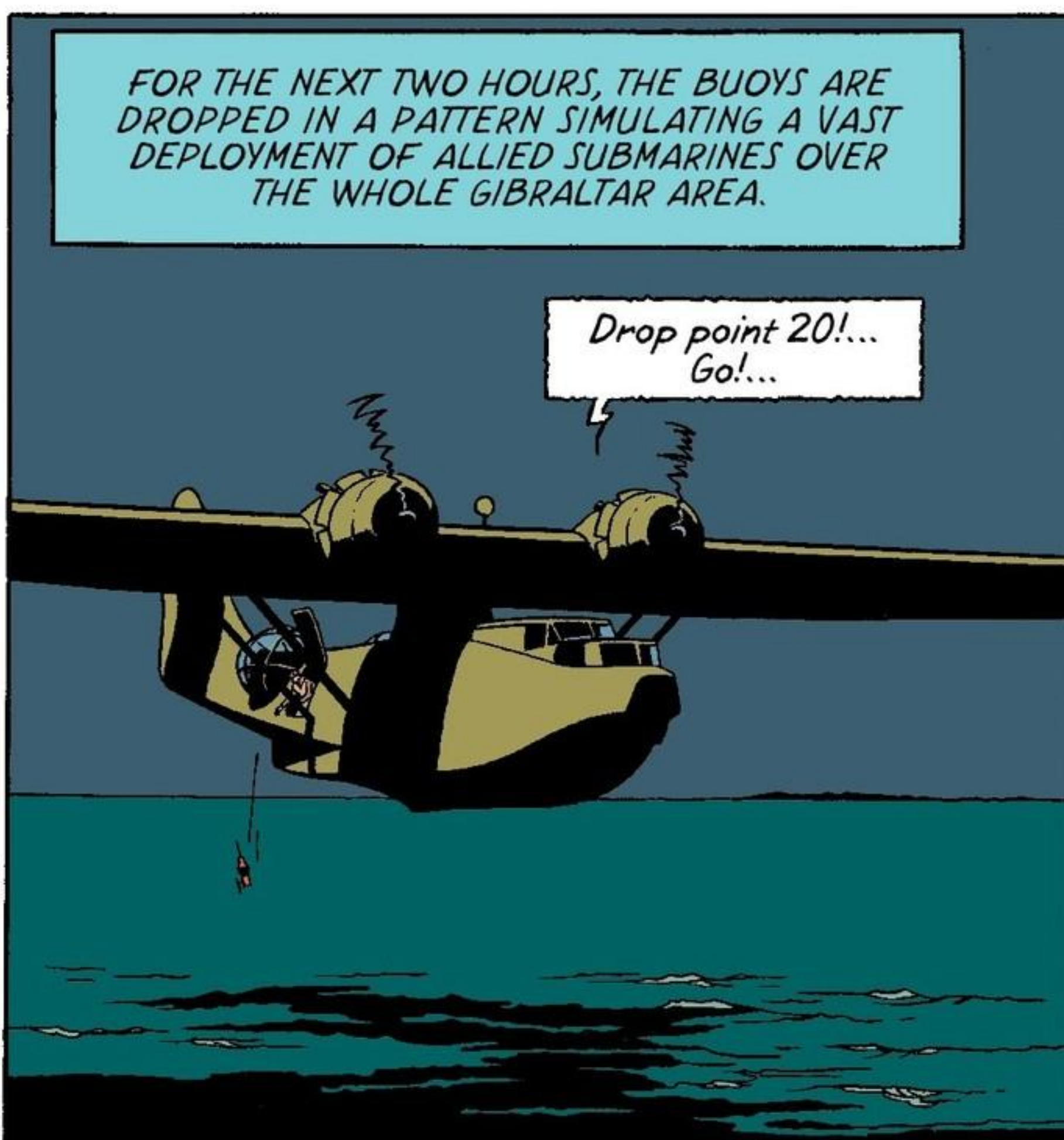
THE FIRST BUOY HITS THE WATER...



...AND SLOWLY DESCENDS TO THE PROGRAMMED DEPTH...



...WHERE SOON IT WILL PLAY ITS ROLE AS AN ALLIED SUBMARINE FOR THE BENEFIT OF ENEMY EARS.



FOR THE NEXT TWO HOURS, THE BUOYS ARE DROPPED IN A PATTERN SIMULATING A VAST DEPLOYMENT OF ALLIED SUBMARINES OVER THE WHOLE GIBRALTAR AREA.

Drop point 20!... Go!...



Buoy 21... Go!...



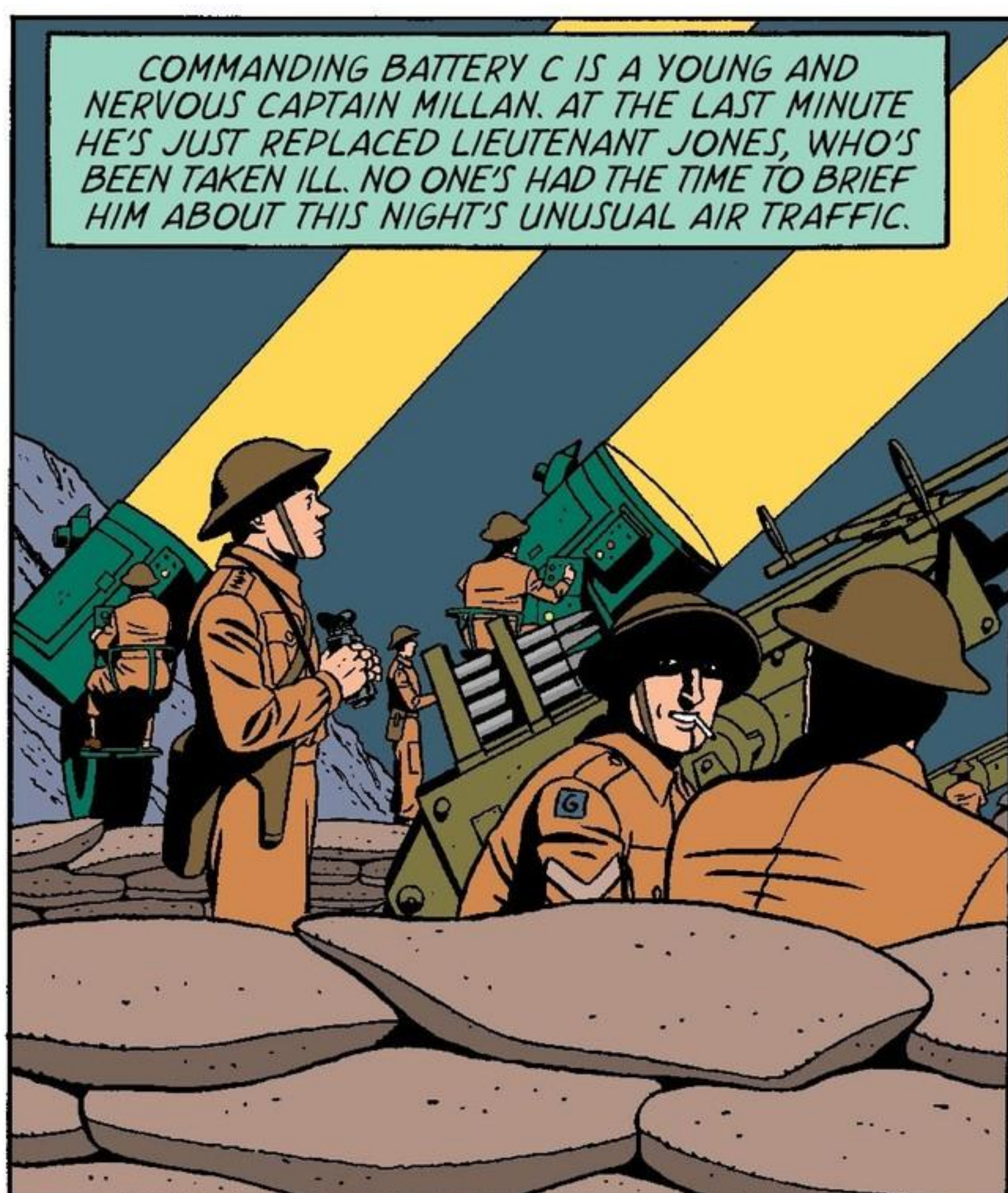
That was the last one, Francis!



IMMEDIATELY, THE PILOT DIRECTS HIS AEROPLANE UP, GAINING ALTITUDE TO RESUME HIS ORIGINAL HEADING...



...TOWARDS THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR, WHERE THE POWERFUL SEARCHLIGHT BEAMS OF ANTI-AIRCRAFT BATTERIES SWEEP BACK AND FORTH ACROSS THE NIGHT SKY.



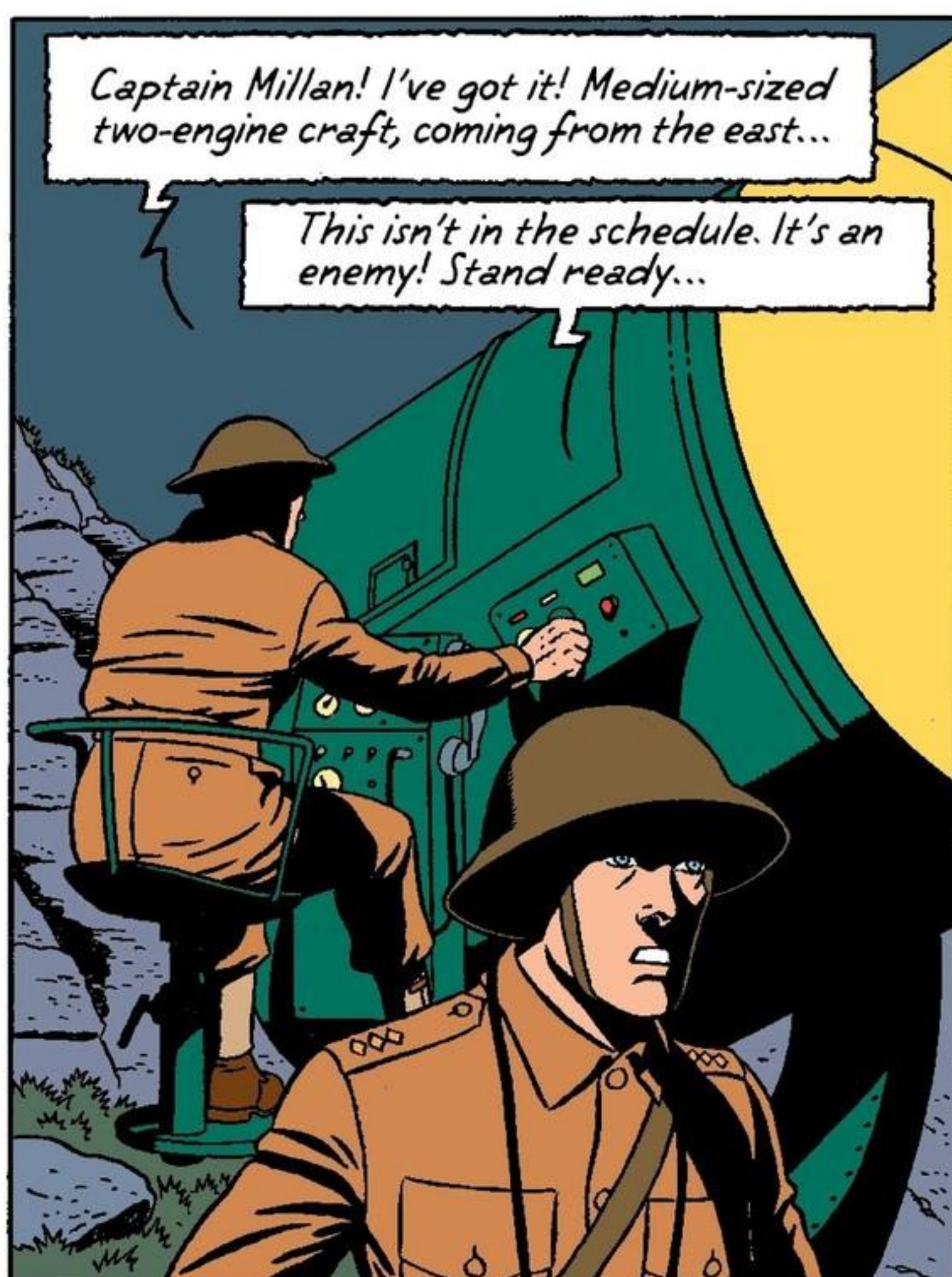
COMMANDING BATTERY C IS A YOUNG AND NERVOUS CAPTAIN MILLAN. AT THE LAST MINUTE HE'S JUST REPLACED LIEUTENANT JONES, WHO'S BEEN TAKEN ILL. NO ONE'S HAD THE TIME TO BRIEF HIM ABOUT THIS NIGHT'S UNUSUAL AIR TRAFFIC.



Quiet, you lot! D'you hear something? Like an engine noise drifting from the east...

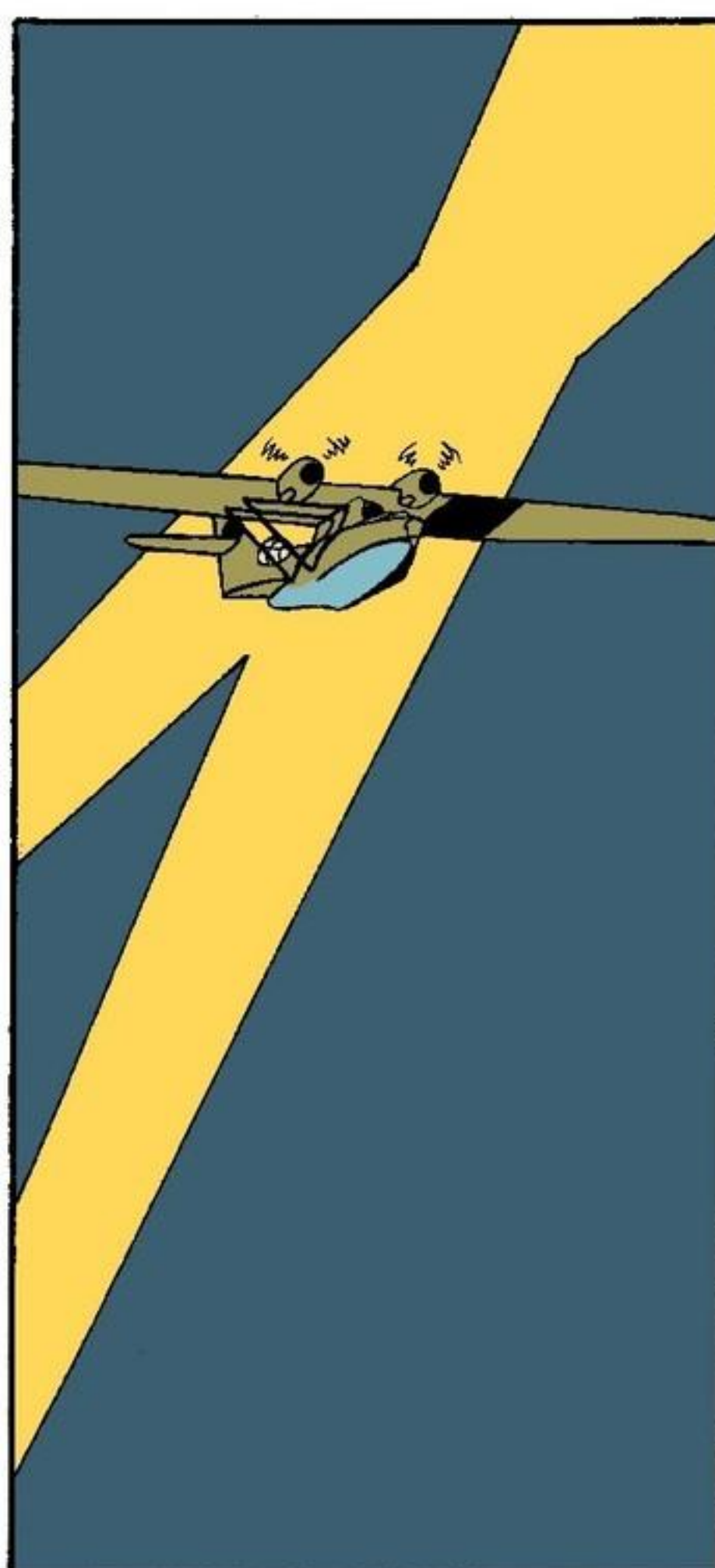


Blimey! The anti-aircraft defence is impressive. It's a good thing Major Benson's arrangements will allow us to pass without incident...



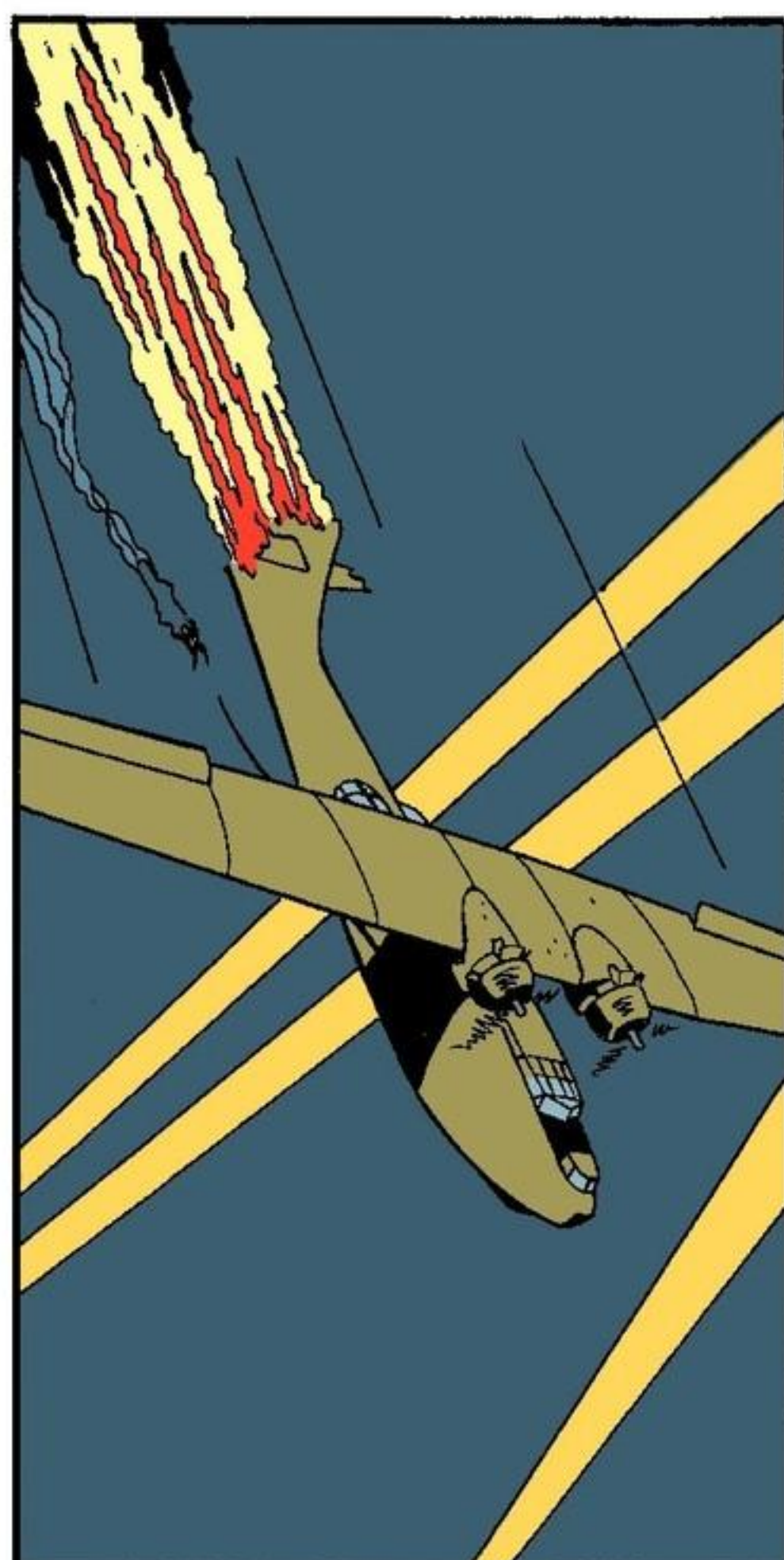
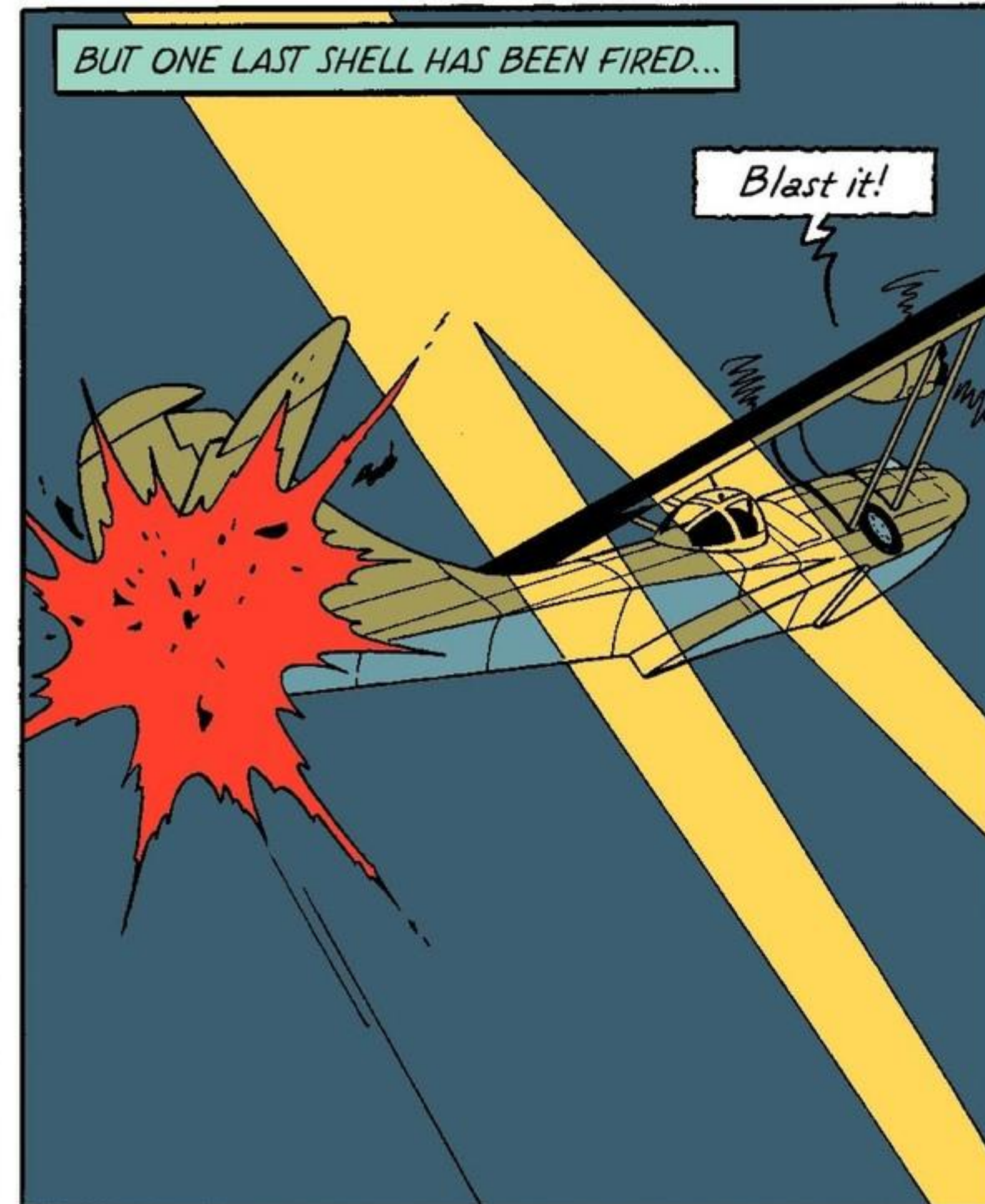
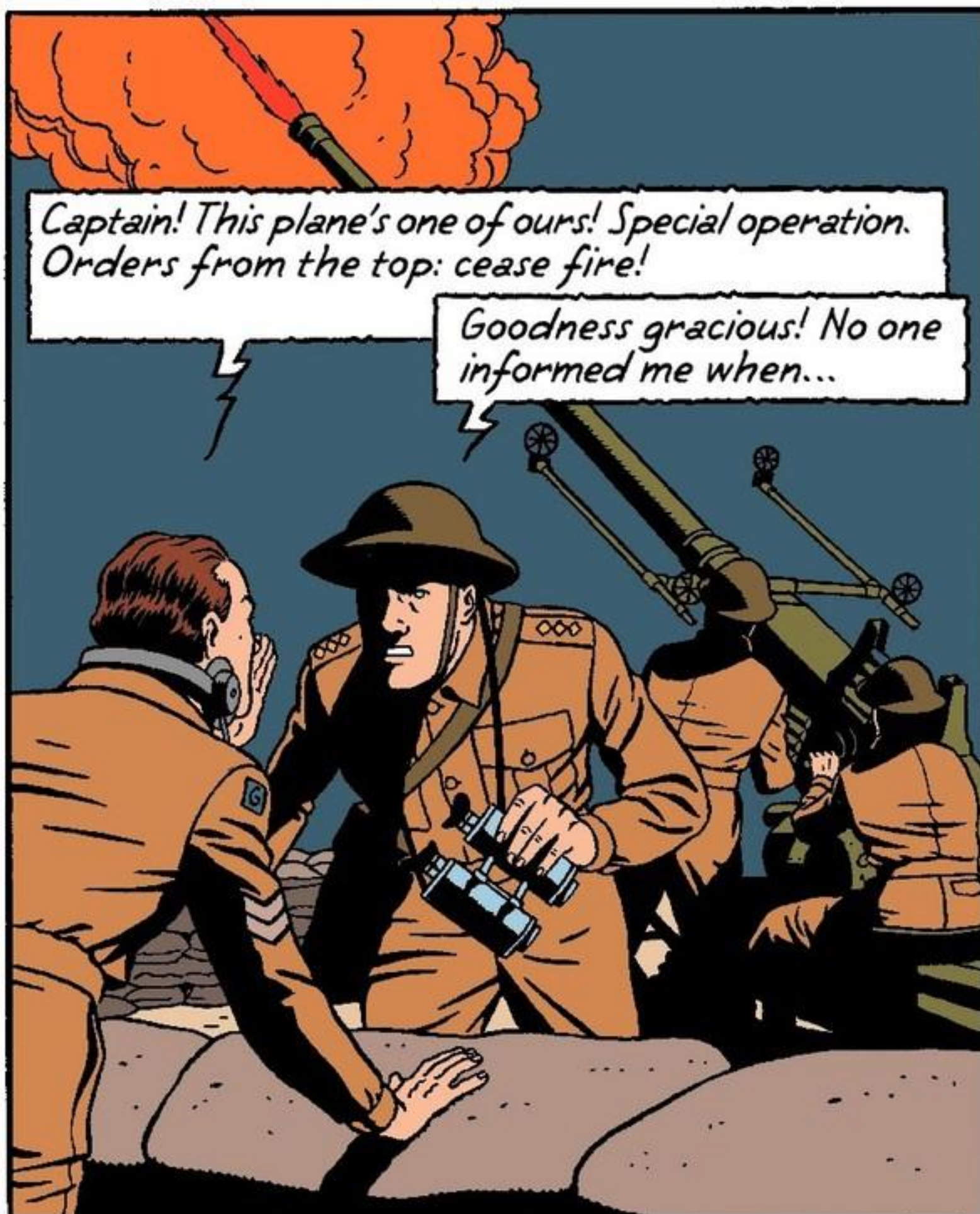
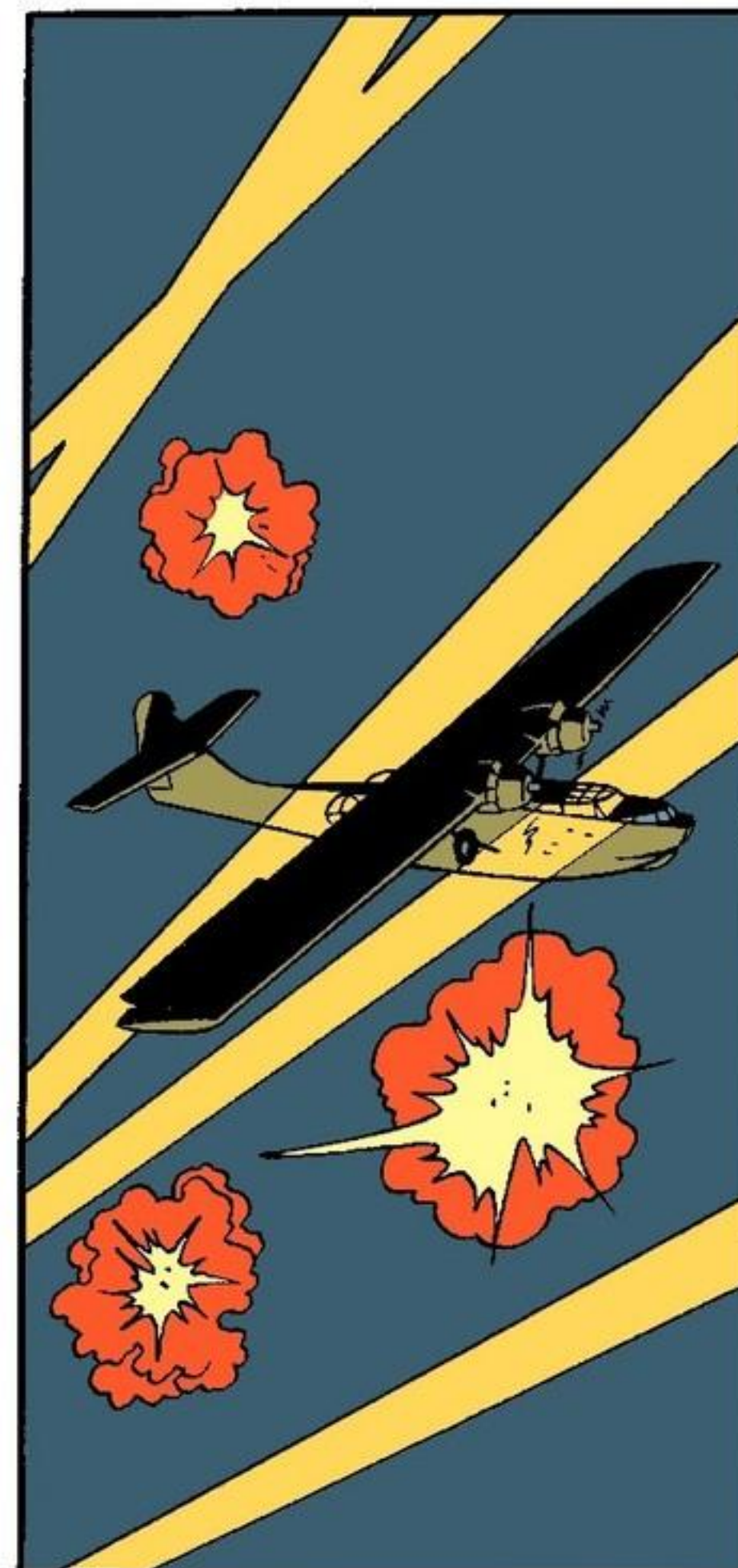
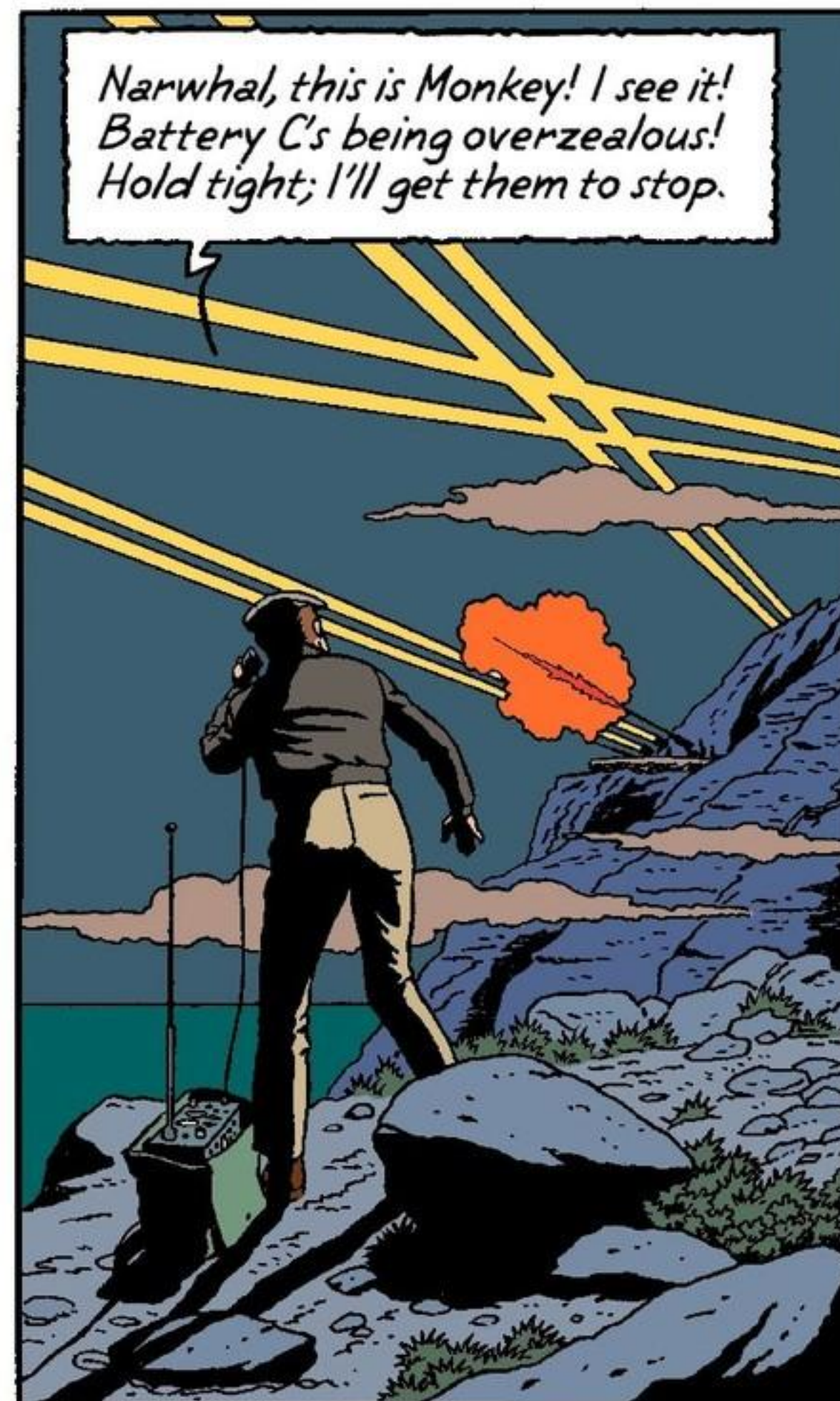
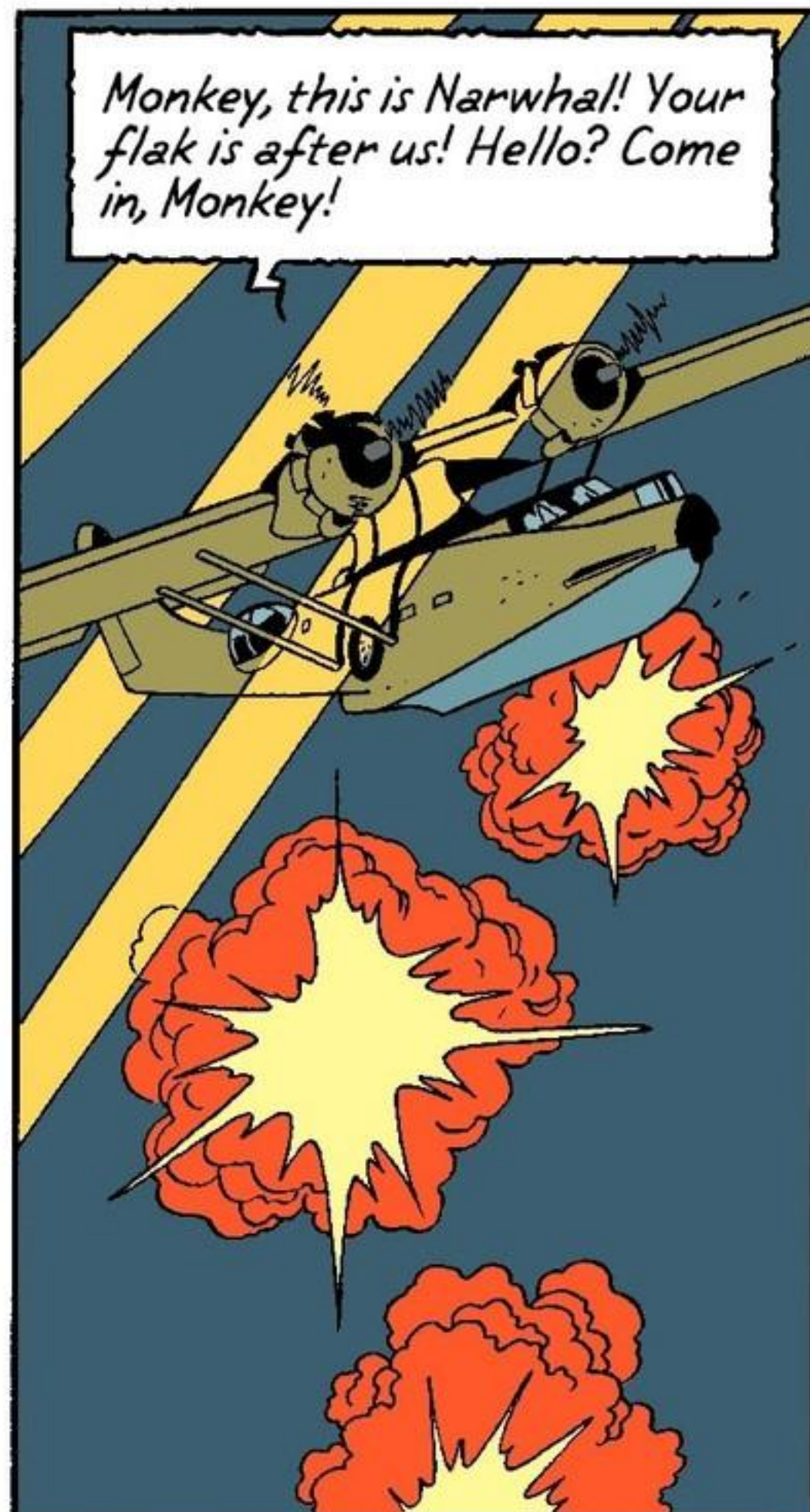
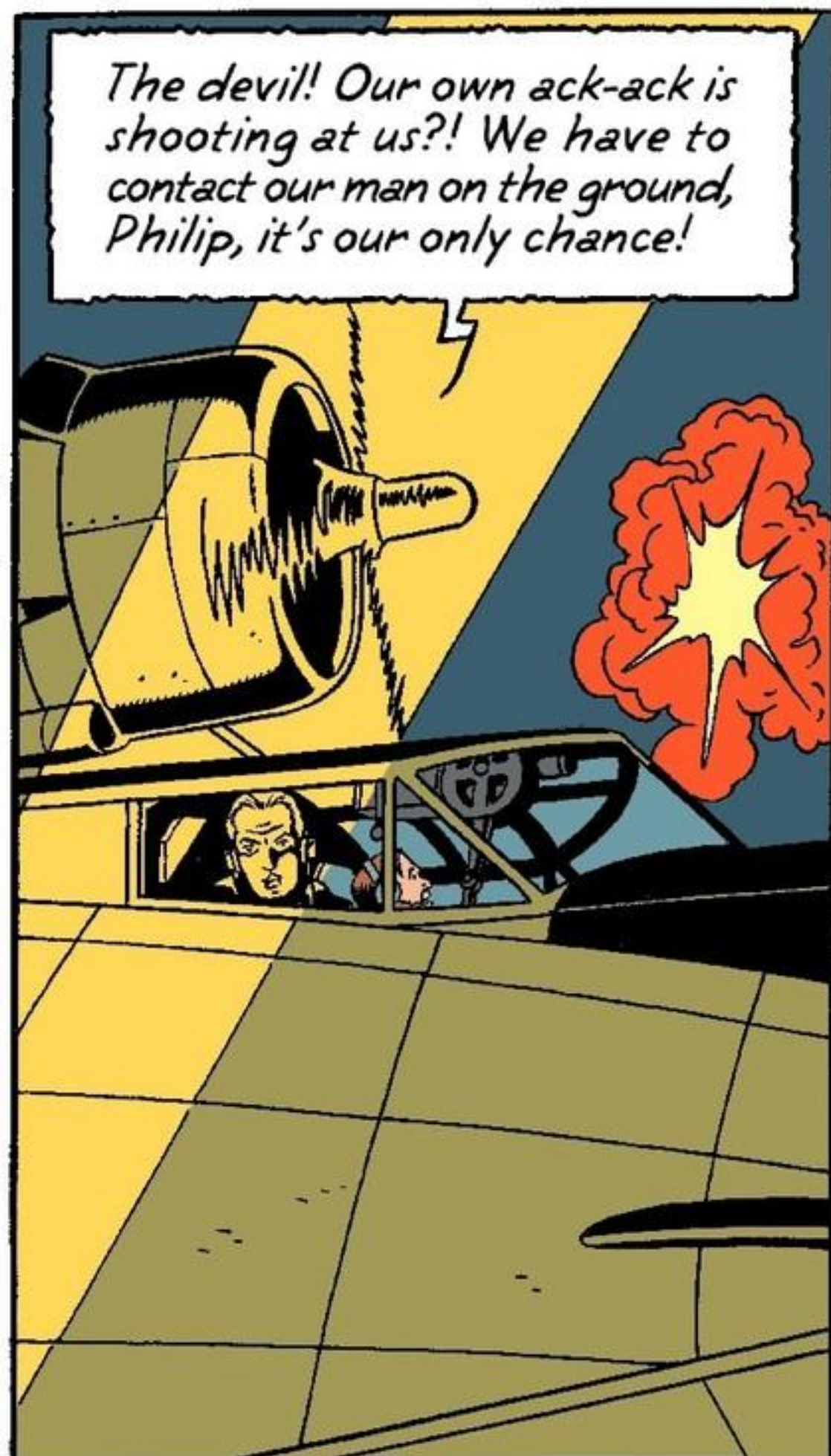
Captain Millan! I've got it! Medium-sized two-engine craft, coming from the east...

This isn't in the schedule. It's an enemy! Stand ready...



Fire!
Fire at will!





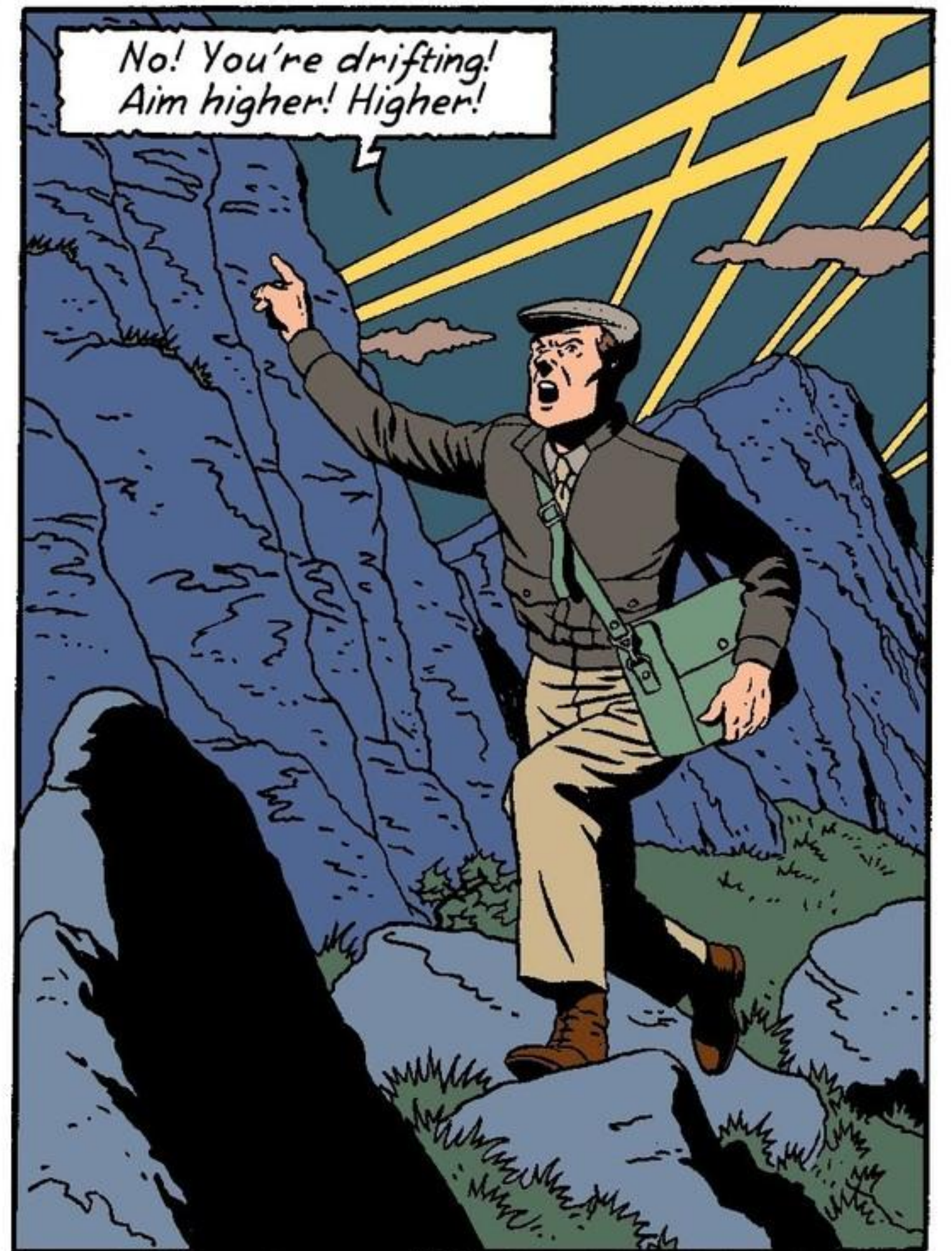


Thank God they managed to bail out in time!

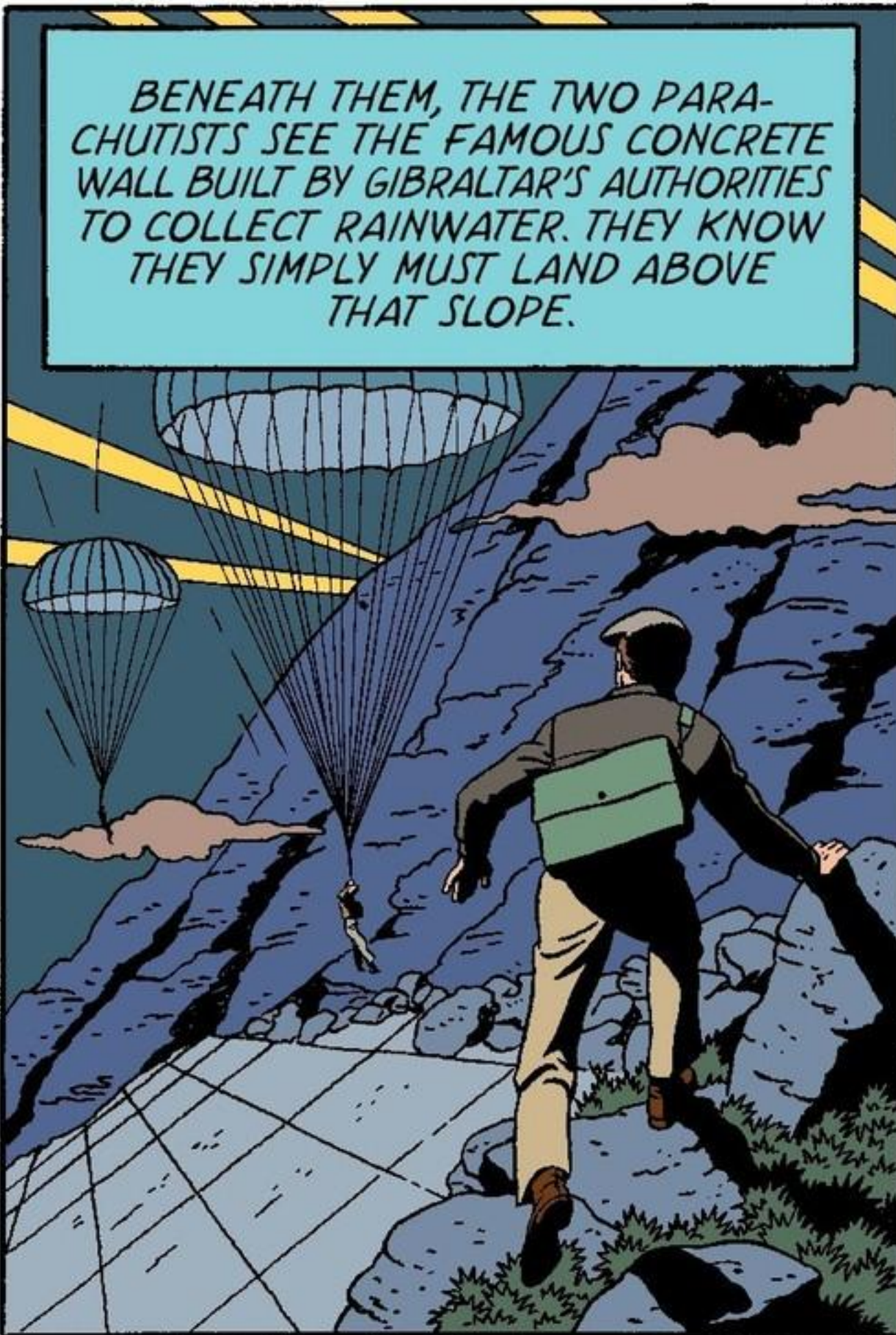


Hello, Philip! All's well?

All's well! See you on the ground!



No! You're drifting! Aim higher! Higher!



BENEATH THEM, THE TWO PARACHUTISTS SEE THE FAMOUS CONCRETE WALL BUILT BY GIBRALTAR'S AUTHORITIES TO COLLECT RAINWATER. THEY KNOW THEY SIMPLY MUST LAND ABOVE THAT SLOPE.



FAILURE TO DO SO WOULD MEAN A VERTIGINOUS – AND LETHAL – SLIDE.



FOR PROFESSOR MORTIMER THE DANGER IS AVOIDED...

Ow!

...EVEN IF THE LANDING IS ROUGH.



THE WINDS, HOWEVER, HAVE BEEN LESS KIND TO SQUADRON LEADER BLAKE...

By Saint George! He's too far from the...



Heavens!



AS BLAKE ALREADY CONTEMPLATES HIS DEATH, HIS PARACHUTE SNAGS ONTO A BOULDER...



...TEMPORARILY HALTING HIS FATAL FALL.

Hold on, Francis! I'm coming!



EEK!

?!



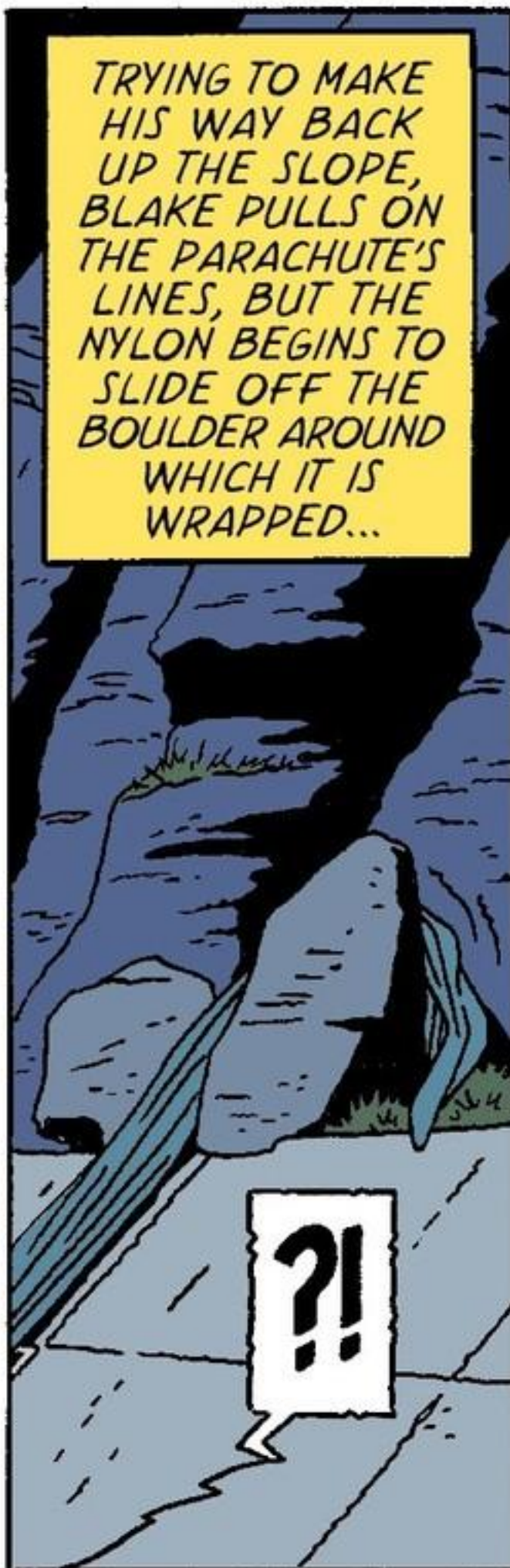
BLUCK!



Aaah!! Back, you...!

EEK!

What...?! Philip! What's going on?



TRYING TO MAKE HIS WAY BACK UP THE SLOPE, BLAKE PULLS ON THE PARACHUTE'S LINES, BUT THE NYLON BEGINS TO SLIDE OFF THE BOULDER AROUND WHICH IT IS WRAPPED...

?!



BANG! BANG! BANG!

Philip?!...

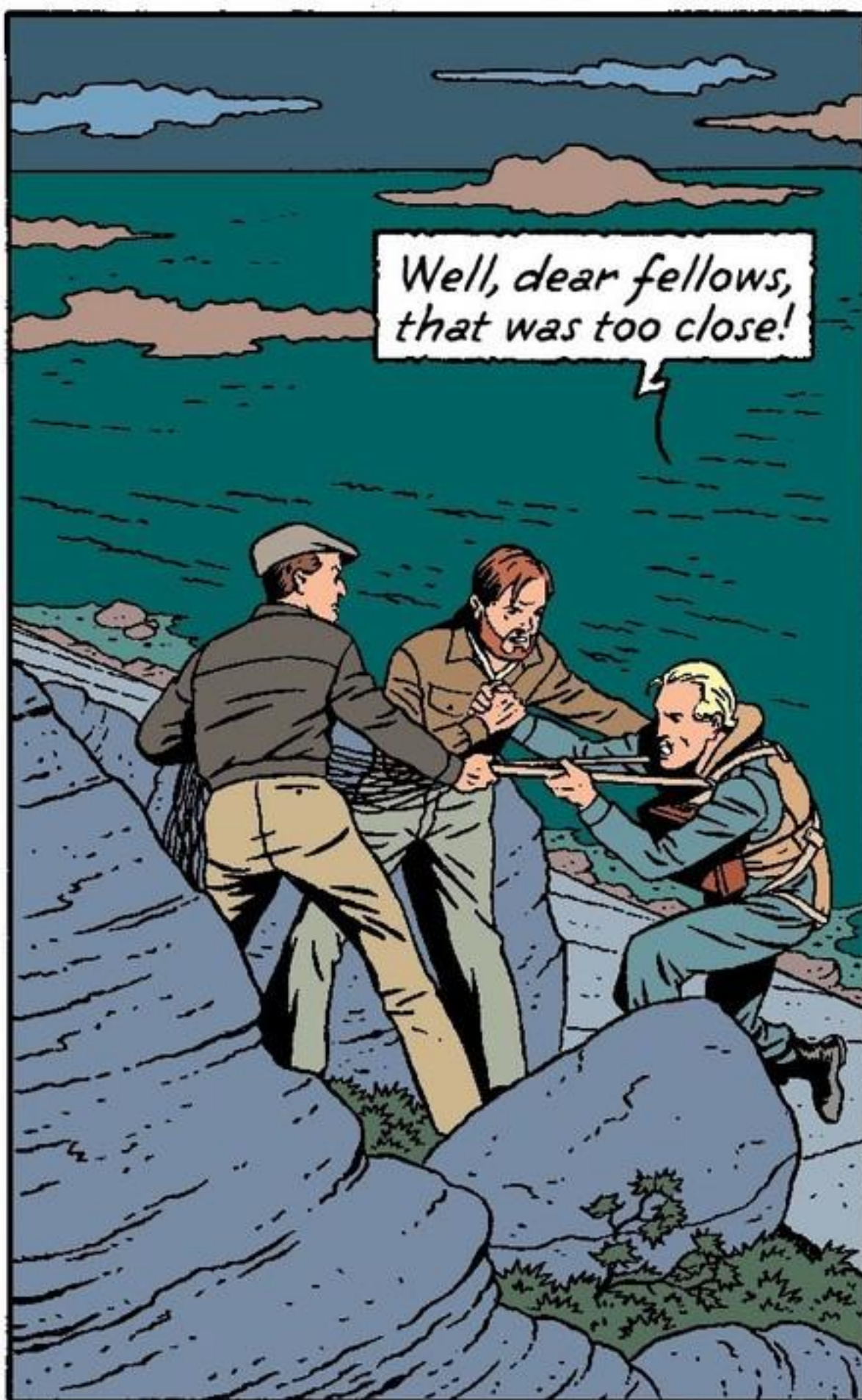


Professor Mortimer, I presume? I'm 'Monkey'... Although I hope I don't have anything in common with those blasted animals - they infest this...

Thank you, but... Heavens, look! Francis's parachute is going! He'll... Quick!...



THE PARACHUTE HAS ALMOST ENTIRELY WORKED ITSELF FREE WHEN MORTIMER MANAGES TO GRAB THE SKIRT.



Well, dear fellows, that was too close!



Follow closely and quietly. Watch the small rocks that cover the path. One stumble on this ridge and it's death.



You can leave your equipment here. Keep your head down. Most of these natural galleries have been widened and made usable by our engineers, but...



...most of them must have been rather short!



Careful on the stairs! The steps are only roughly carved, and we have to go down several hundreds of them.

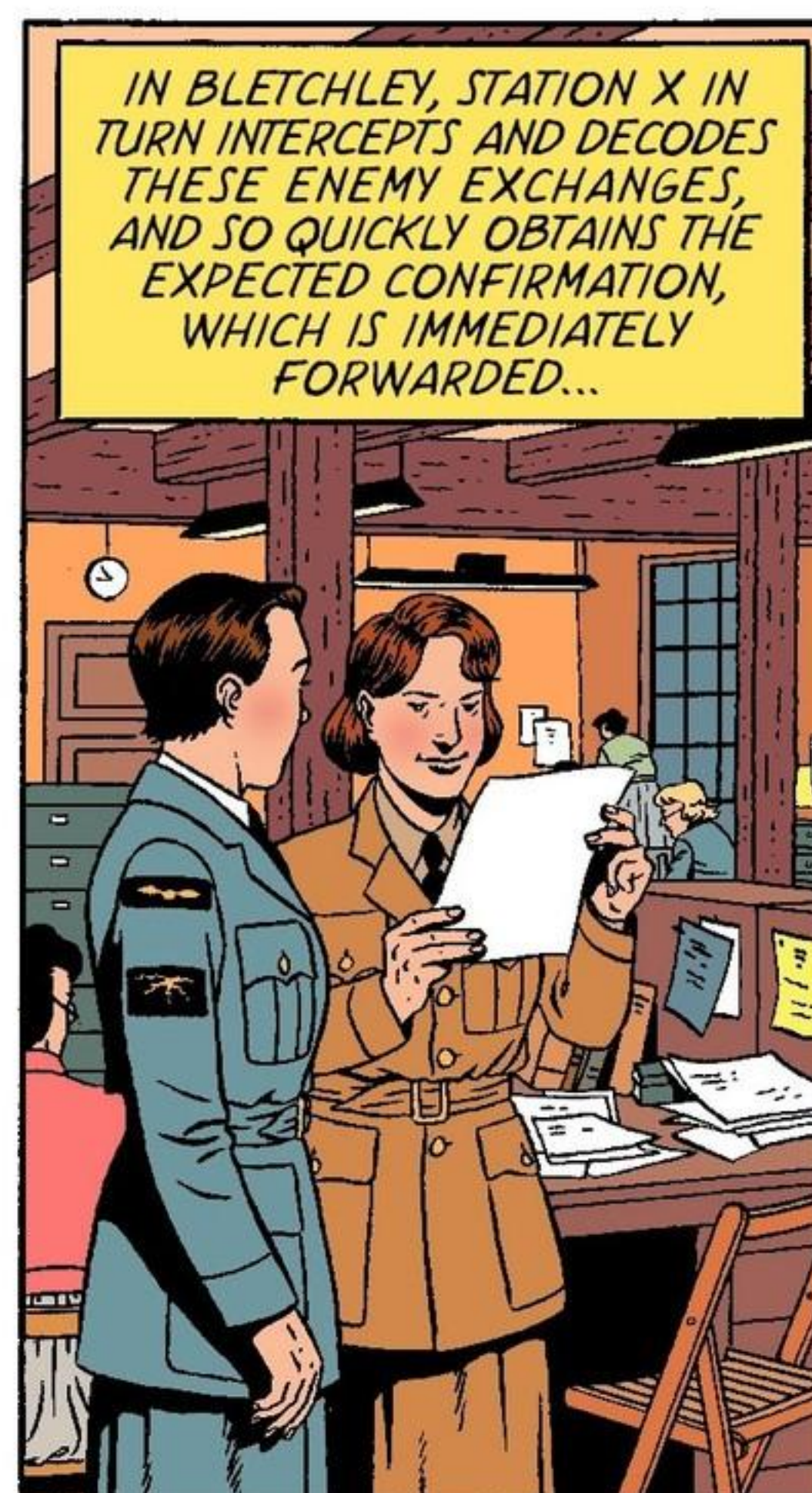
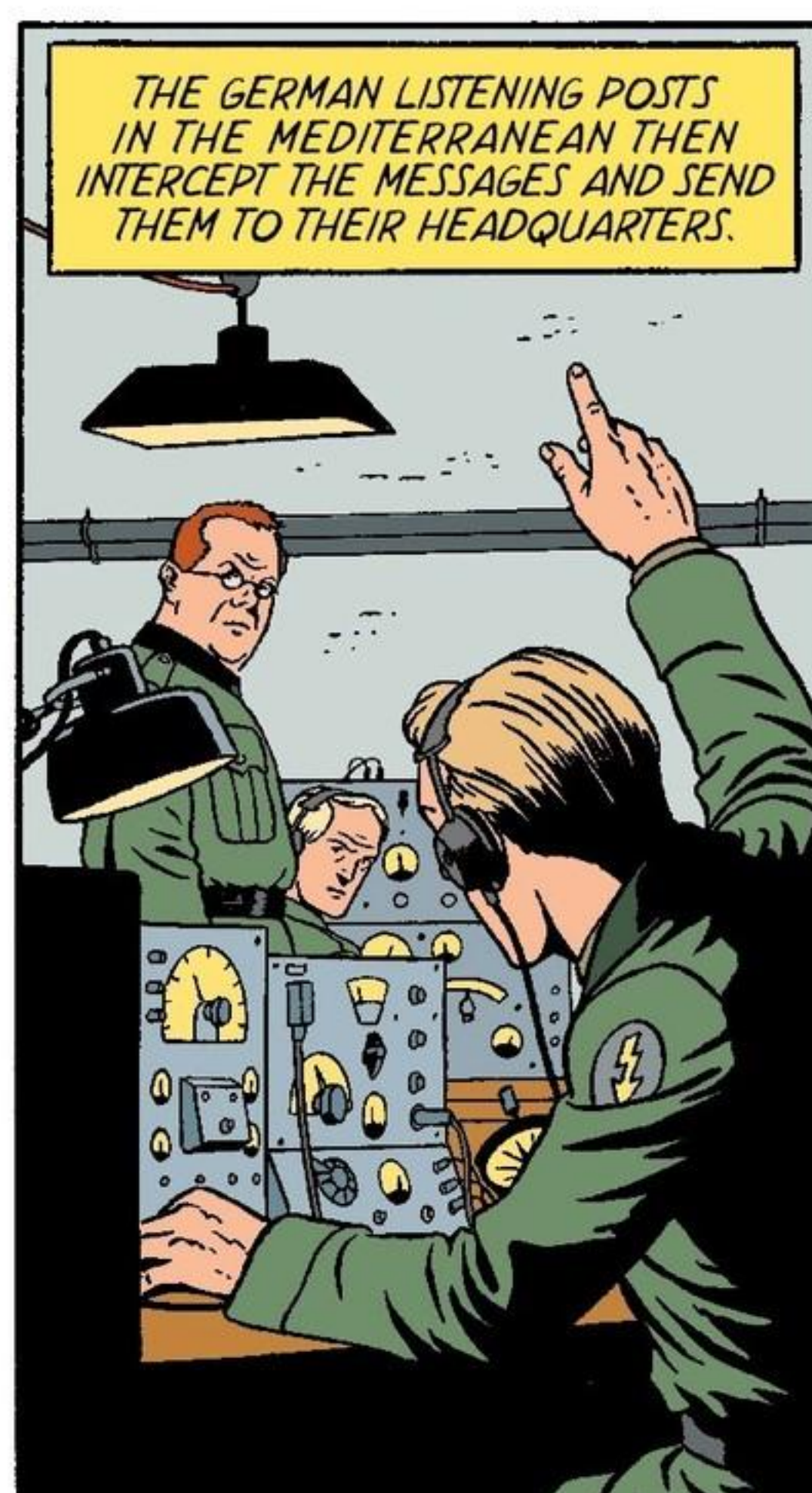
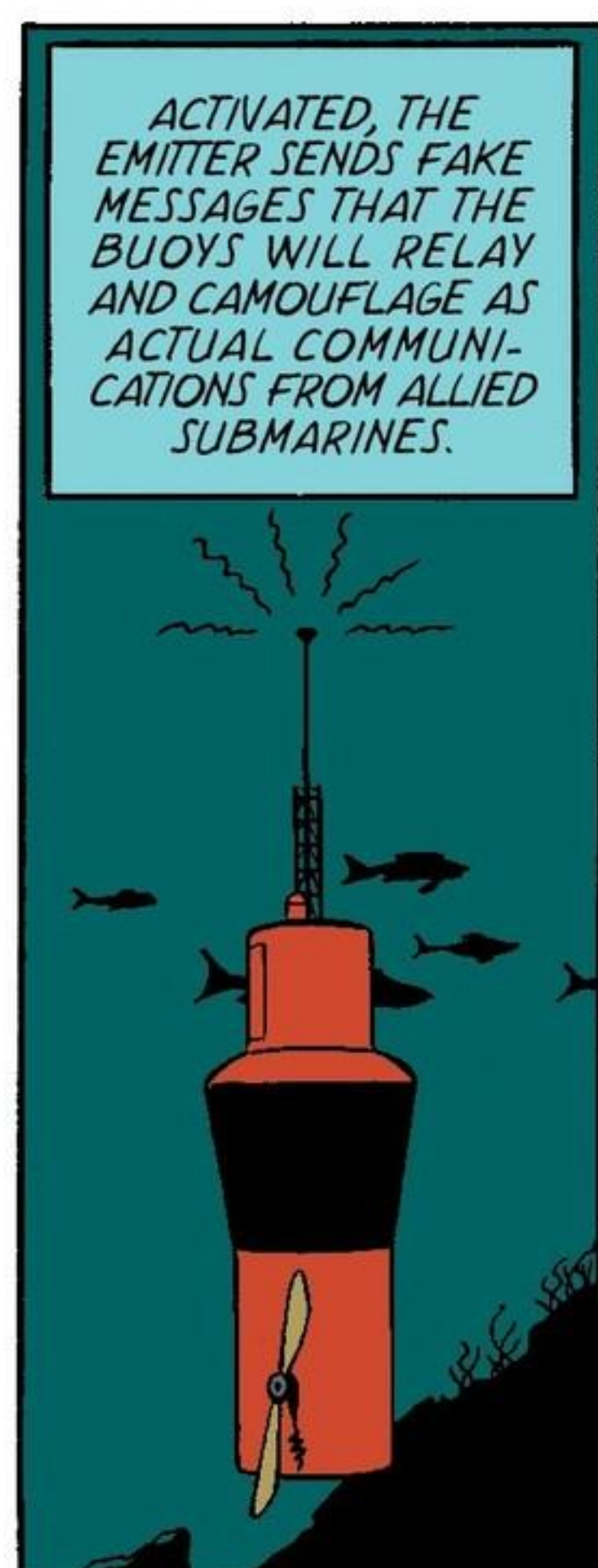
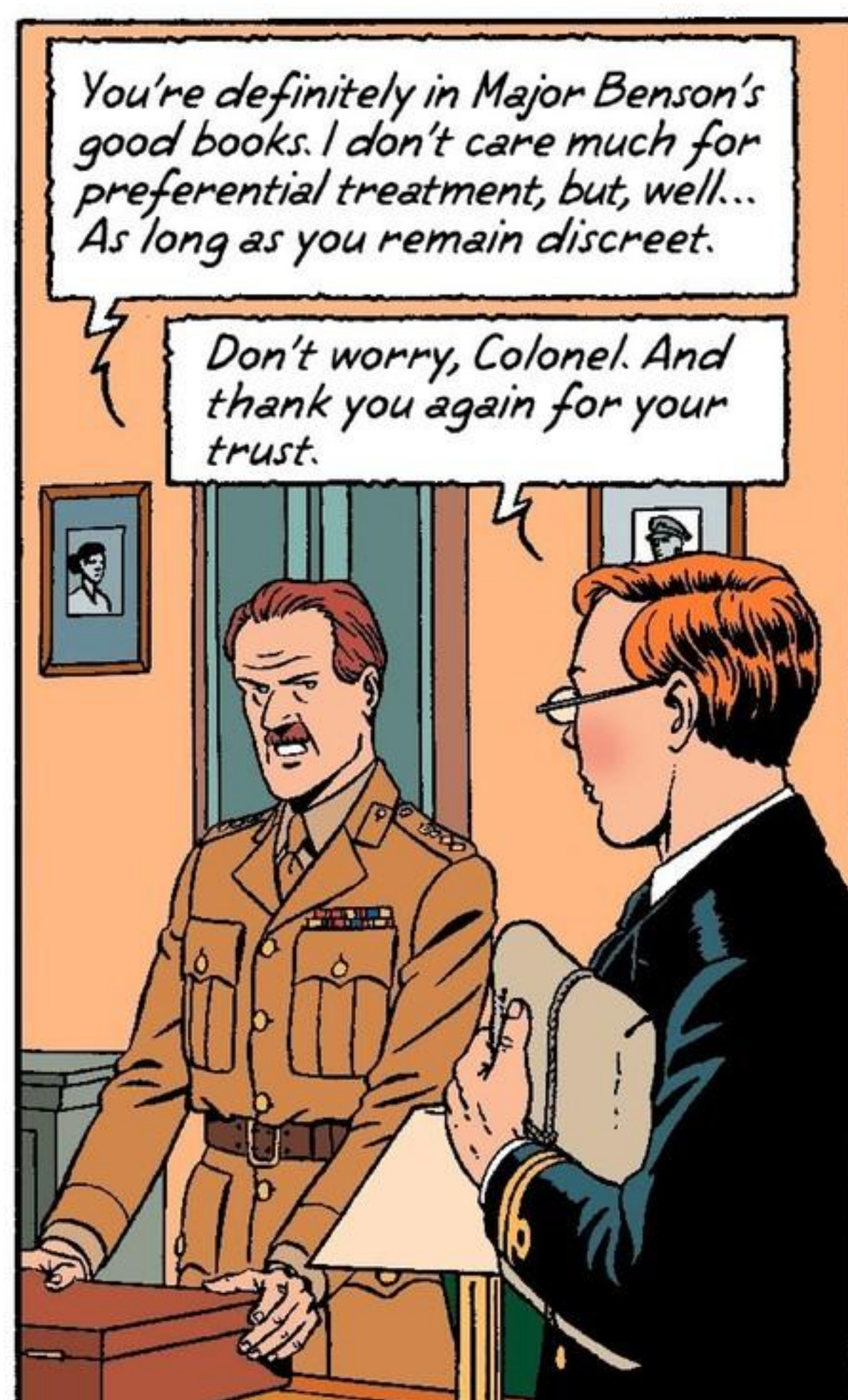


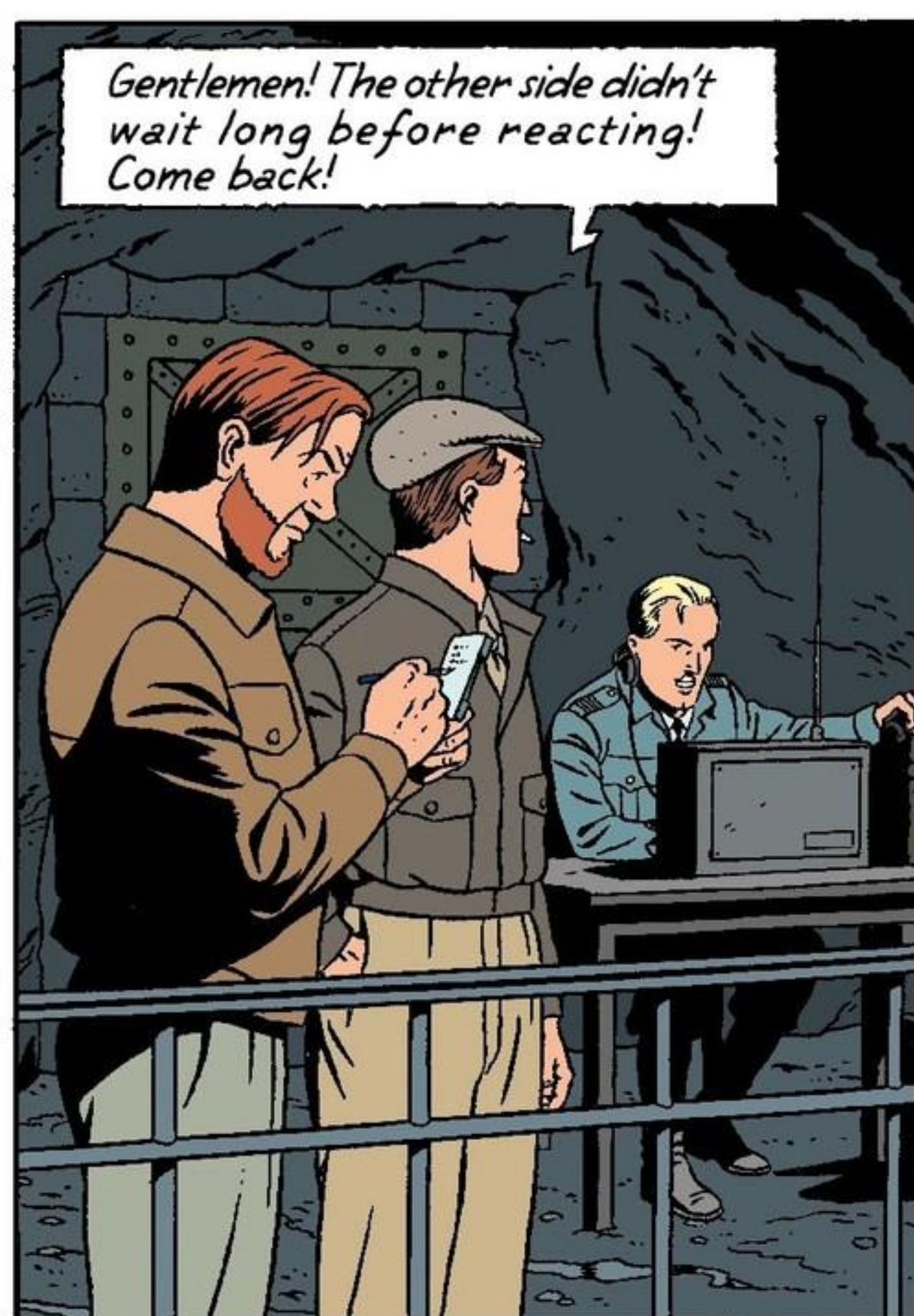
Here we are.



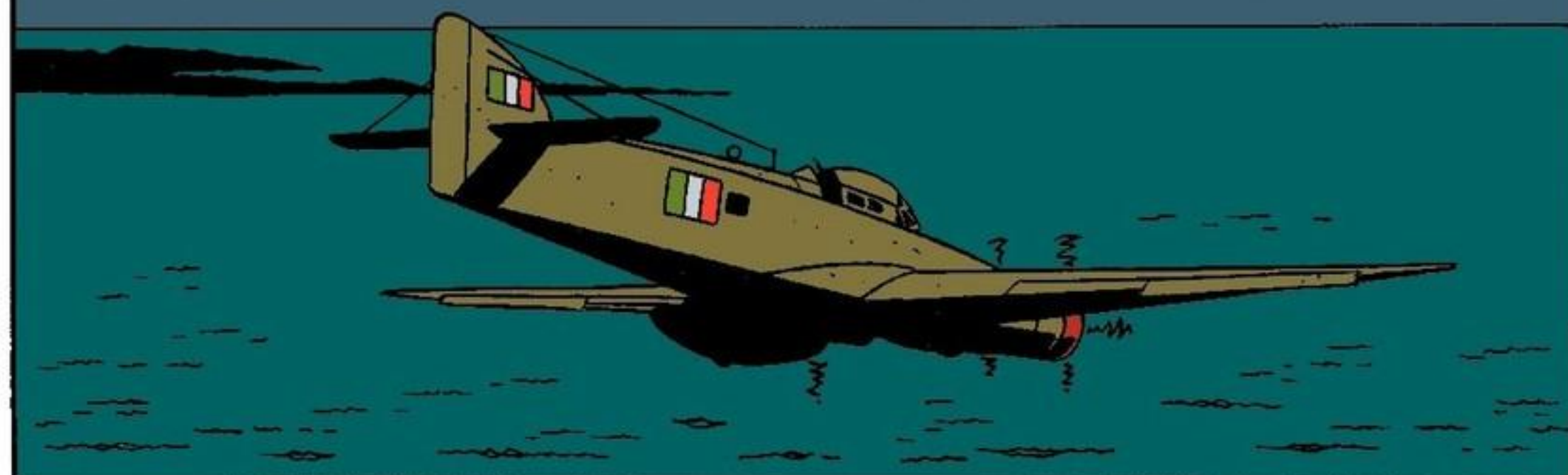
Picking them up wasn't easy, Colonel, but here are Squadron Leader Blake and Professor Mortimer, safe and sound!

Thank you, Dutton. Gentlemen, welcome to Gibraltar!





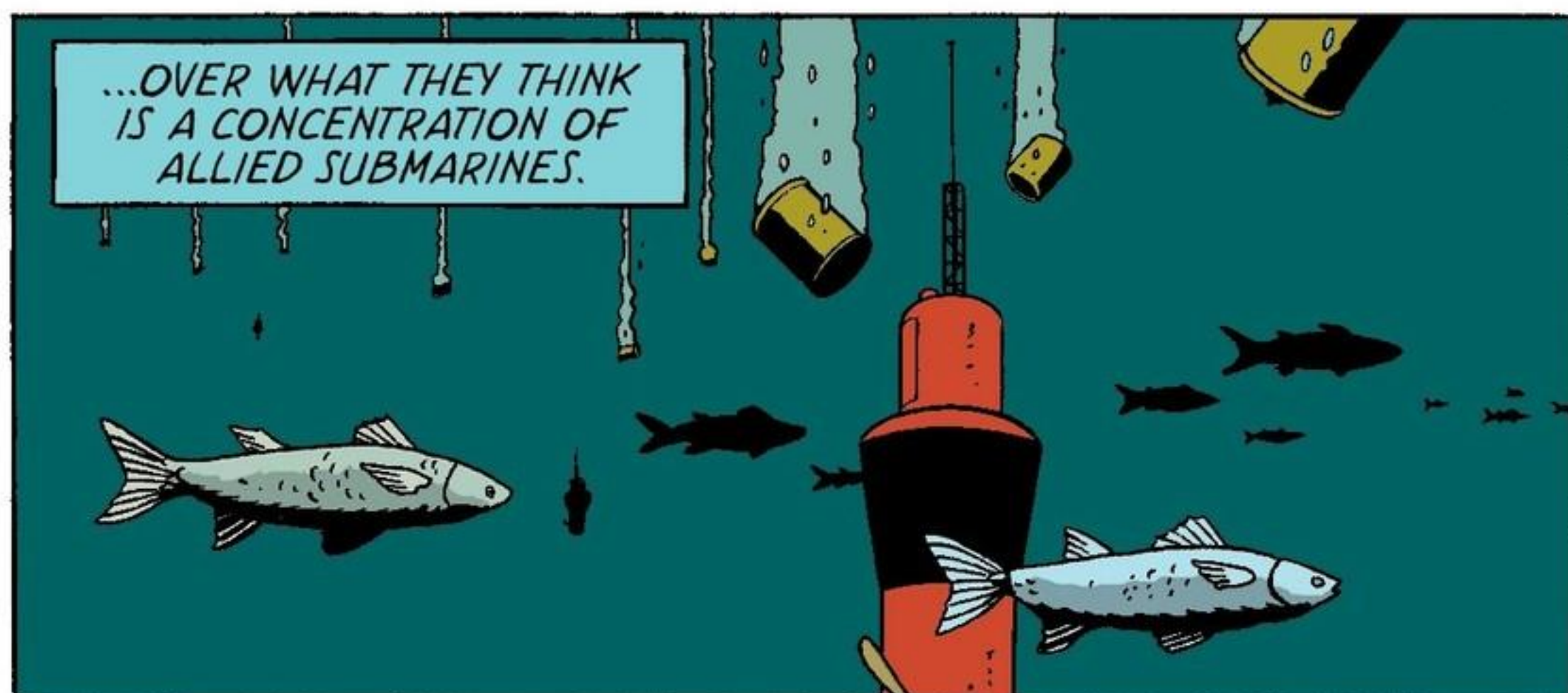
HAVING REACHED THEIR ATTACK ZONE, THE ITALIAN BOMBERS DIVE TOWARDS THE CALM WATERS OF THE STRAIT OF GIBRALTAR...



...TO DROP THEIR 2,700 POUNDS OF BOMBS...



...OVER WHAT THEY THINK IS A CONCENTRATION OF ALLIED SUBMARINES.



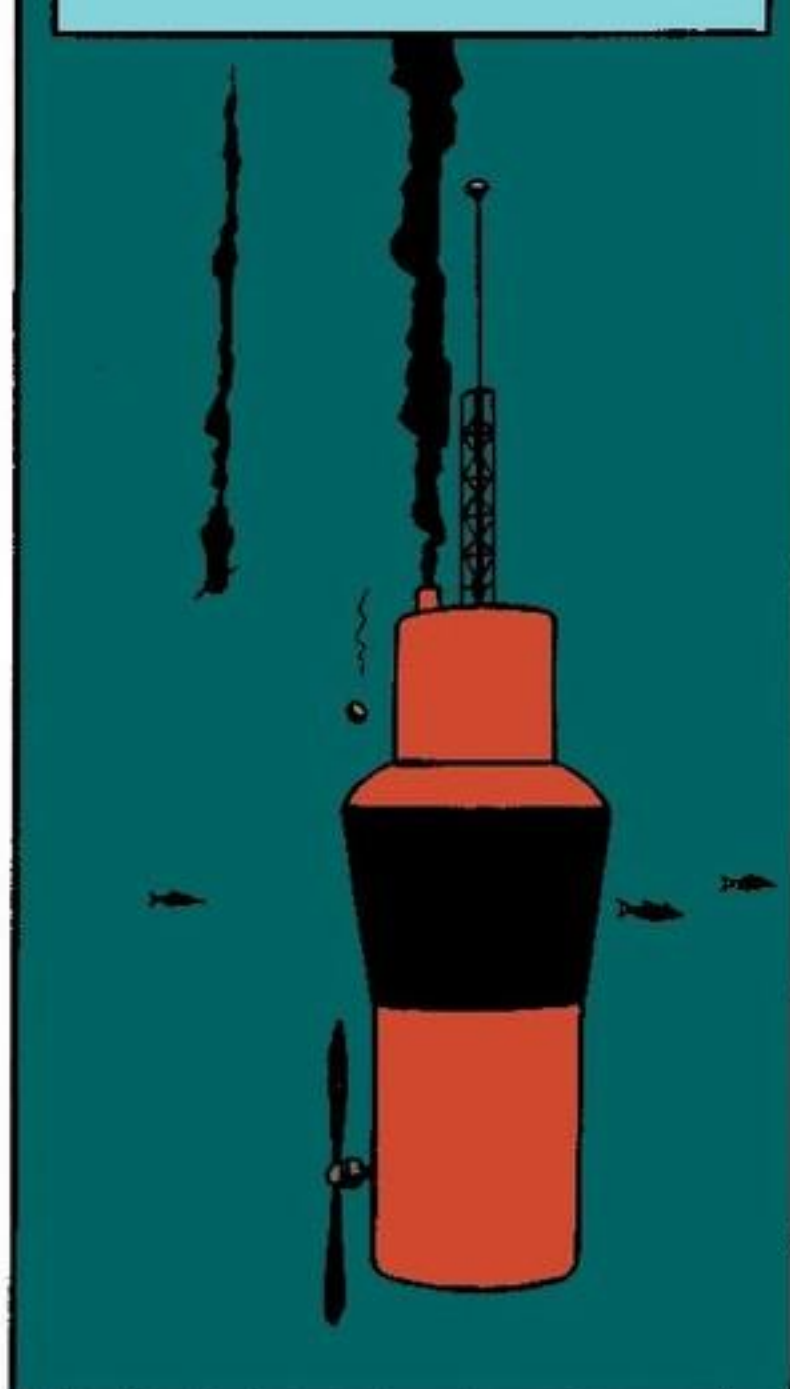
The bombing has started. That was fast!...

It's up to you, Philip. Now's the time to use your ace in the hole.

God be with us!

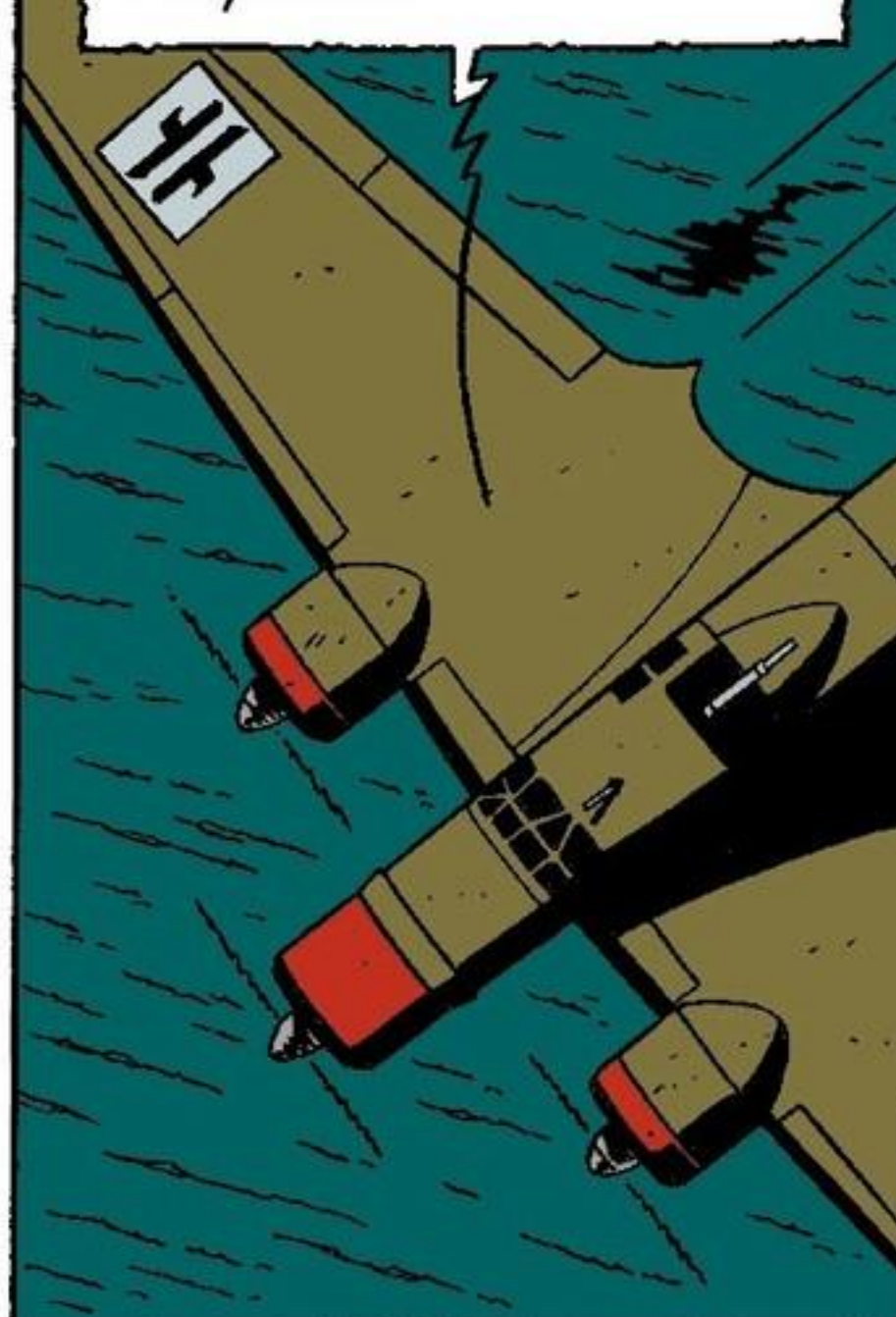


IMMEDIATELY, THOSE BUOYS SELECTED BY THE PROFESSOR FOR THEIR PROXIMITY TO THE BOMBS' IMPACT POINT RELEASE A SPECIAL DYE...



...WHICH RISES TO THE SURFACE AND IS SOON SPOTTED BY THE PILOT OF A SAVOIA-MARCHETTI.

Oil slick on the surface. A submarine's been hit! I repeat...



THE ITALIAN PILOT'S MESSAGE IS QUICKLY INTERCEPTED BY ALLIED LISTENING POSTS, FORWARDED AND THEN DECODED IN BLETCHLEY PARK, AND FINALLY SENT TO LONDON. FROM THE WAR ROOMS, LIEUTENANT CLARKE CONFIRMS THE NEWS TO SERGEANT DUTTON.

It's a complete success! The Italians are convinced that they hit an actual submarine!



This validates the existence of our buoys. They need to continue moving and exchanging messages ... and our enemies will be thoroughly convinced that something important is afoot in the Mediterranean.



Something wrong, Philip?



Very wrong indeed. I think I've deciphered the code for the signals on the cliff. It's a simple version of a code called the Polybius square.

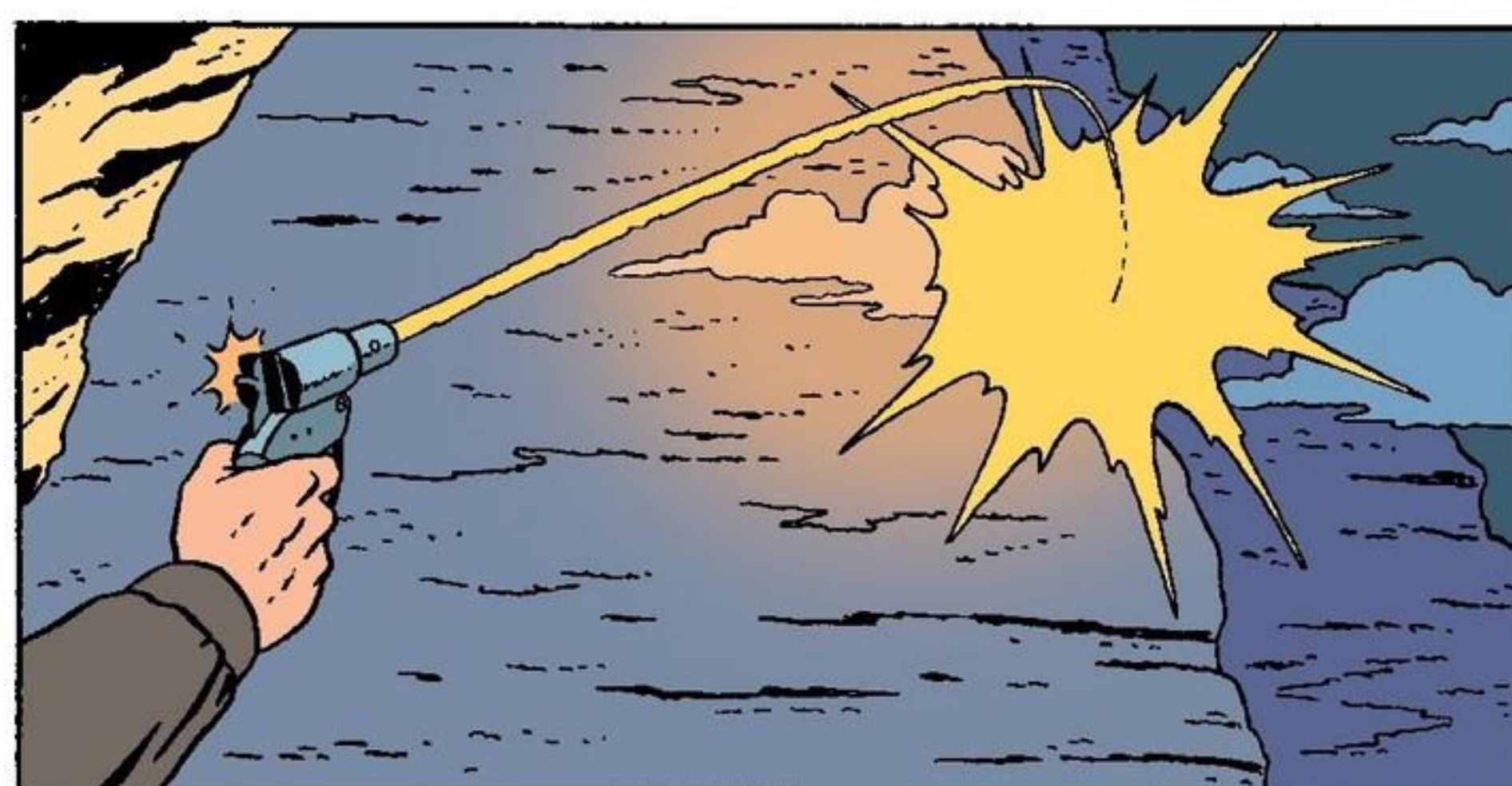
And ... what do they say?

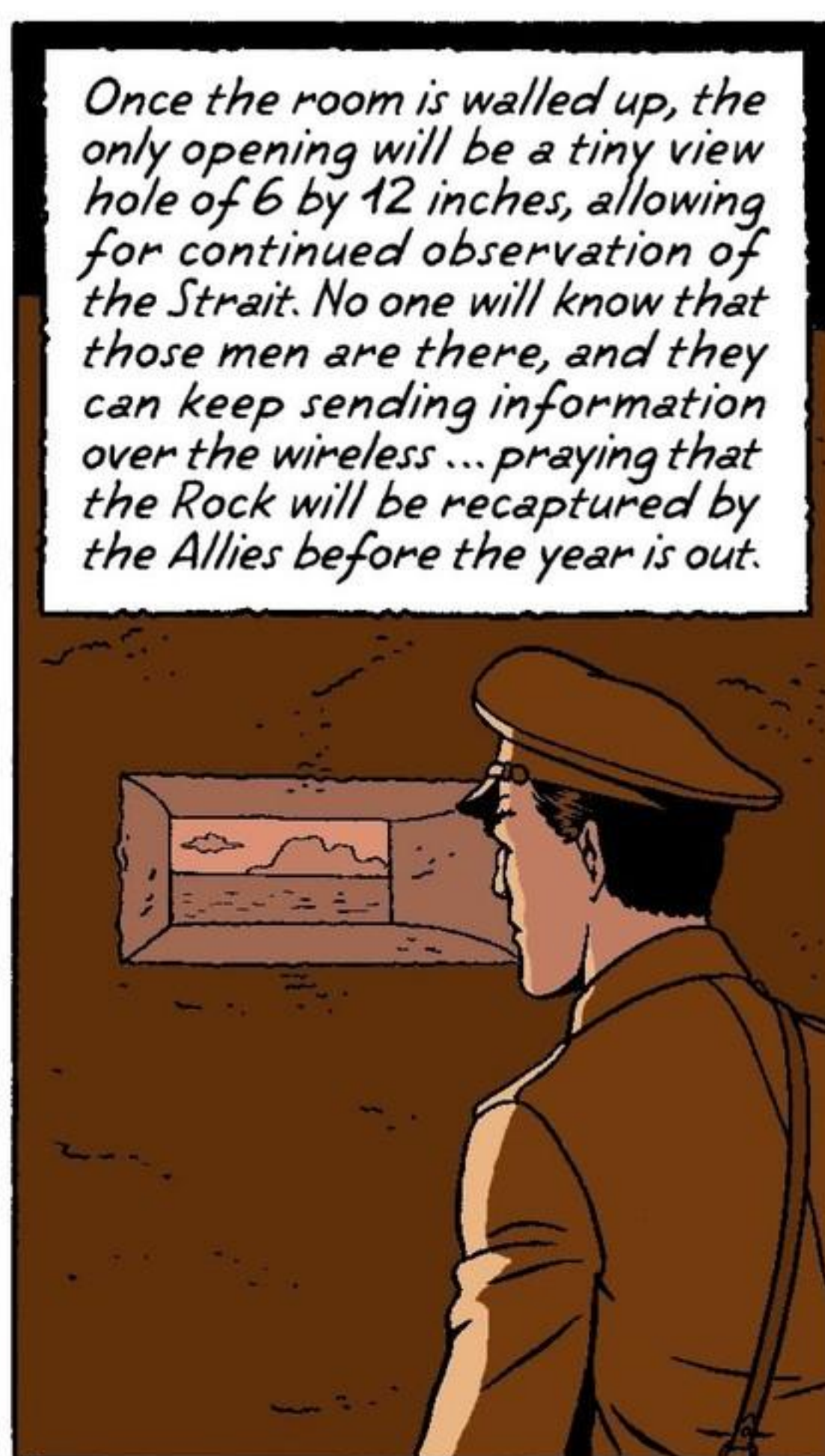
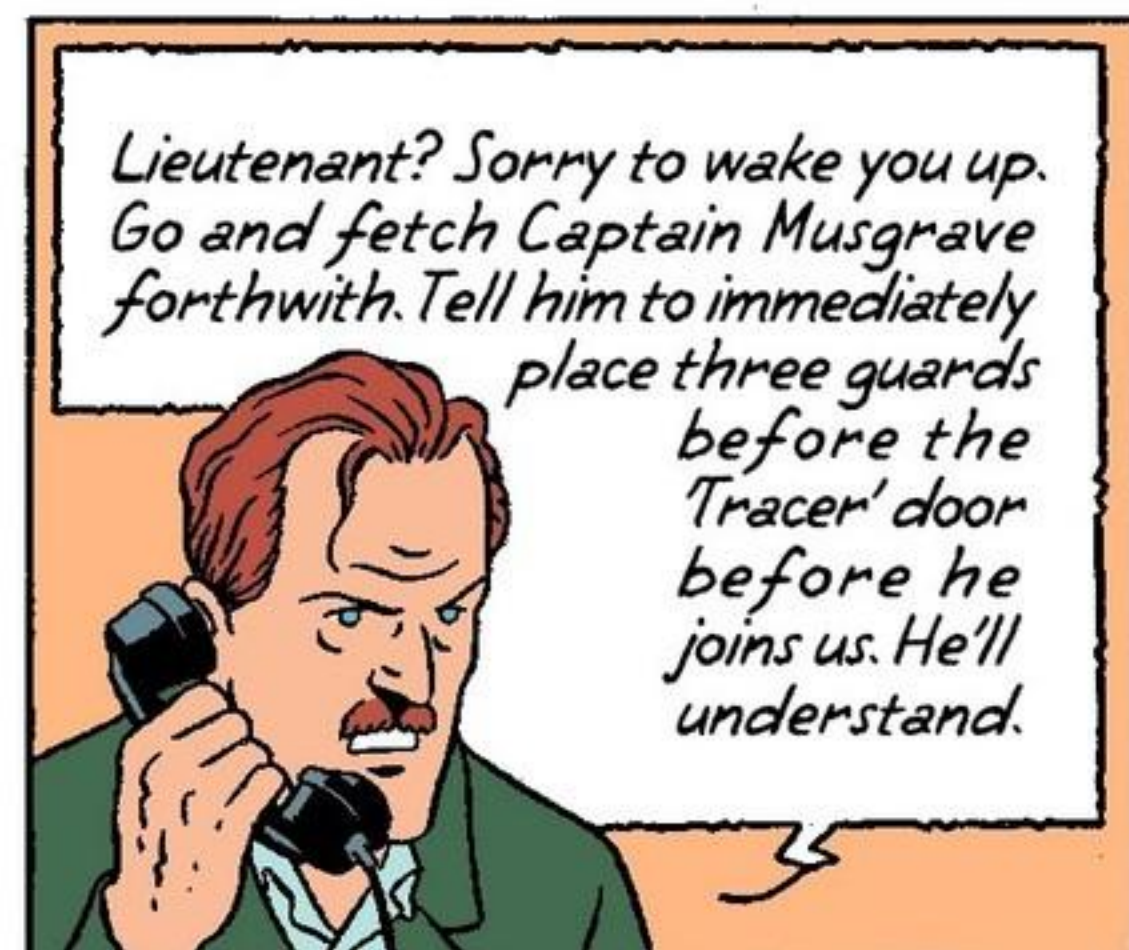
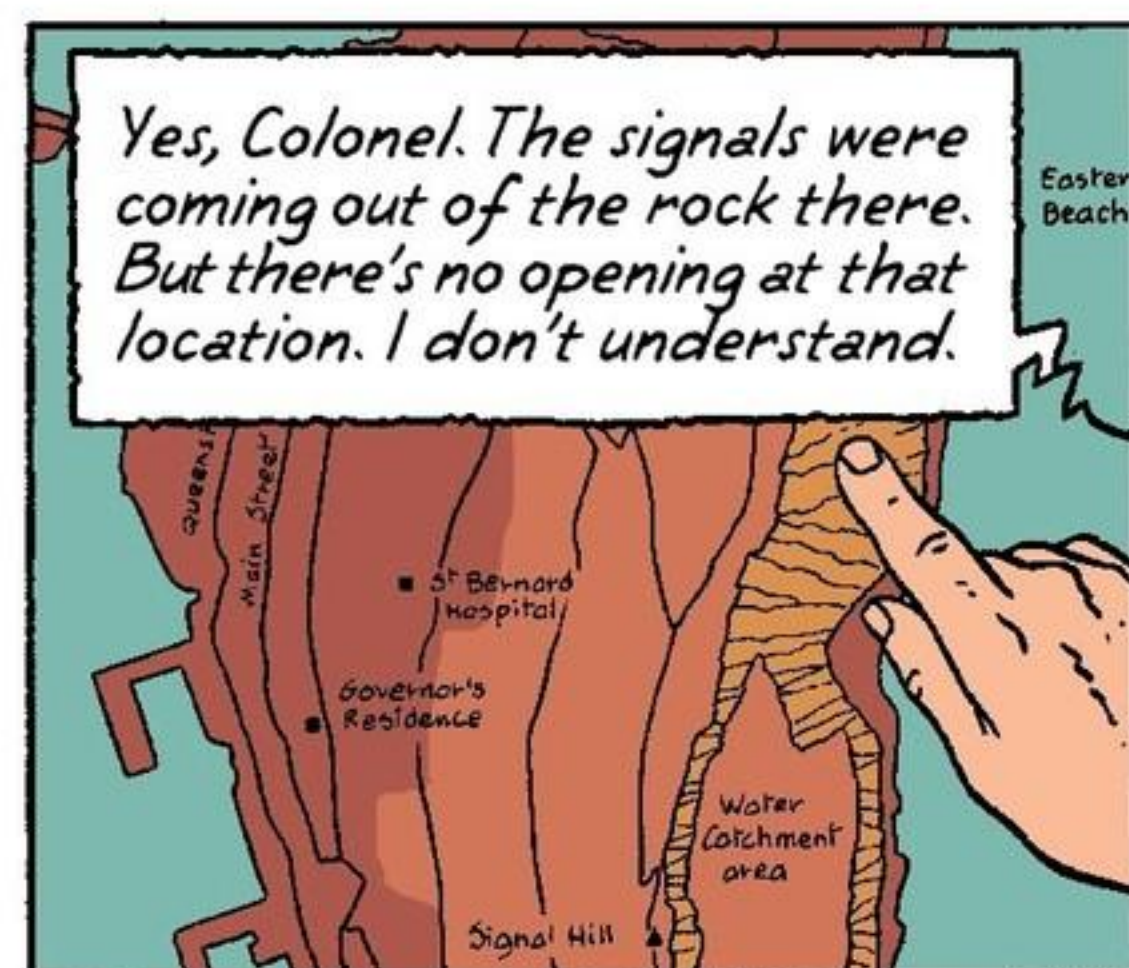
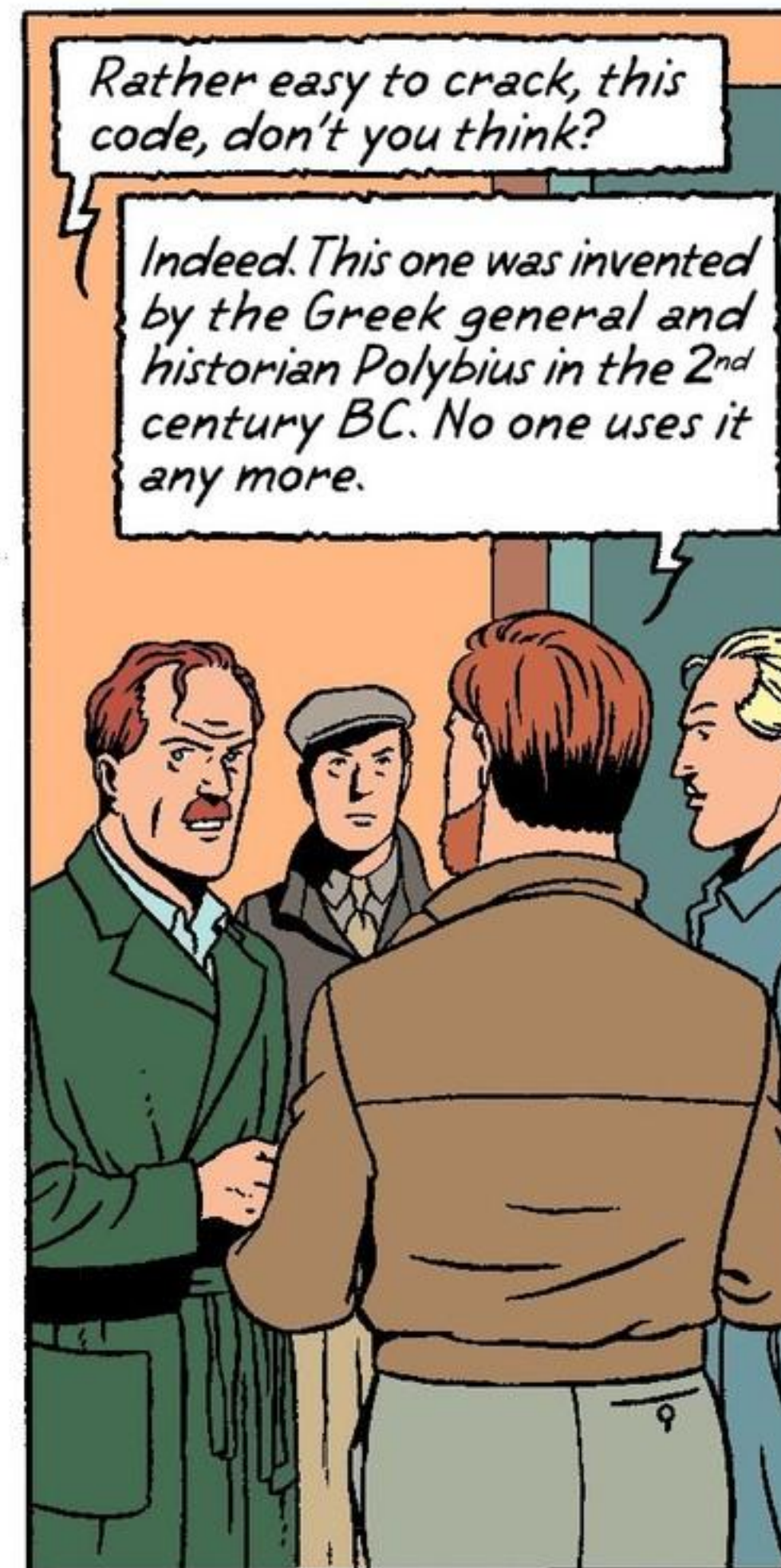
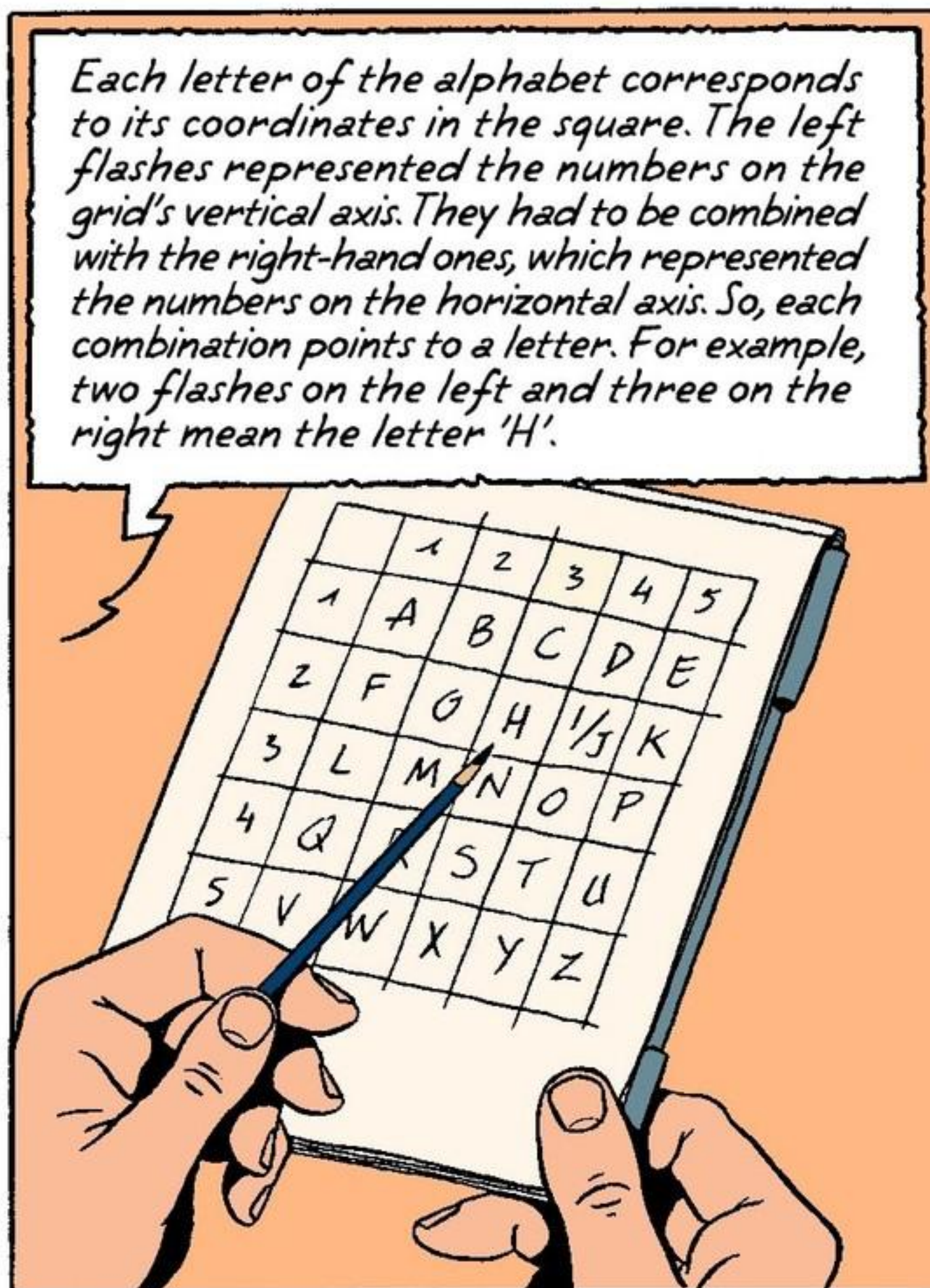


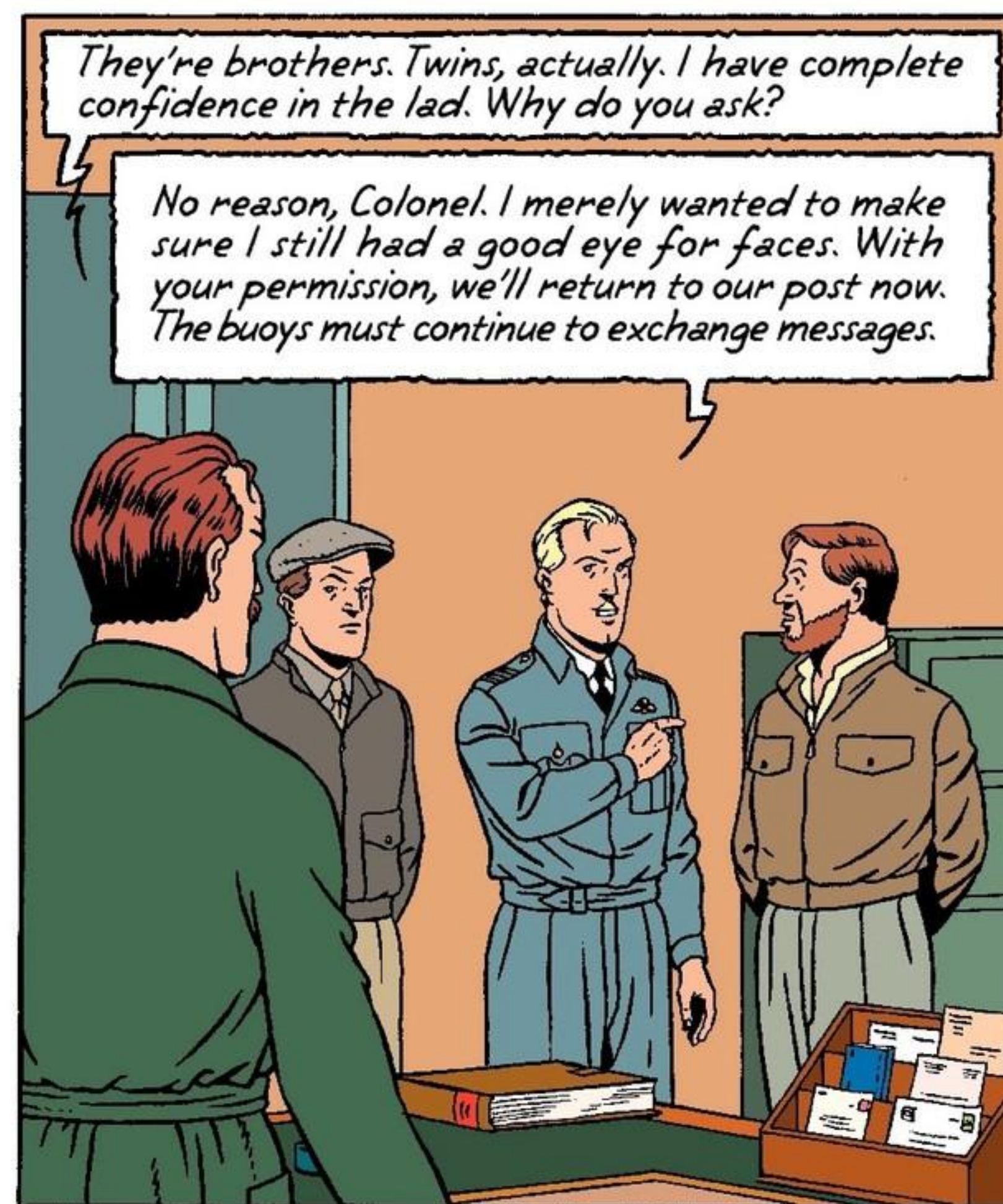
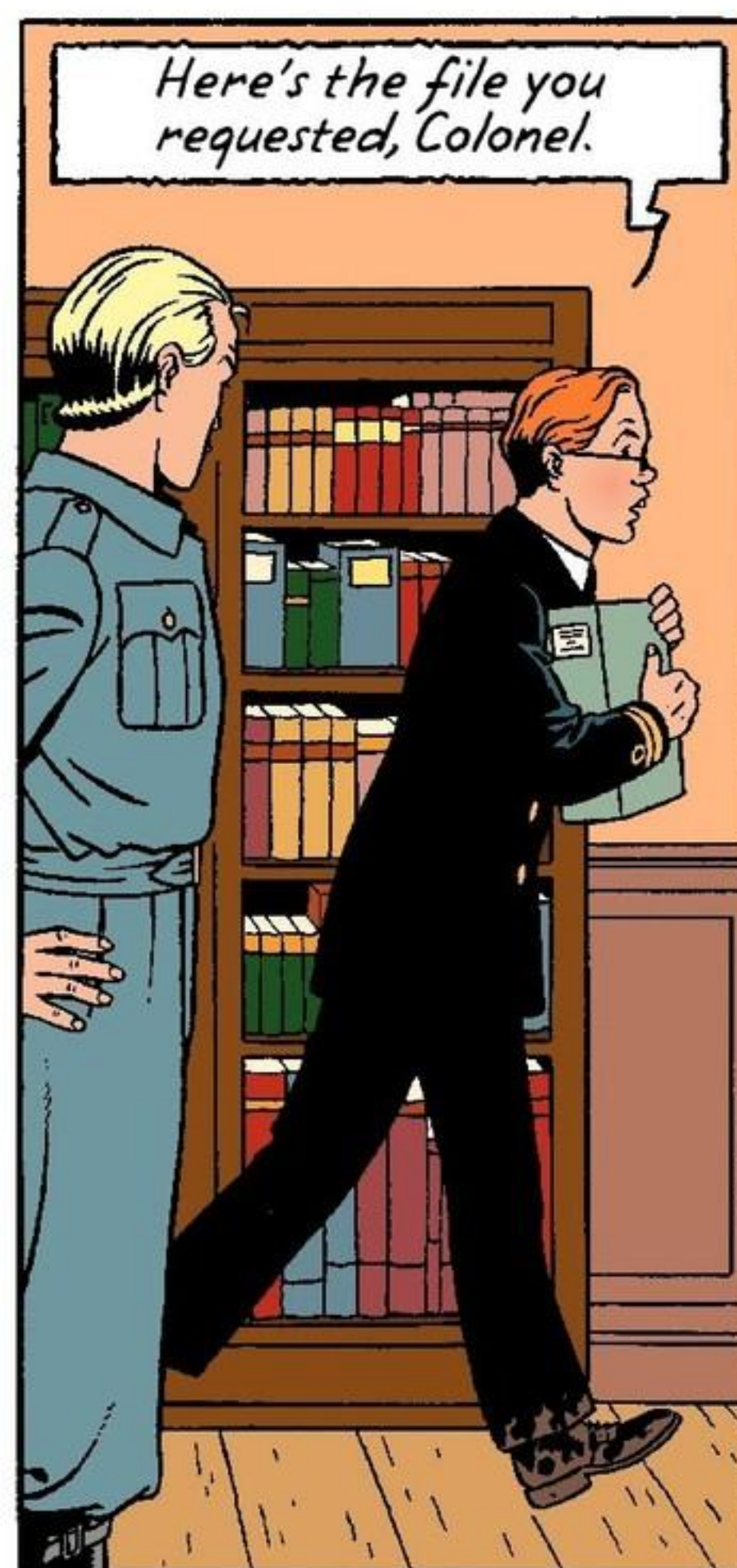
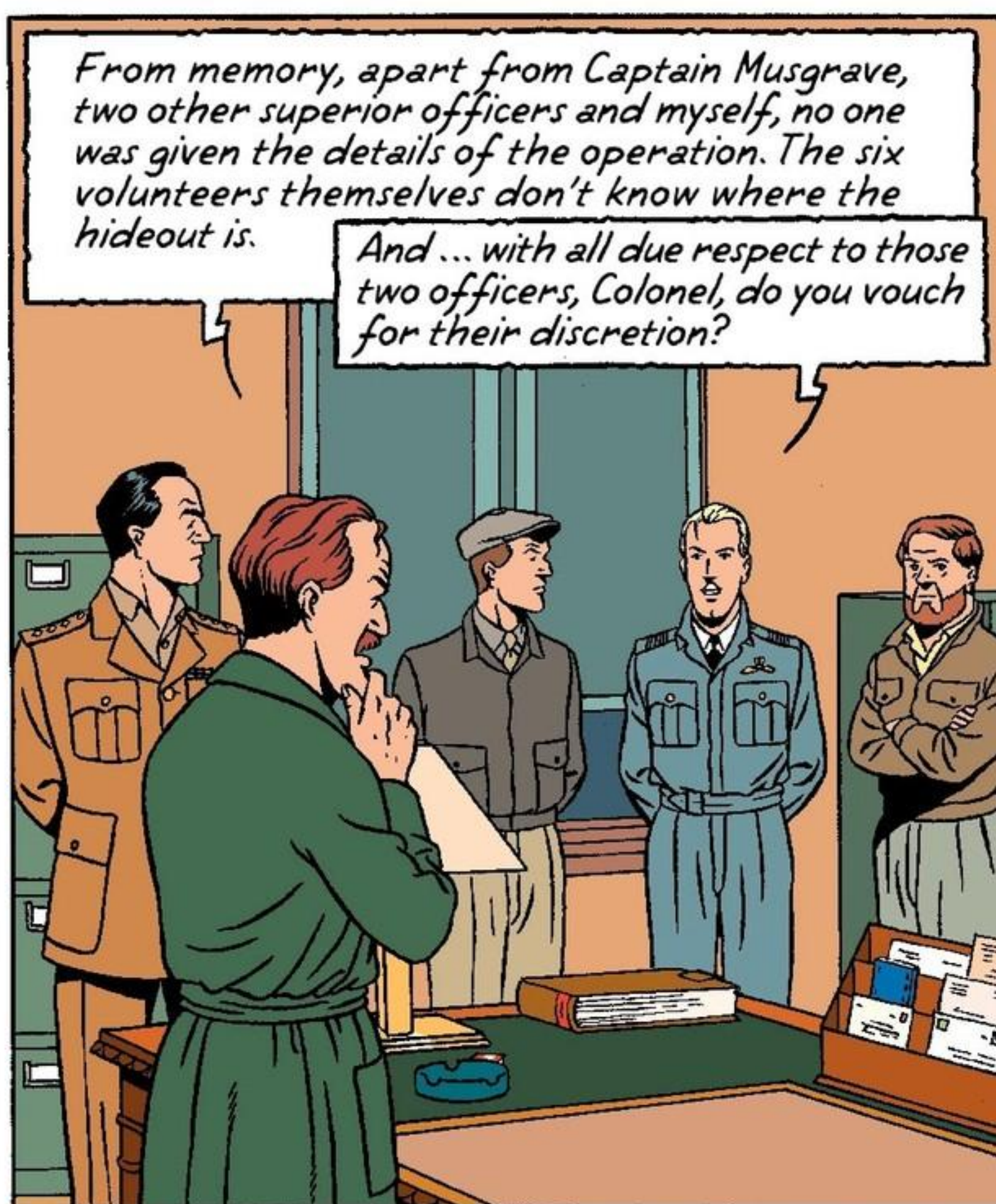
They're repeating ... that our buoys are only decoys!

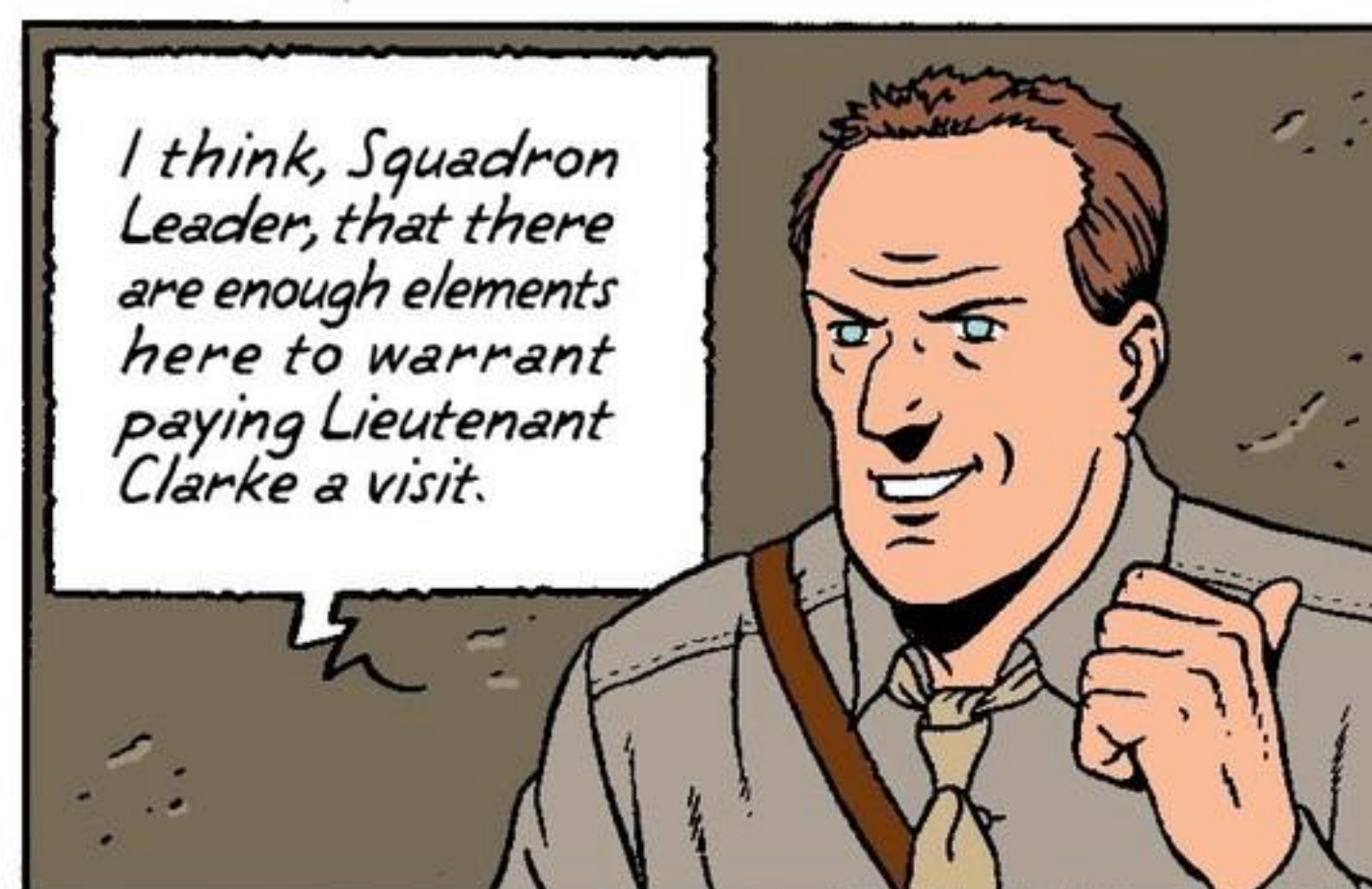
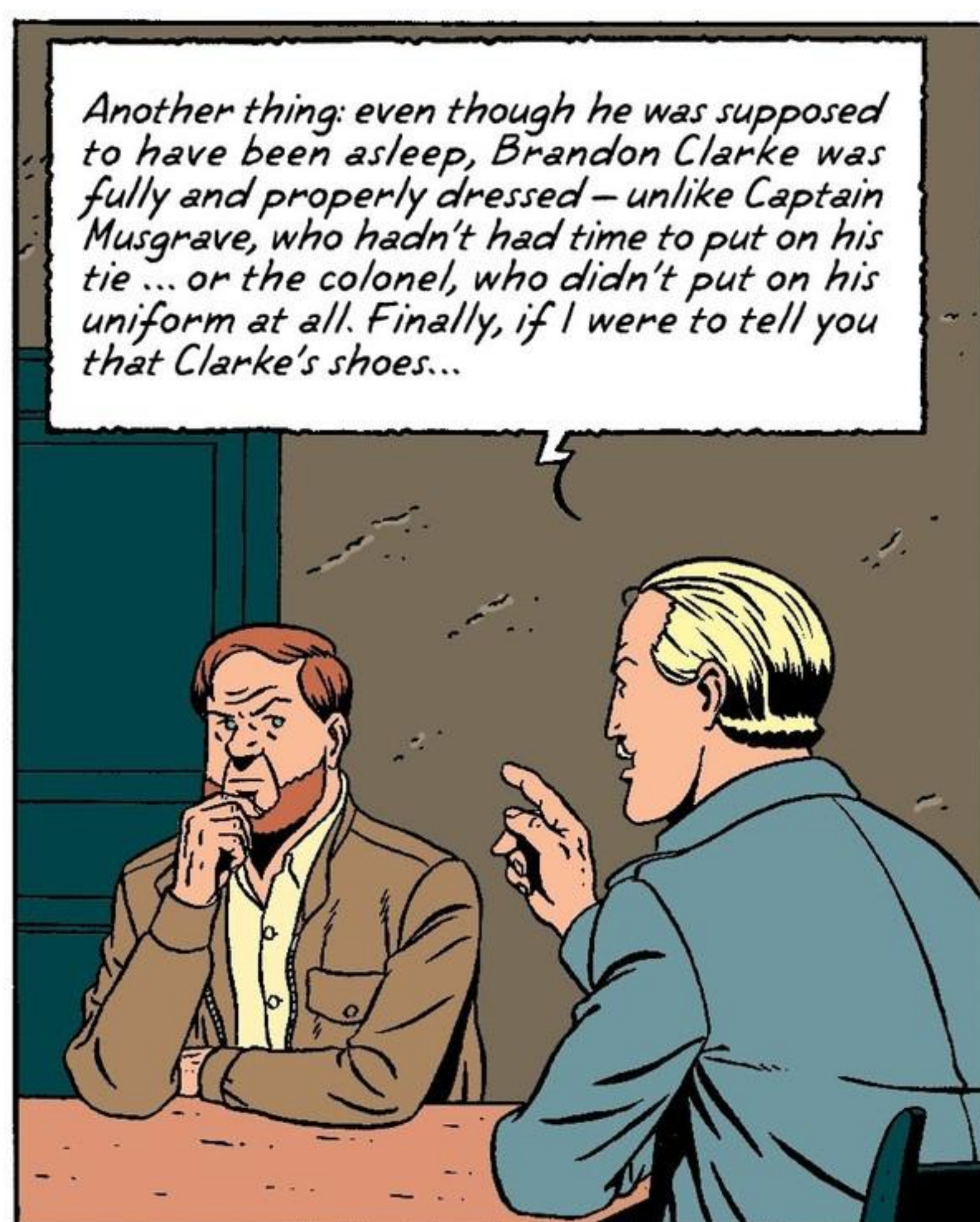
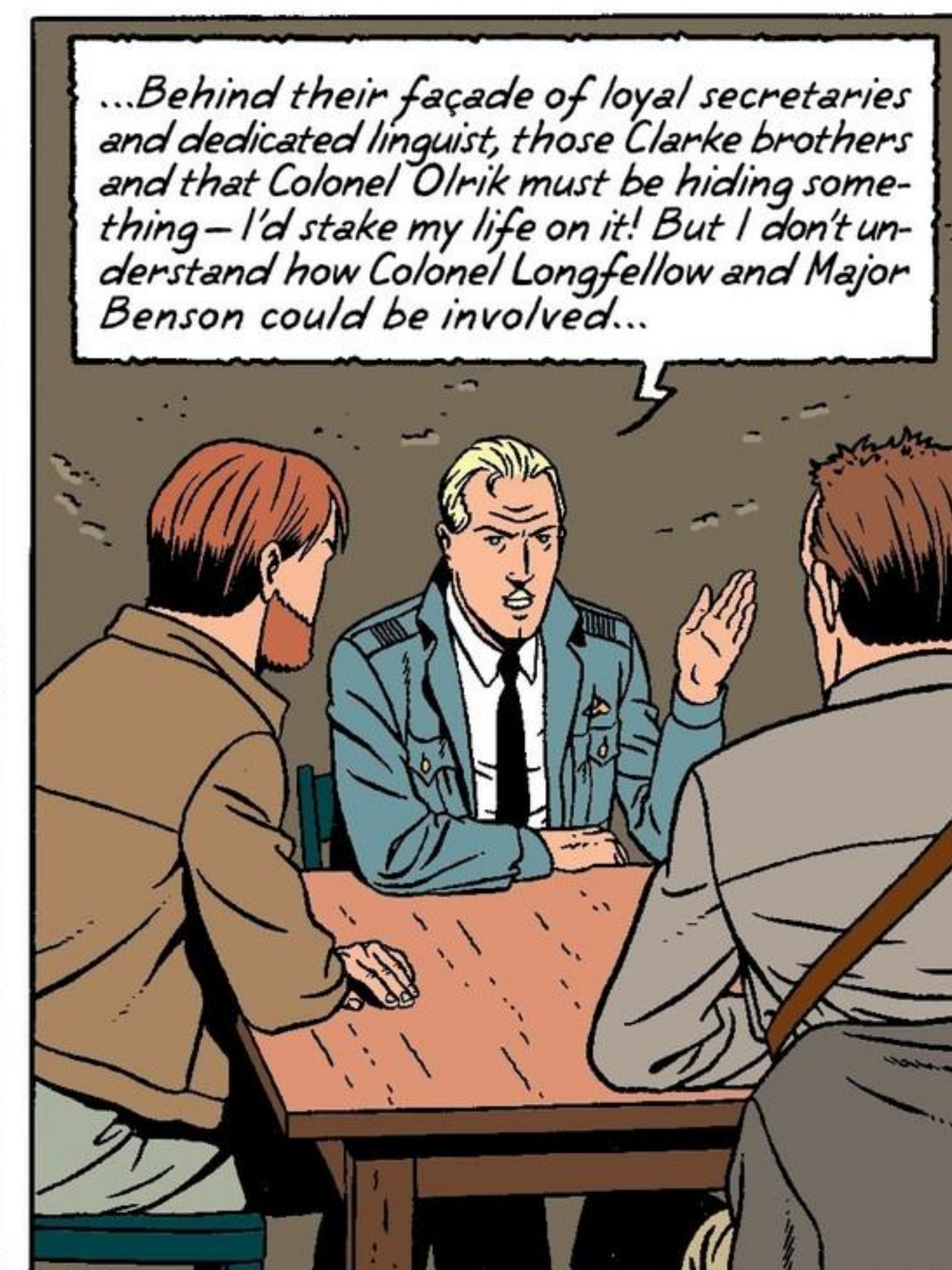
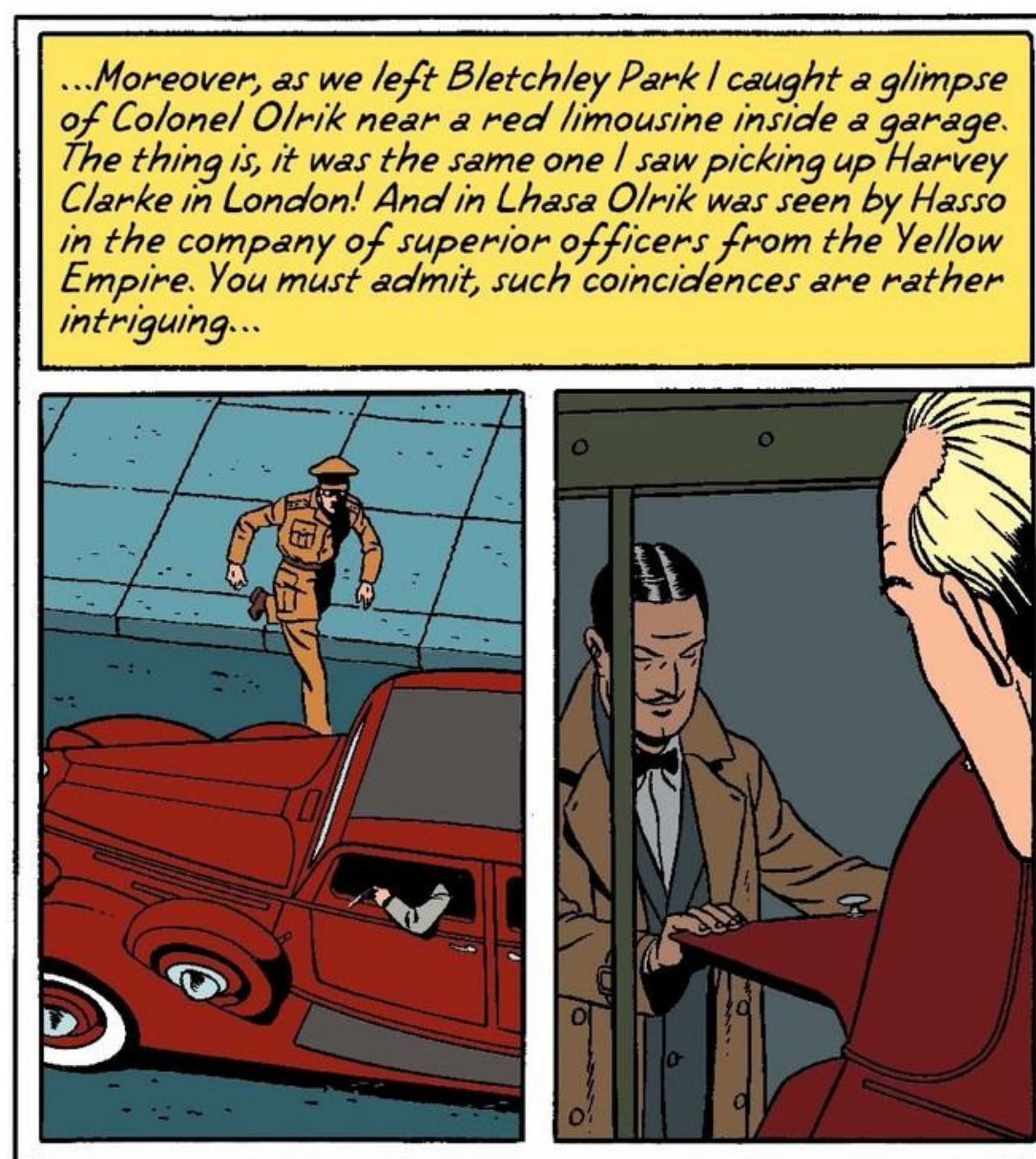
?!

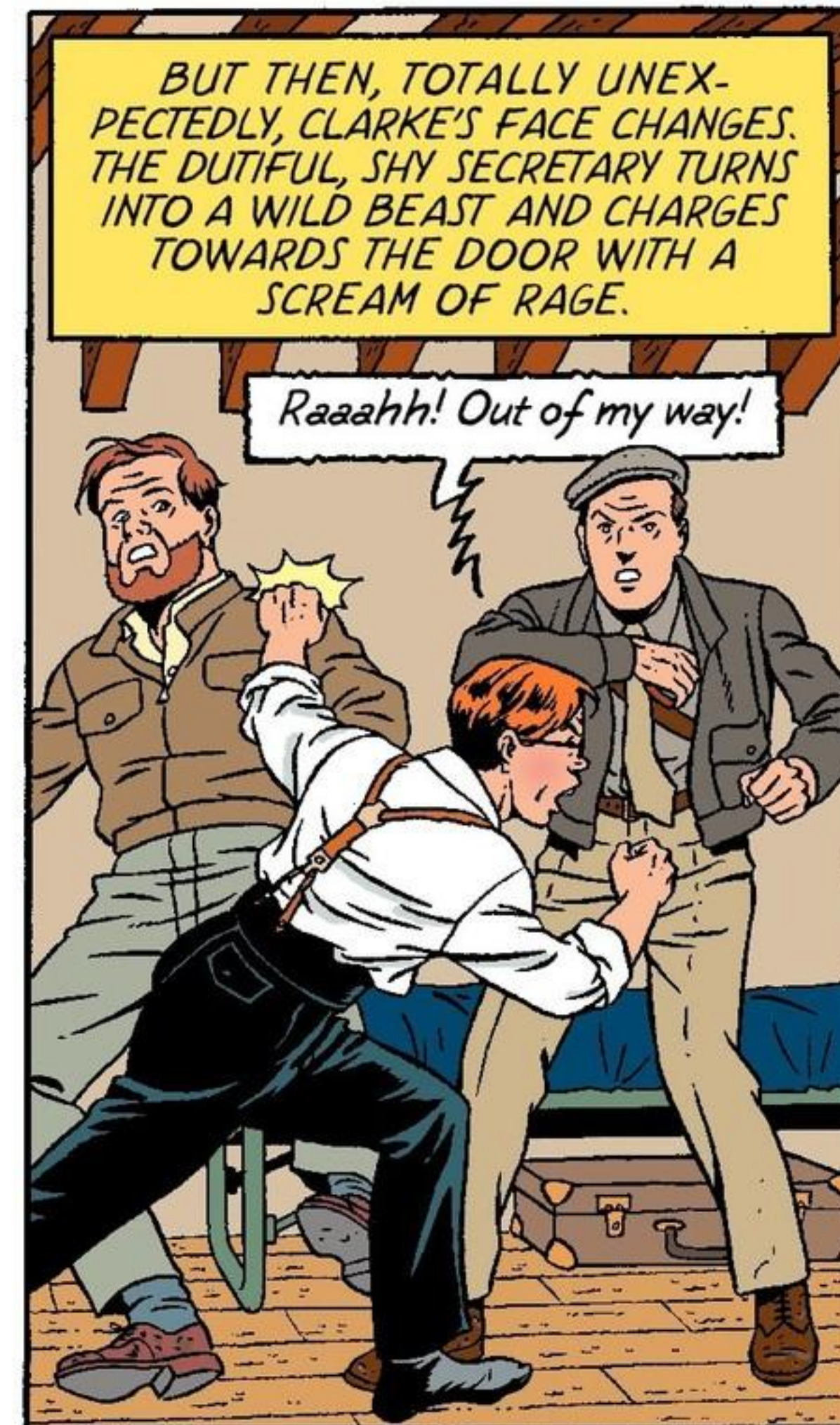
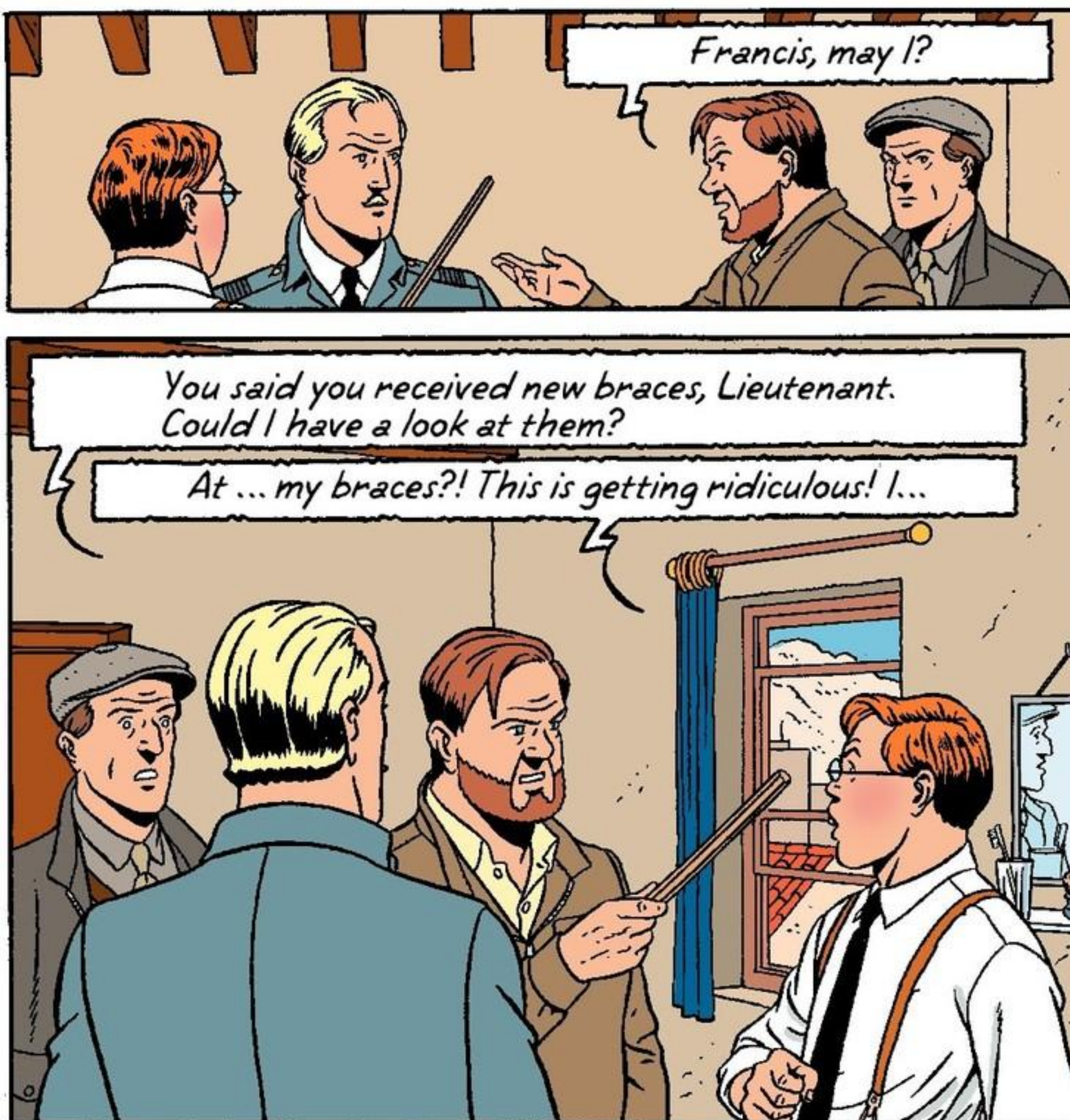
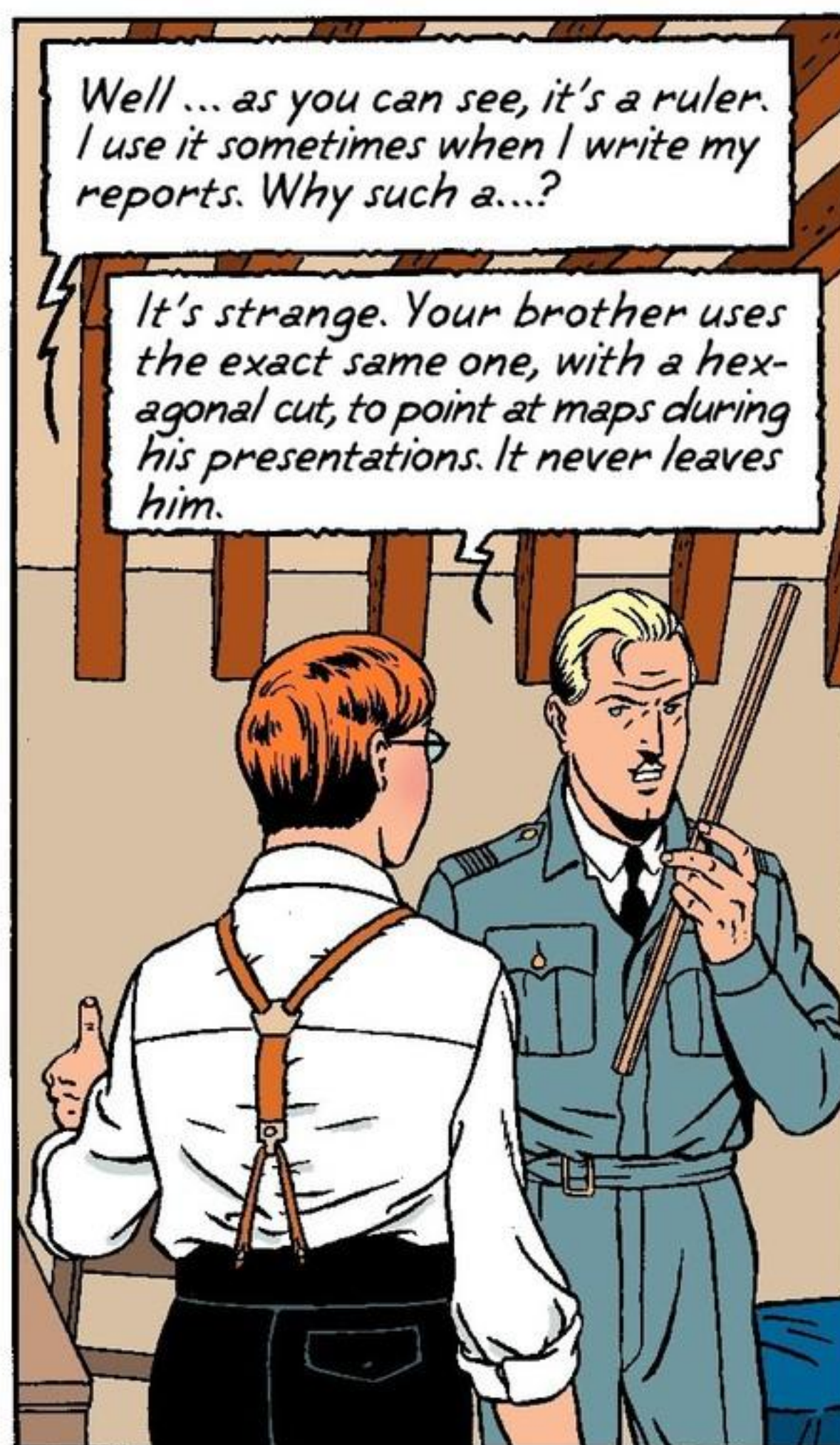
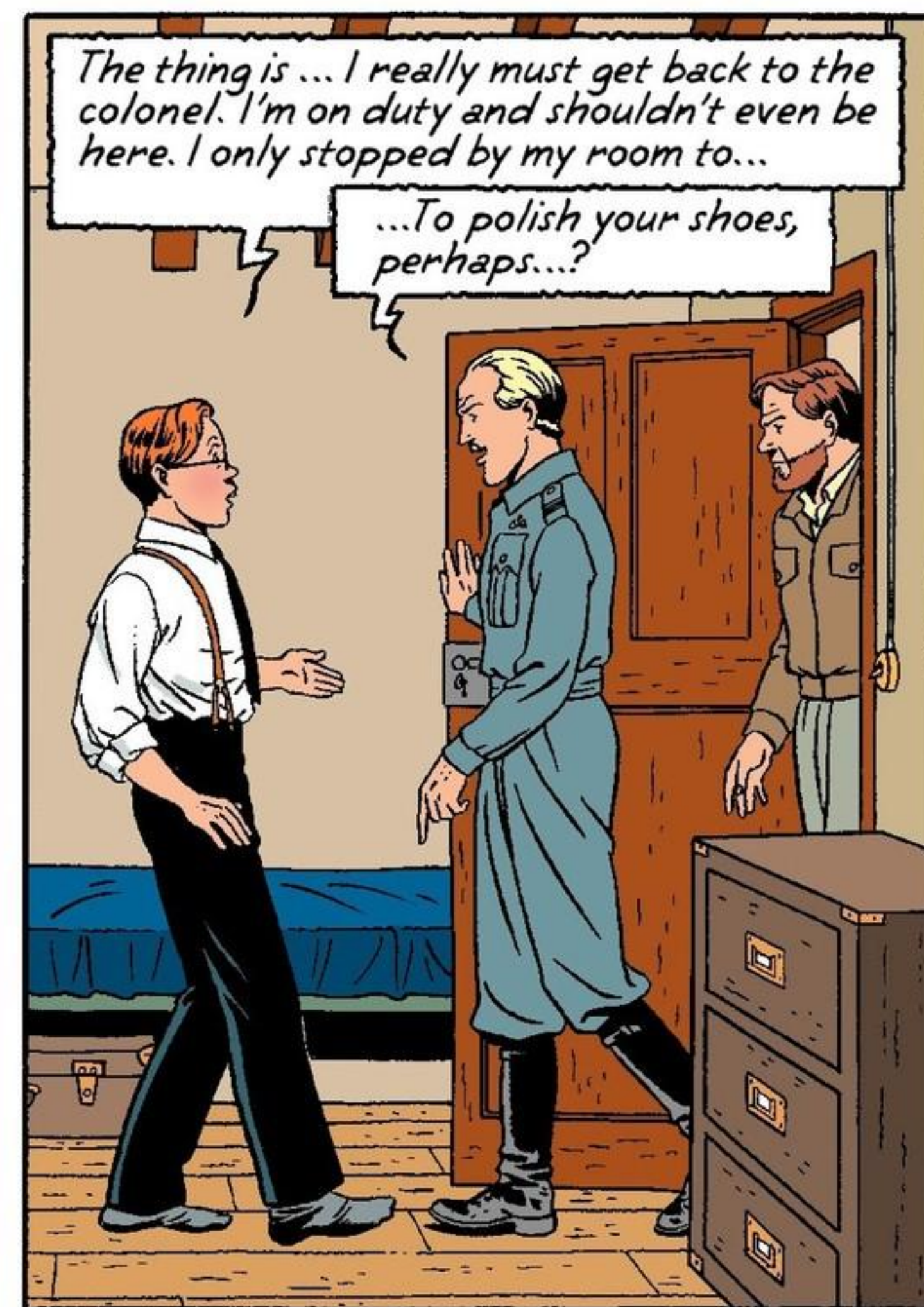
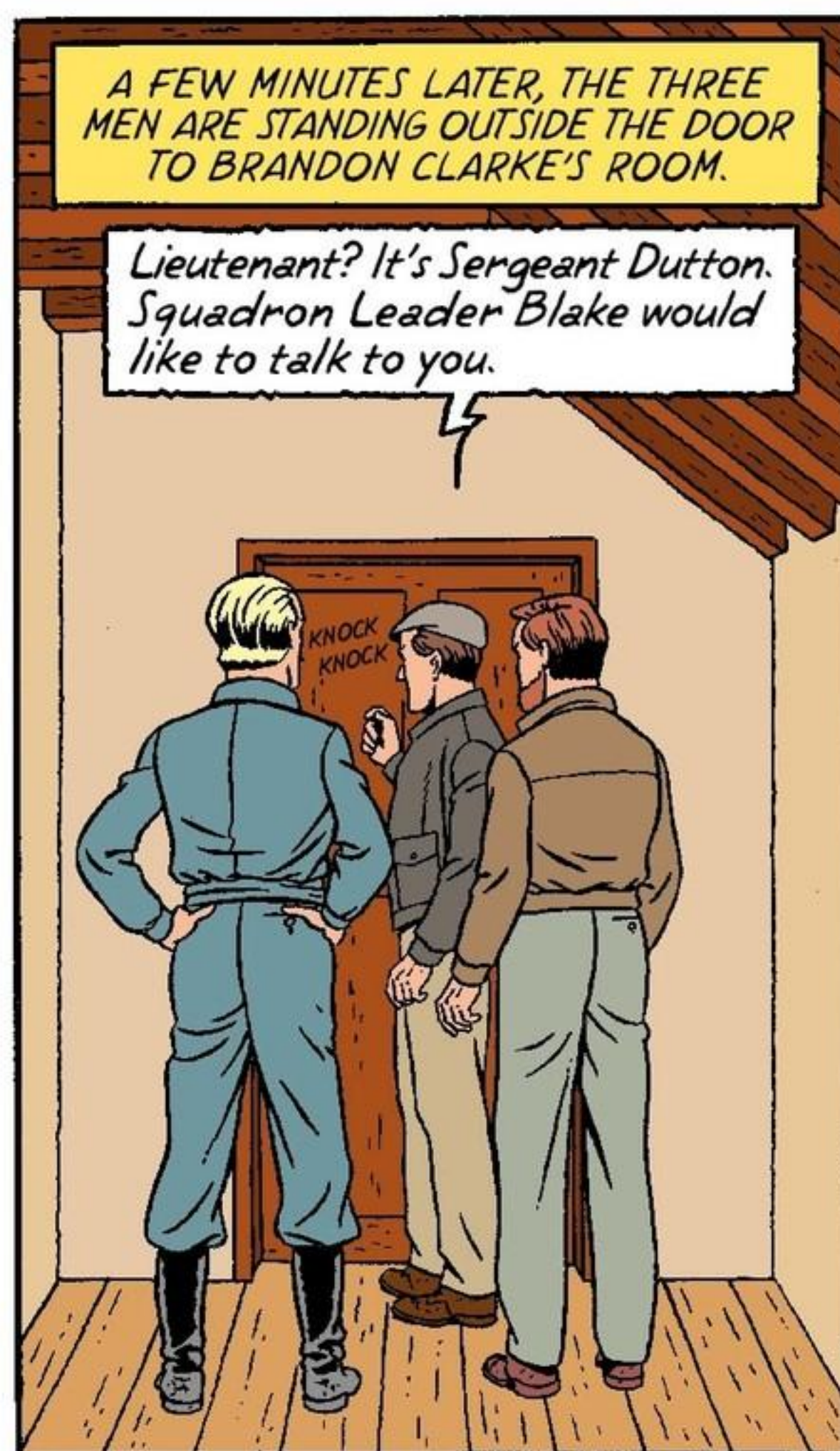


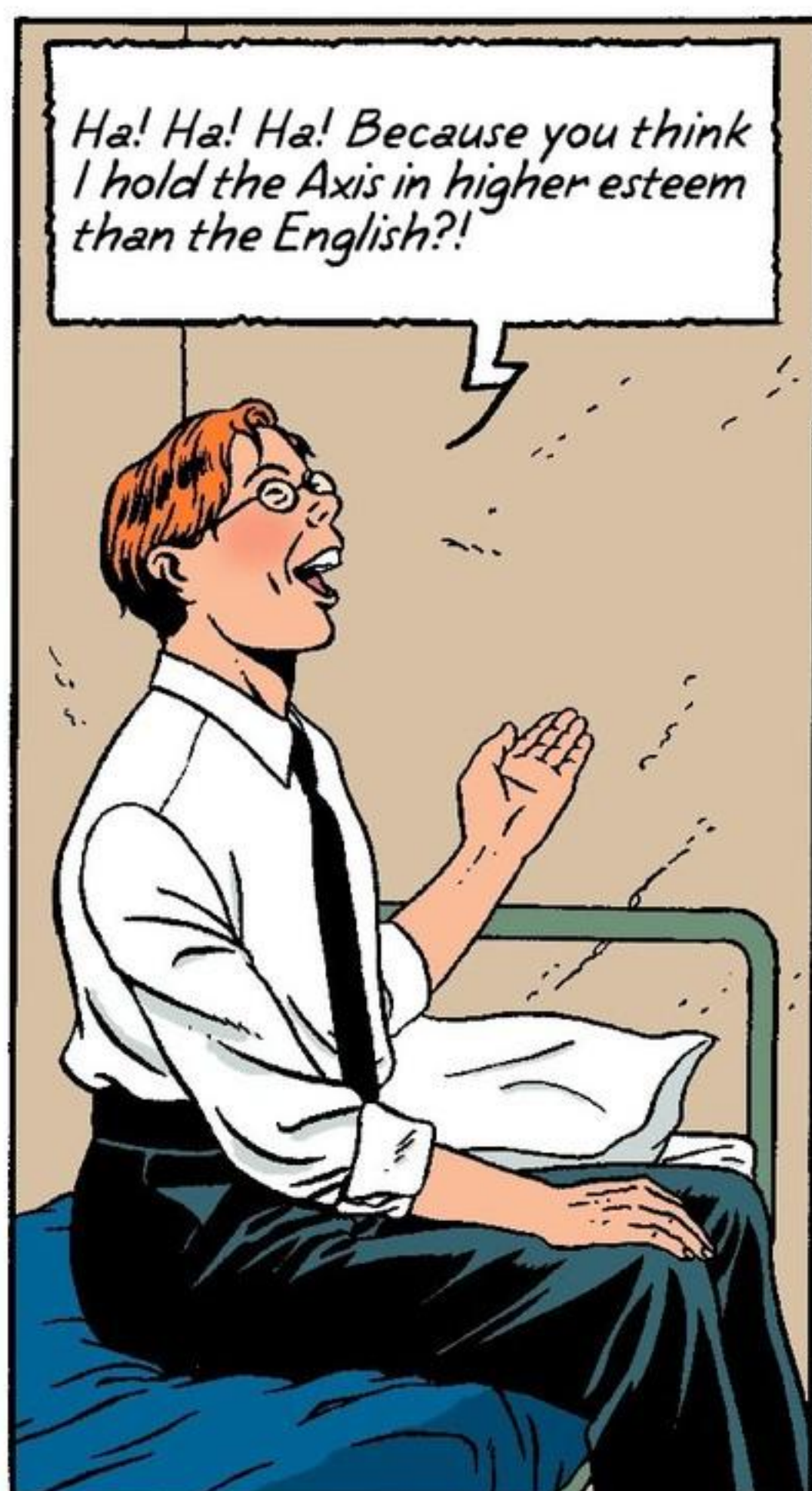
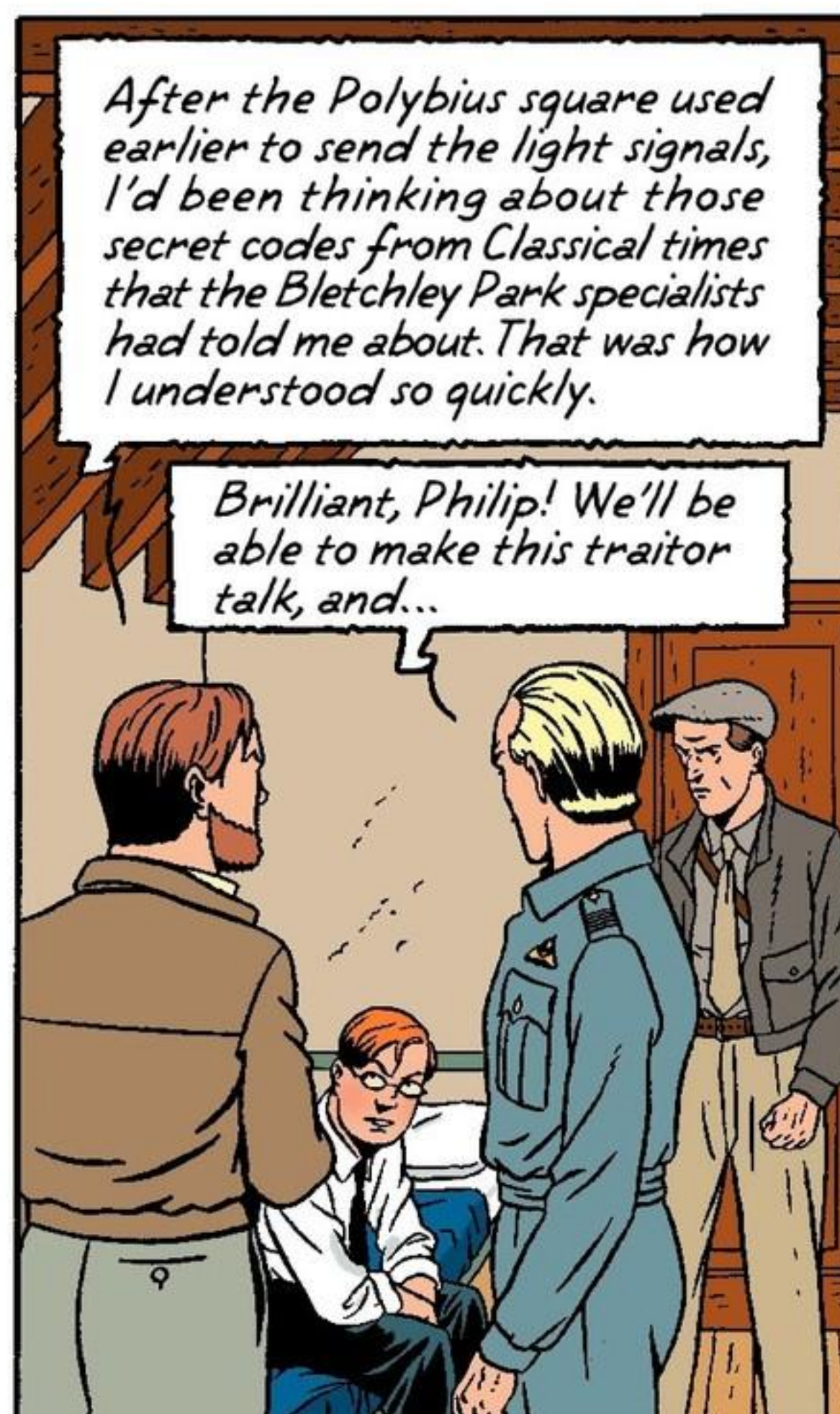
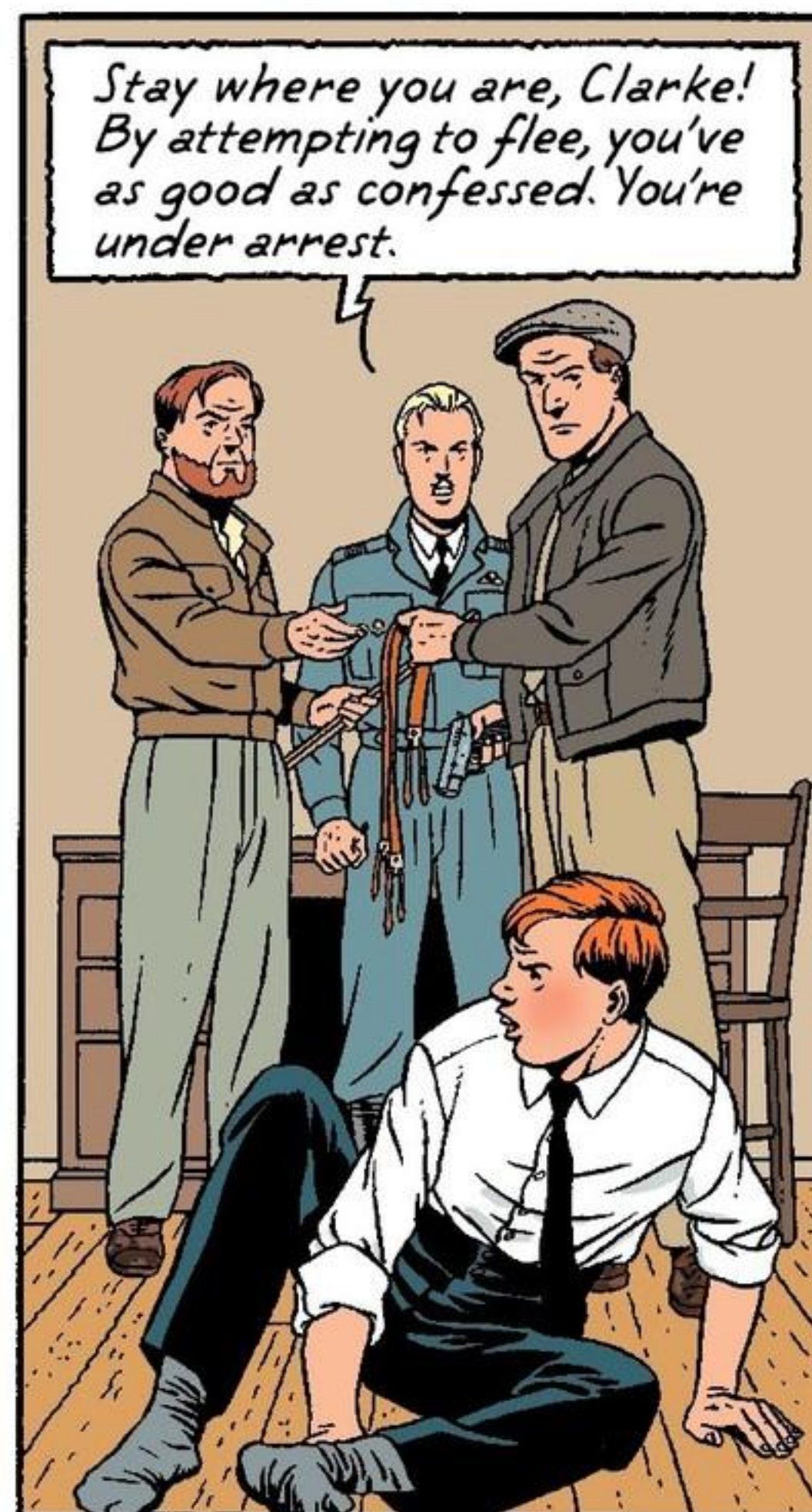
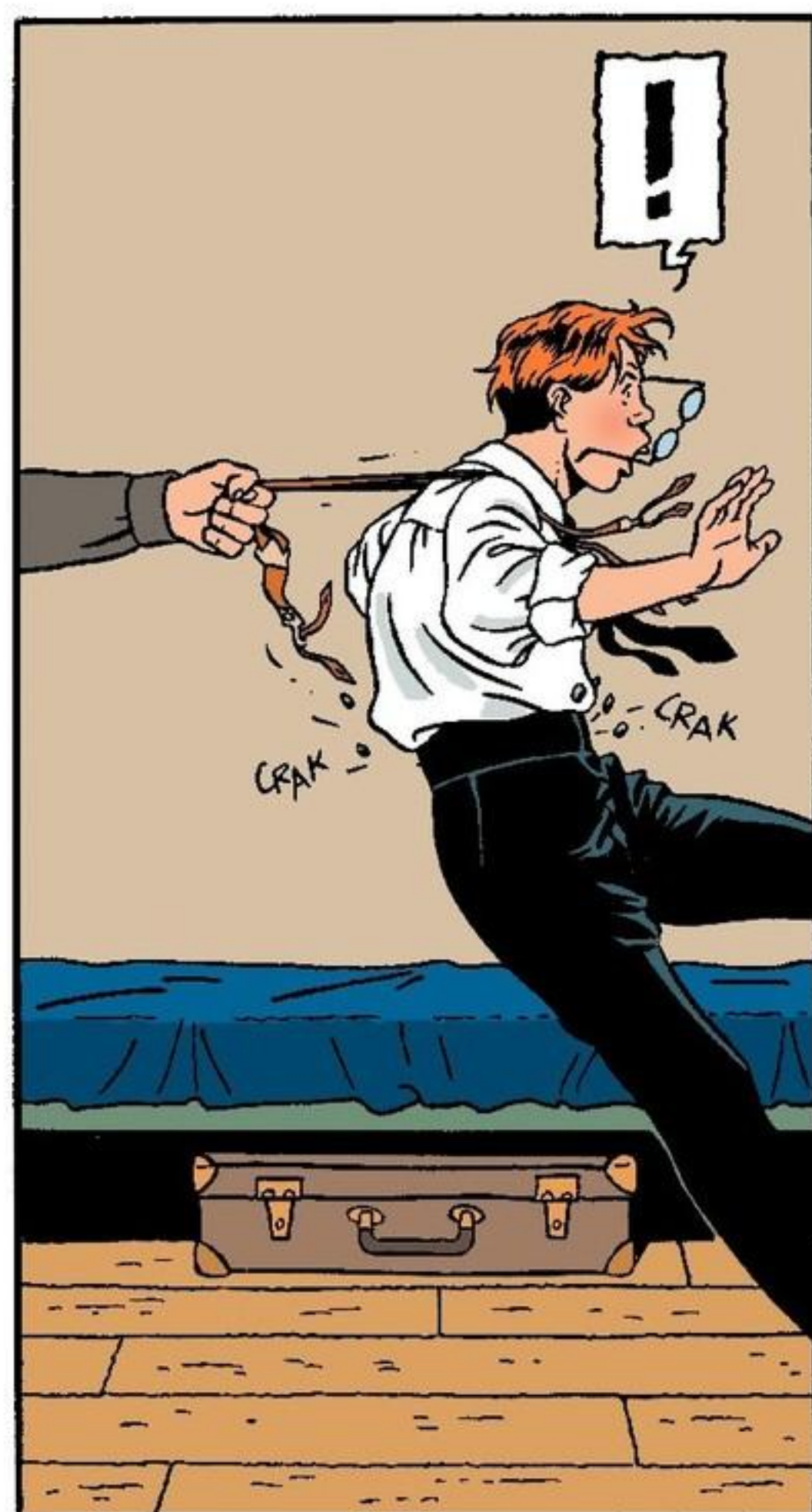












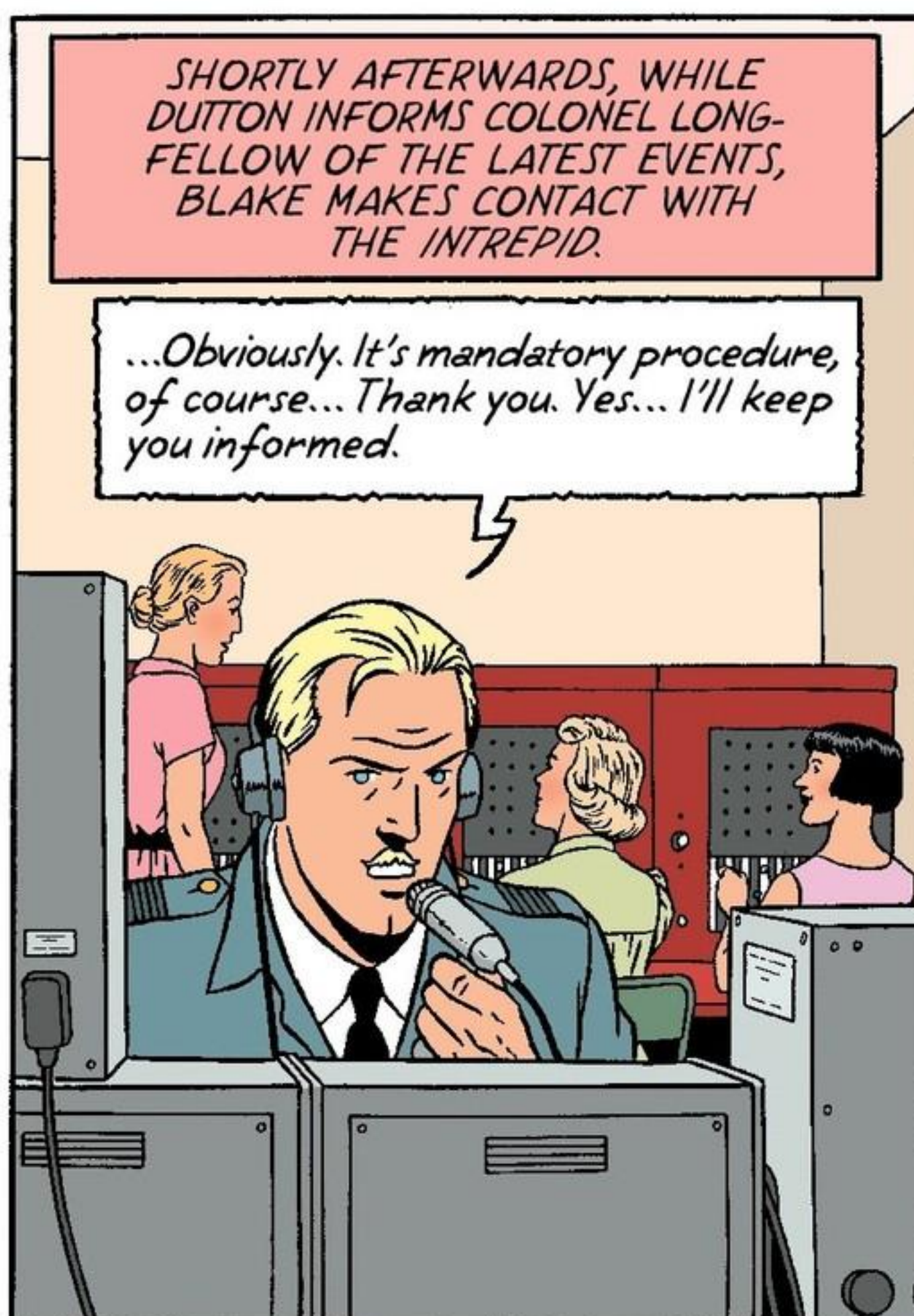


Too late. He's dead.



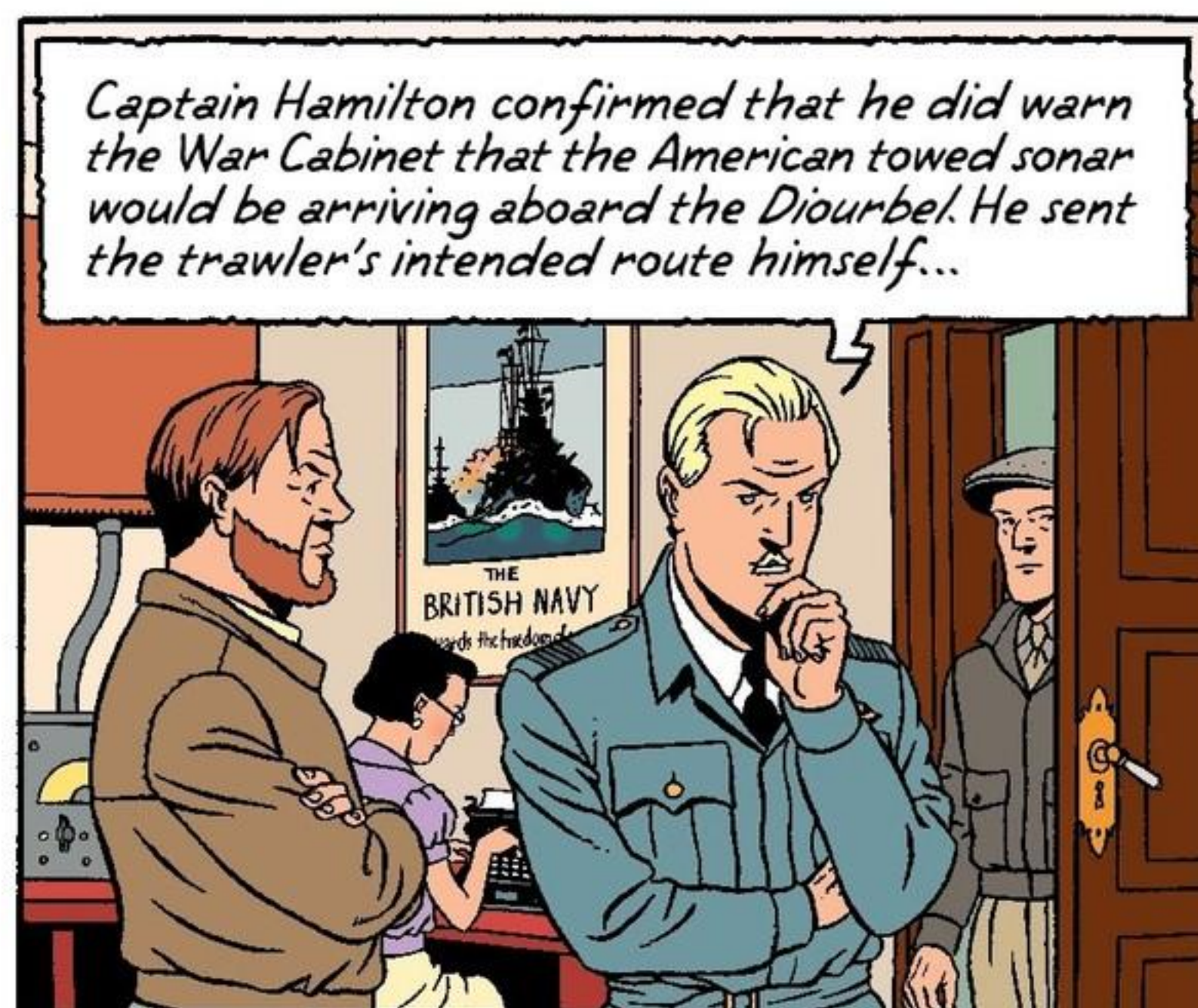
I need one last piece of evidence. For that, I must contact the *Intrepid* immediately!

Come with me. There's a wireless set in the colonel's secretariat.



SHORTLY AFTERWARDS, WHILE DUTTON INFORMS COLONEL LONG-FELLOW OF THE LATEST EVENTS, BLAKE MAKES CONTACT WITH THE *INTREPID*.

...Obviously. It's mandatory procedure, of course... Thank you. Yes... I'll keep you informed.



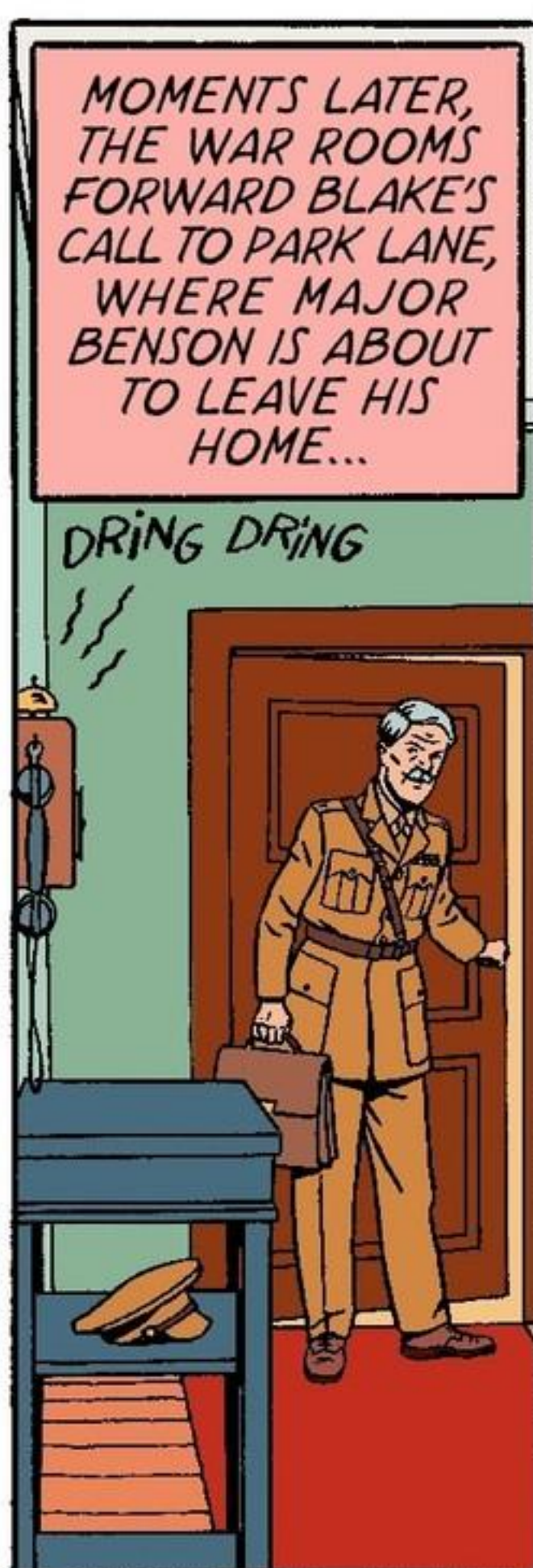
Captain Hamilton confirmed that he did warn the War Cabinet that the American towed sonar would be arriving aboard the *Diourbel*. He sent the trawler's intended route himself...



...to Lieutenant Harvey Clarke!



So, Clarke lied when he claimed it was a 'ghost' that should be left to the mercies of German U-boats. We have confirmation that both brothers are traitors. I must warn Major Benson.



MOMENTS LATER, THE WAR ROOMS FORWARD BLAKE'S CALL TO PARK LANE, WHERE MAJOR BENSON IS ABOUT TO LEAVE HIS HOME...

DRING DRING



AND BLAKE HAVING EXPLAINED THE SITUATION...

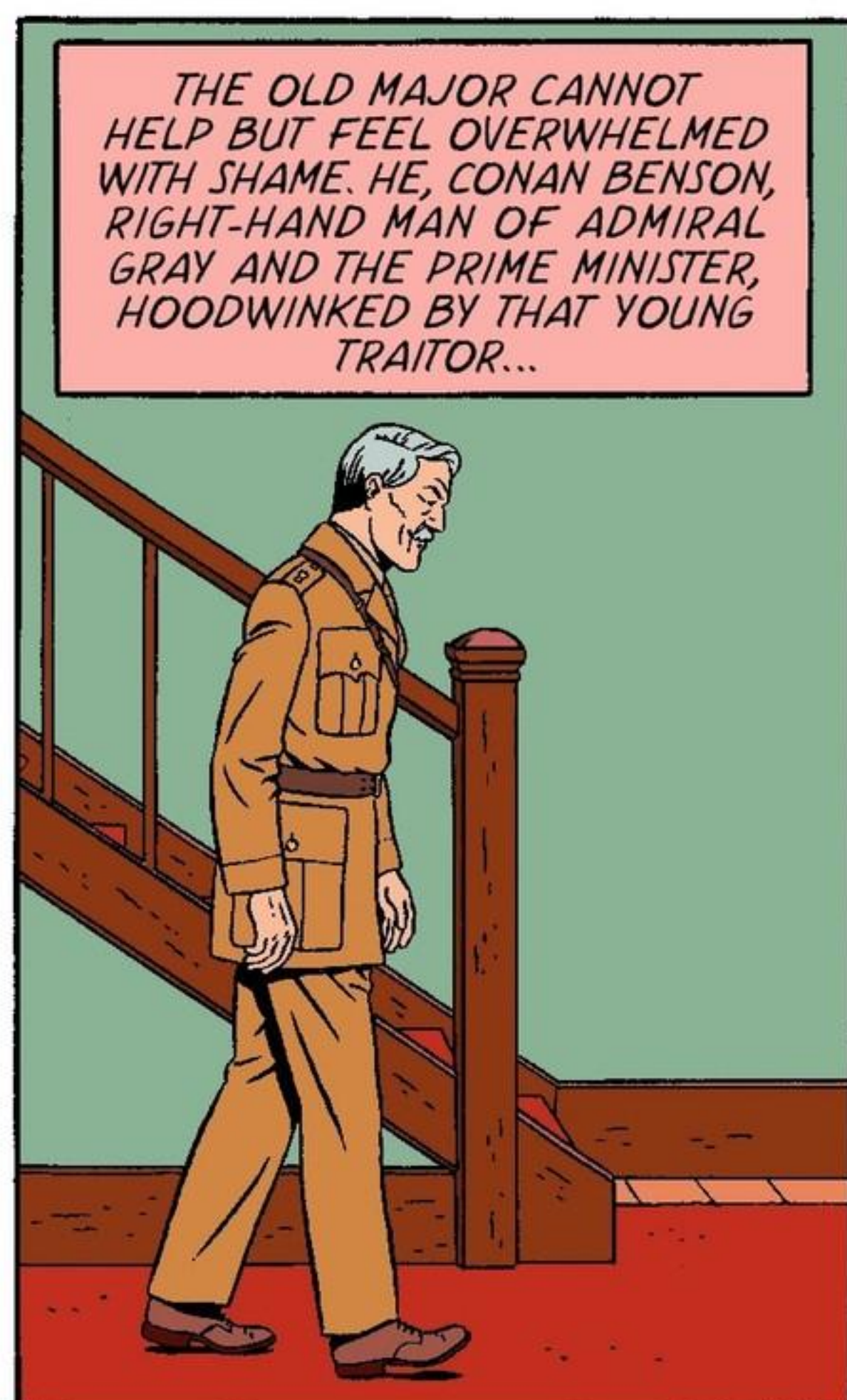
...No!? Harvey Clarke?! I can't believe that... Yes, yes... Of course. I understand... I'm...

DING-DONG!



DING-DONG!

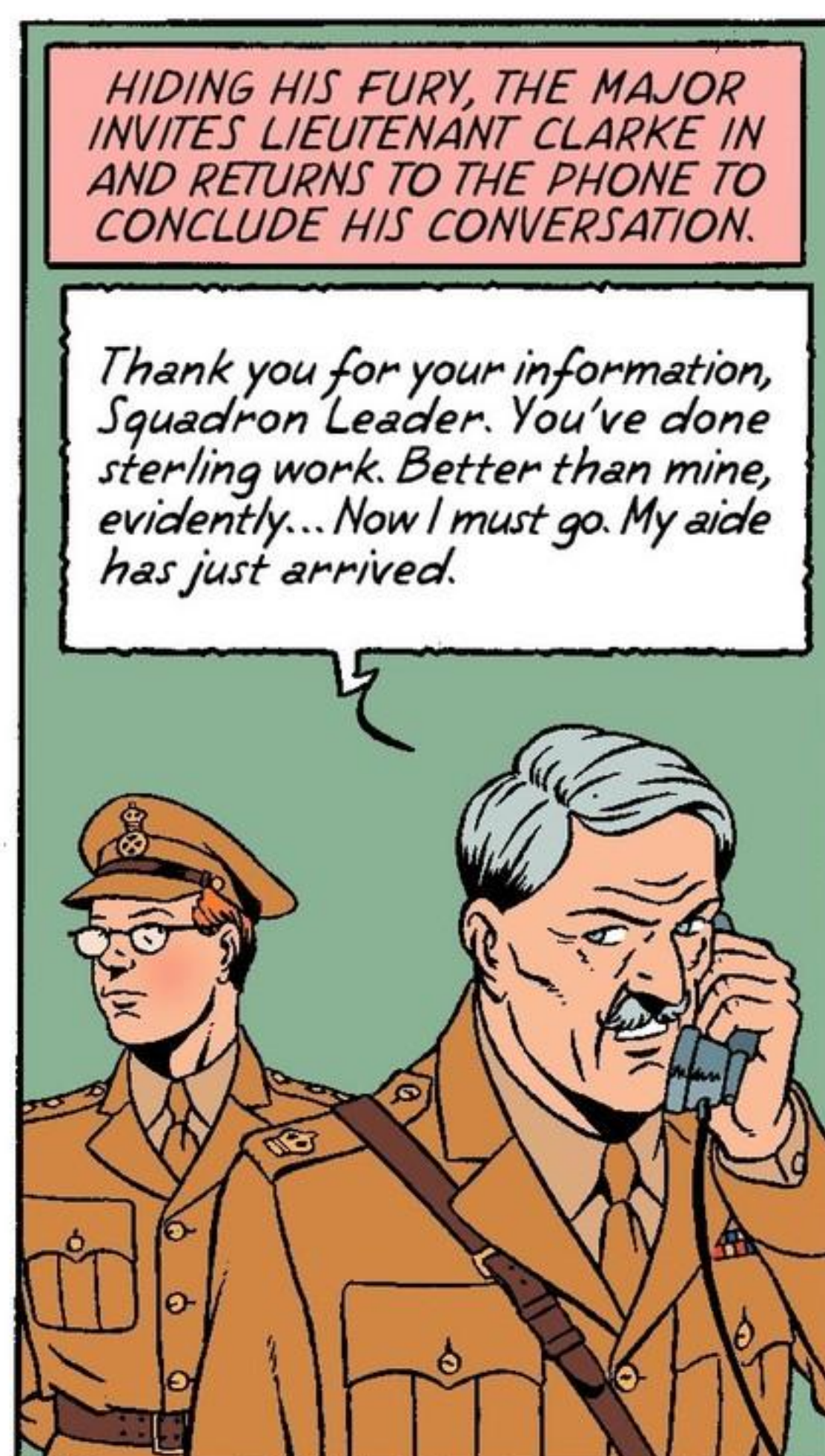
One moment, Blake. Someone's at the door and currently I'm alone in the house... I'll see who it is and be right back. Stay on the line...



THE OLD MAJOR CANNOT HELP BUT FEEL OVERWHELMED WITH SHAME. HE, CONAN BENSON, RIGHT-HAND MAN OF ADMIRAL GRAY AND THE PRIME MINISTER, HOODWINKED BY THAT YOUNG TRAITOR...



?! Good morning, Major. I've brought you the latest bulletins from the War Rooms.



HIDING HIS FURY, THE MAJOR INVITES LIEUTENANT CLARKE IN AND RETURNS TO THE PHONE TO CONCLUDE HIS CONVERSATION.

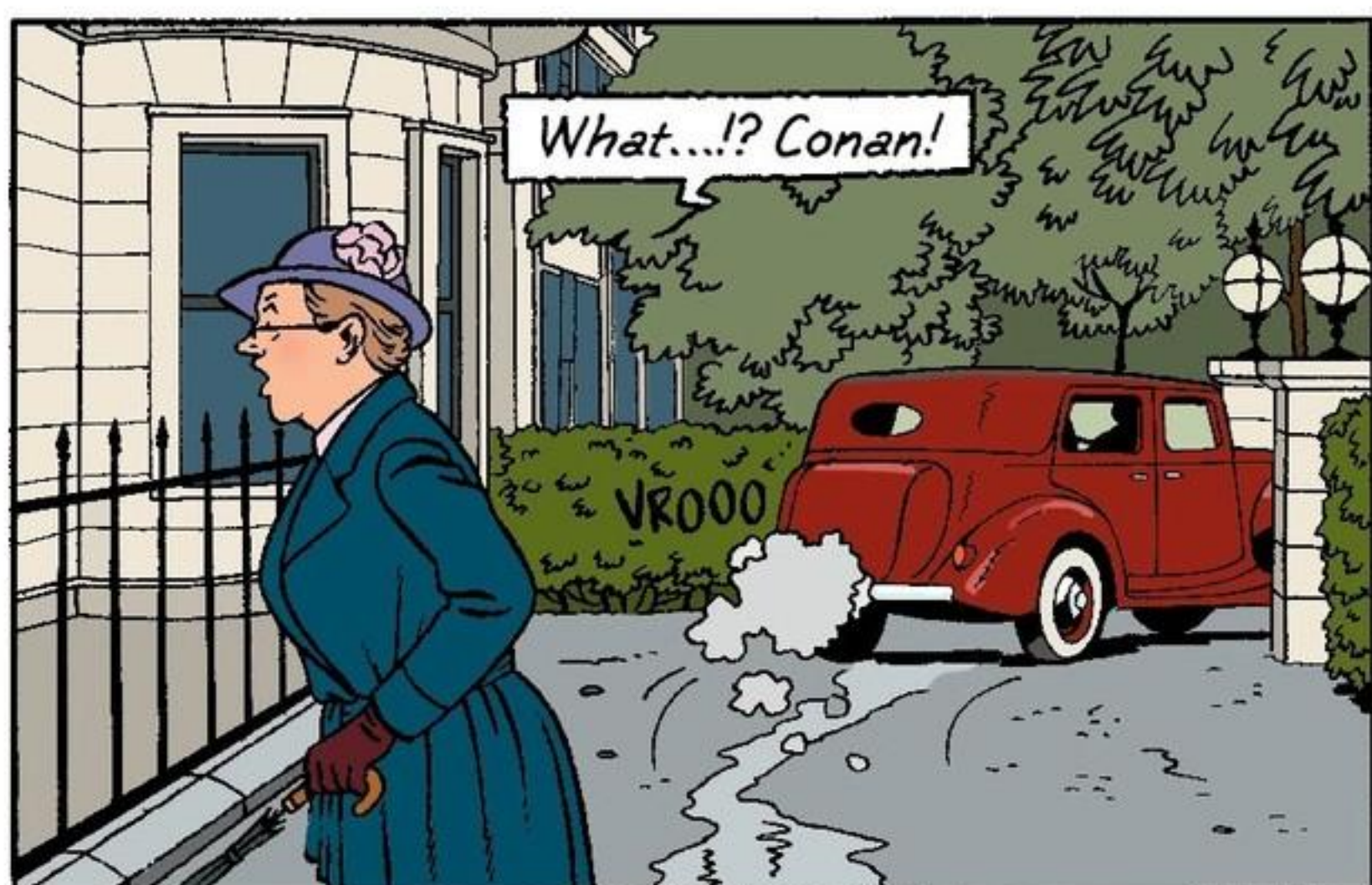
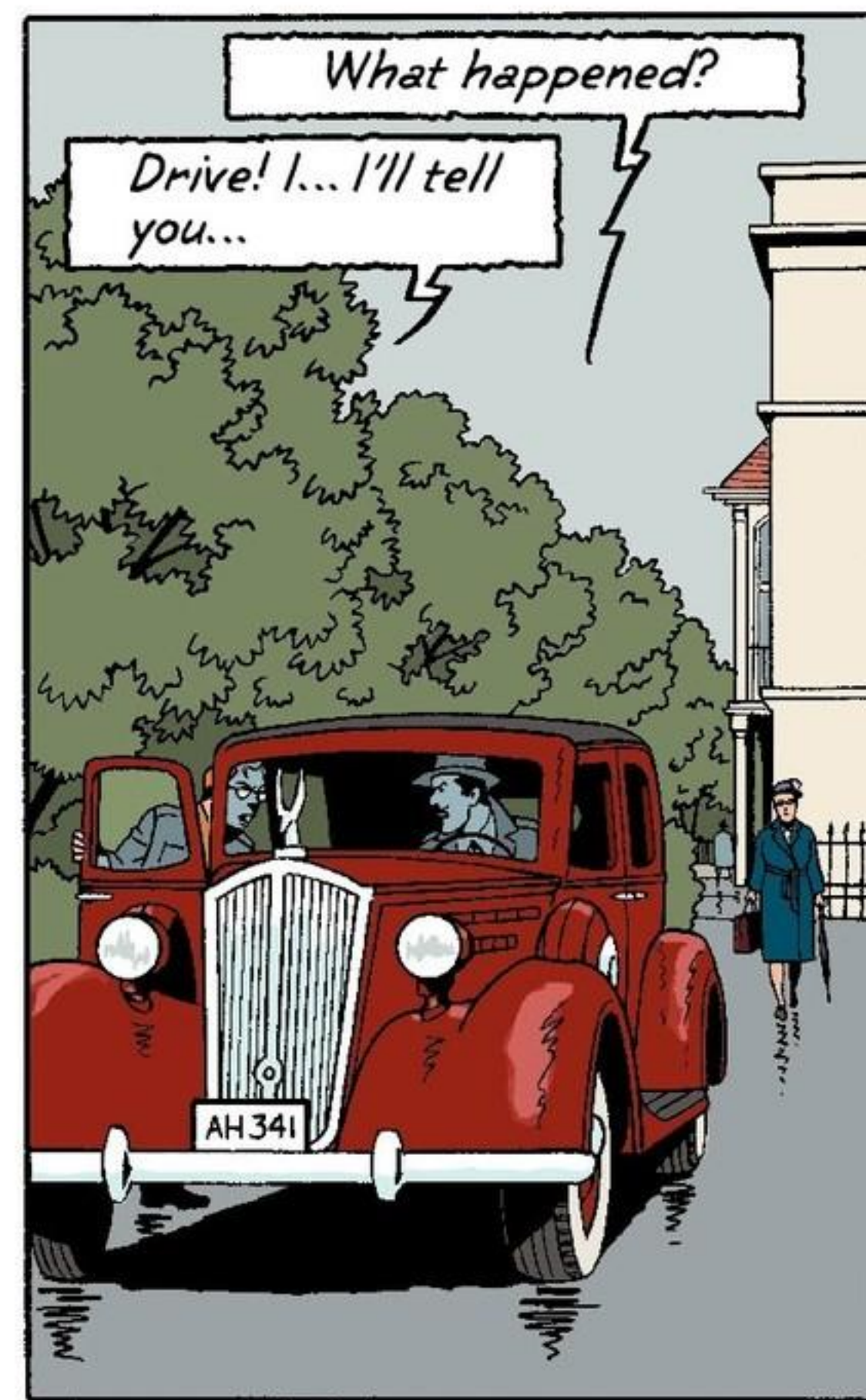
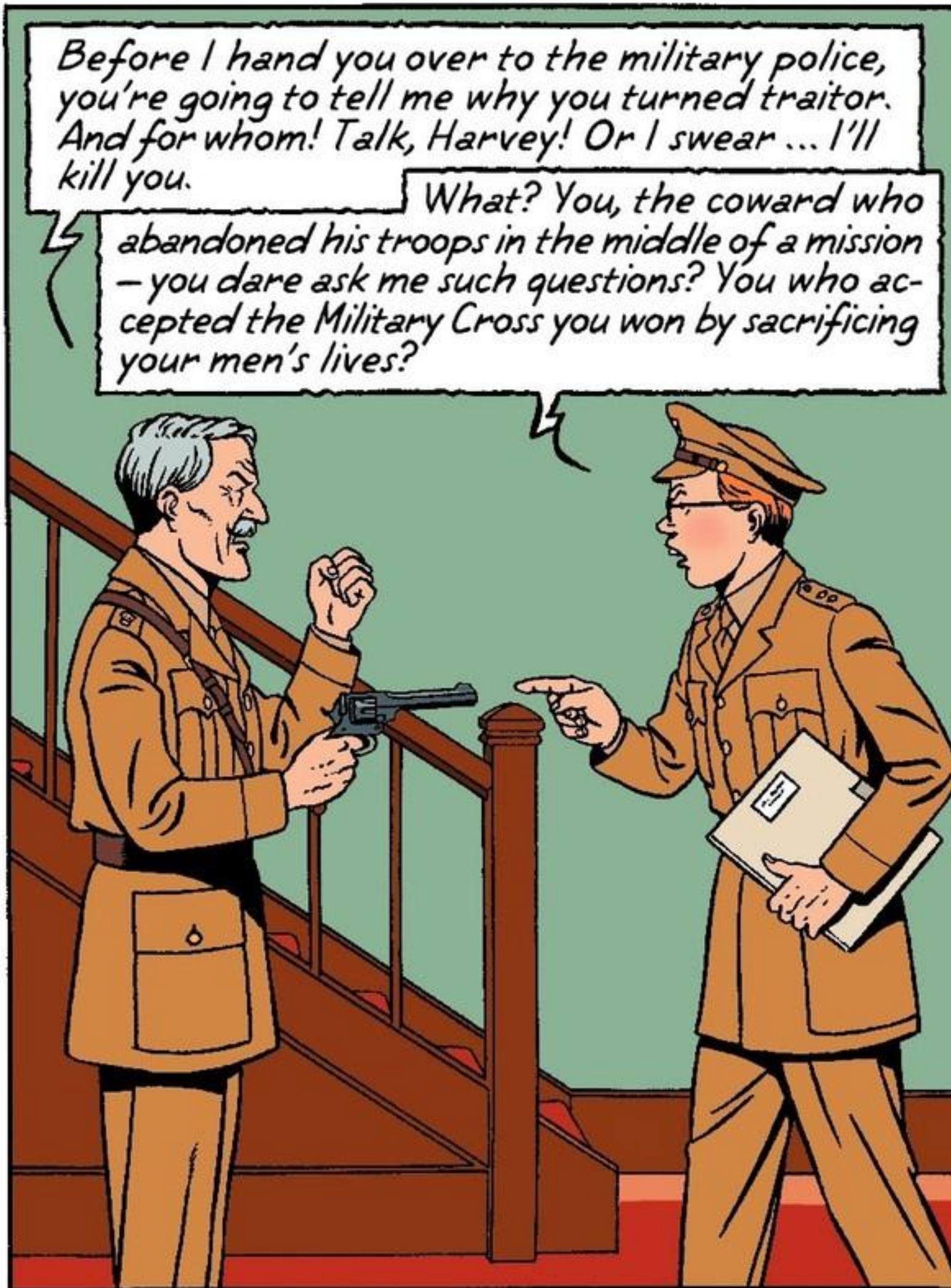
Thank you for your information, Squadron Leader. You've done sterling work. Better than mine, evidently... Now I must go. My aide has just arrived.



Major! Wait! Has Harvey Clarke just arrived at your house?... Please, you must be careful! We have to...



Thank you, Blake. I'll take care of this personally.





AFTER SPEEDING THROUGH LONDON FOR 20 MINUTES AND MAKING SURE THAT NO ONE IS FOLLOWING HIM, THE COLONEL...



...EVENTUALLY STOPS ON A DESERTED DOCK.

Do you have the emitter?



Here... Here it is... What are we doing here, though? That blasted Benson shot m... Me... I need m... Medical assistance...



Sorry, Clarke... There's no room for incompetents or dead weights in the Emperor's secret service.

B... But...



So long, Lieutenant. Best regards to your father...



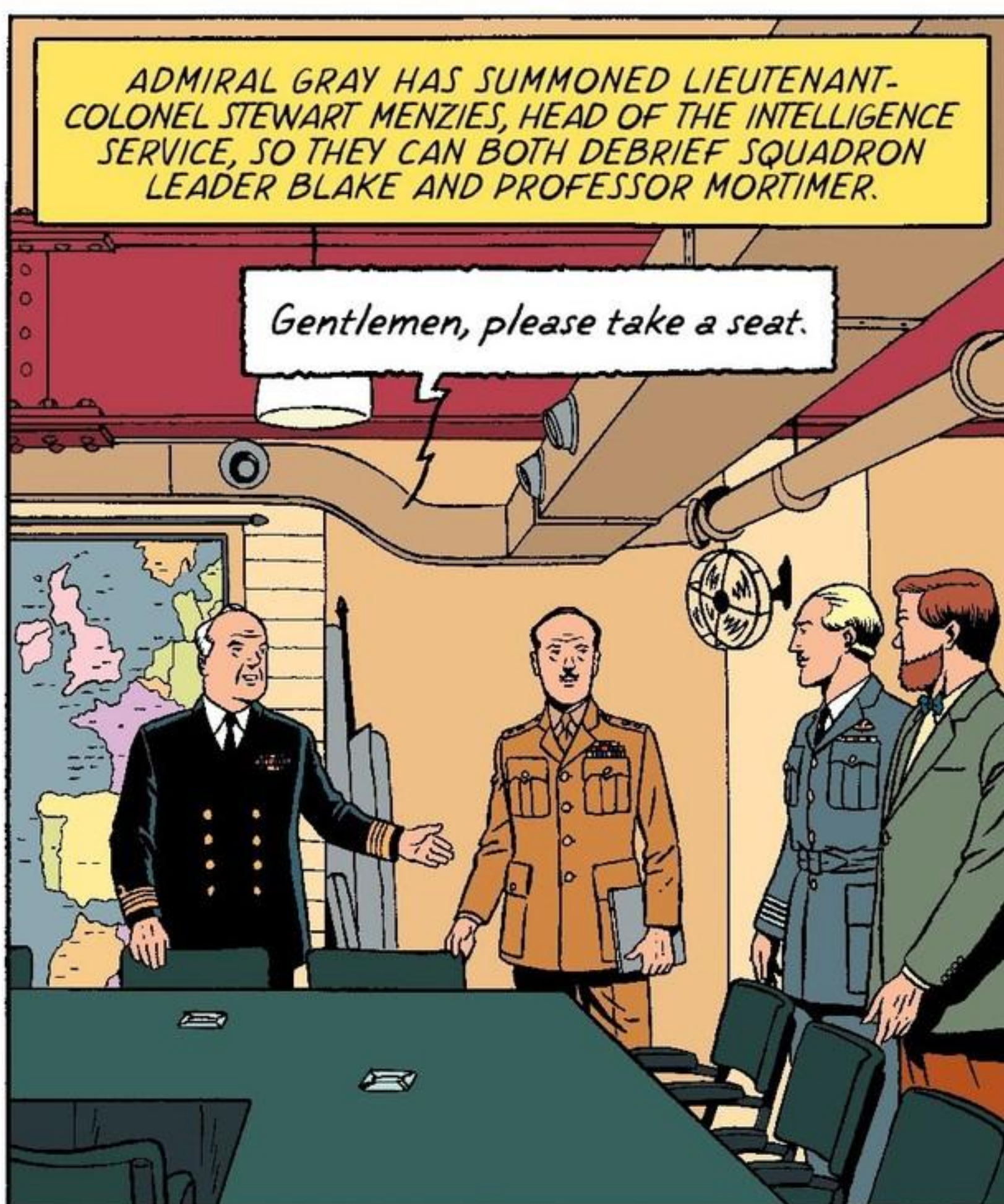
Well... First step, let Hasso know that I'll be picking him up at Bletchley Park tonight. Second, leave England and return to Lhasa as quickly as possible. Staying in Europe would be unhealthy...



Till our next meeting, my English masters! Till our next meeting! Ha! Ha! Ha!

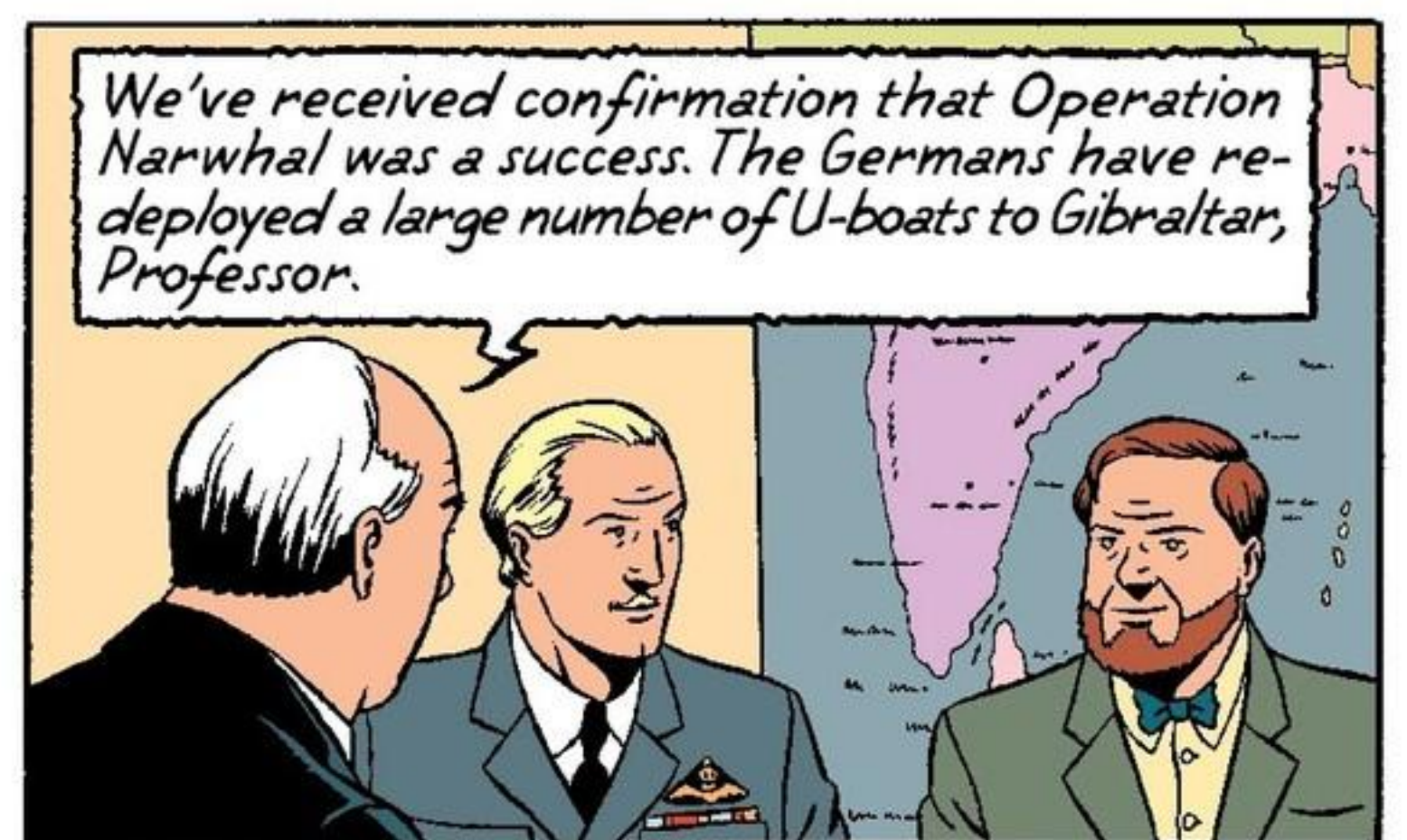


THREE DAYS LATER, IN THE WAR ROOMS...

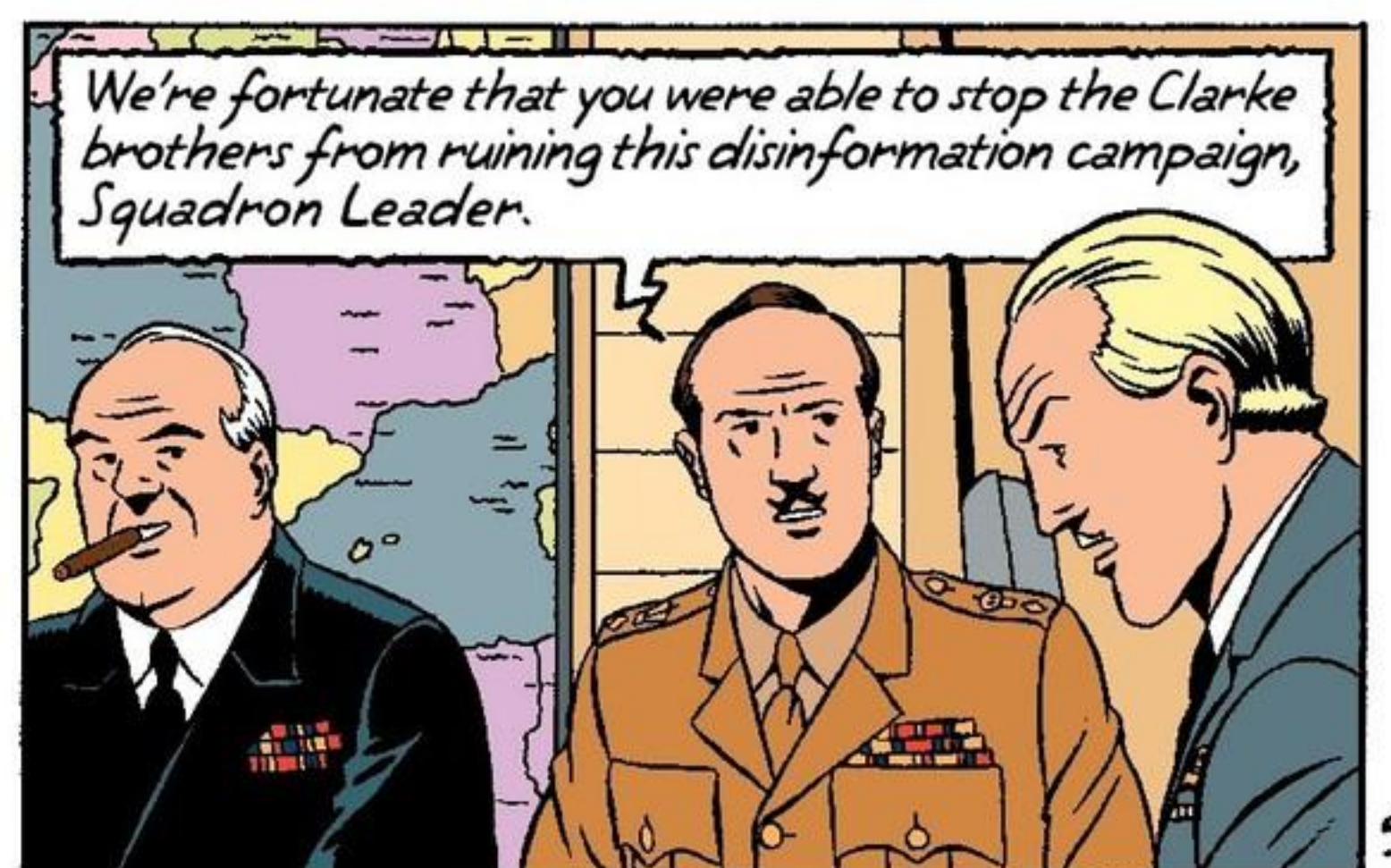


ADMIRAL GRAY HAS SUMMONED LIEUTENANT-COLONEL STEWART MENZIES, HEAD OF THE INTELLIGENCE SERVICE, SO THEY CAN BOTH DEBRIEF SQUADRON LEADER BLAKE AND PROFESSOR MORTIMER.

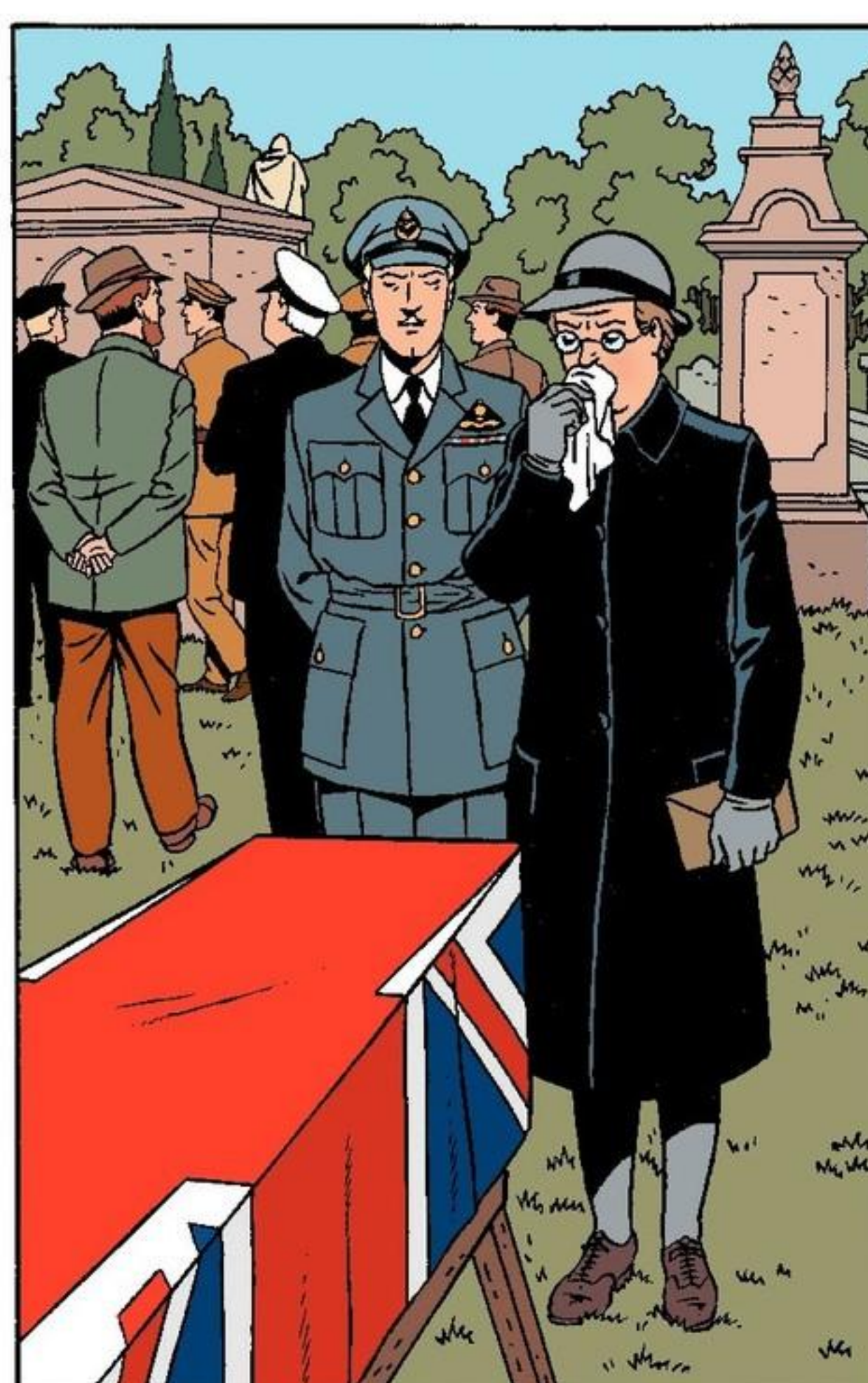
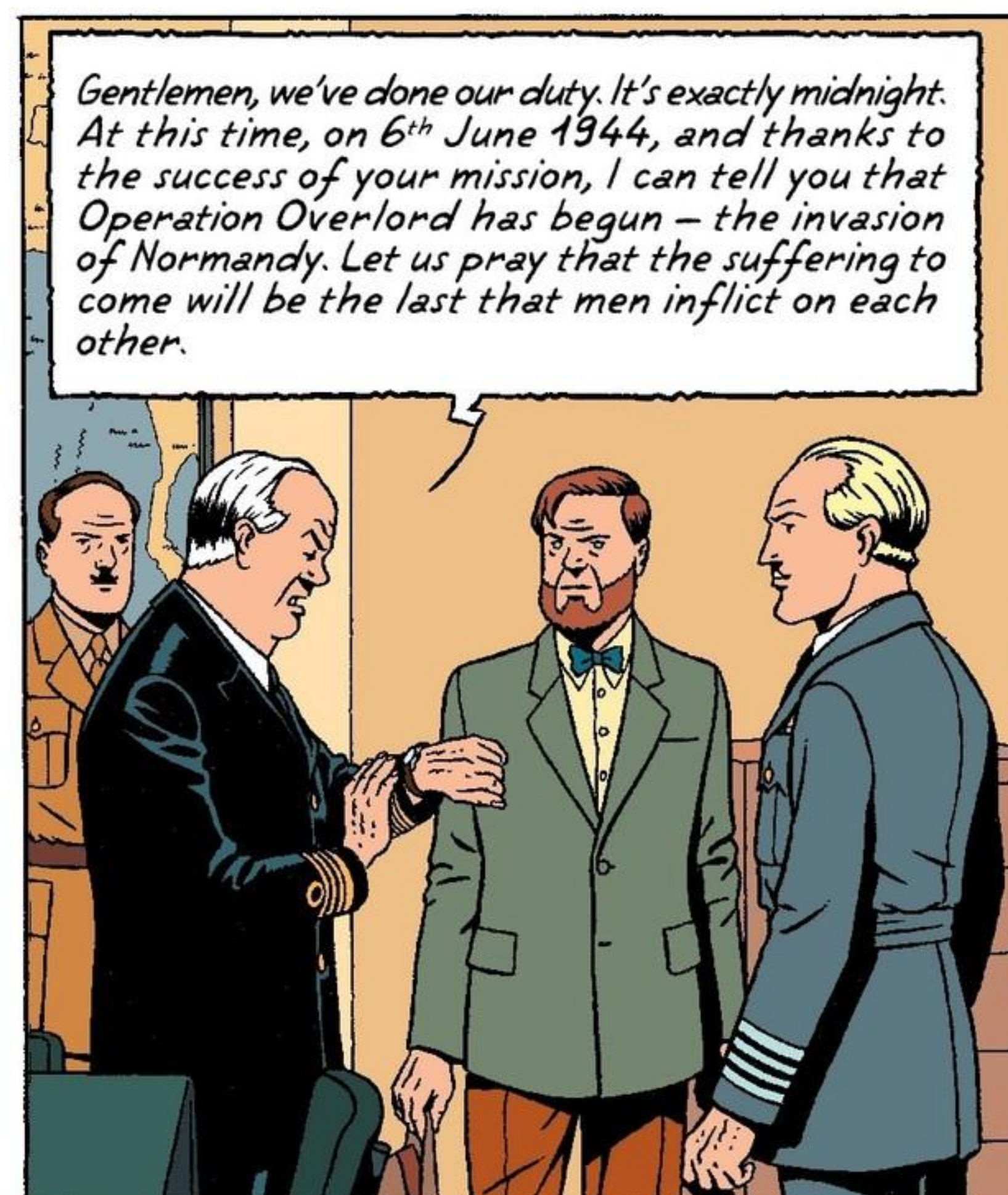
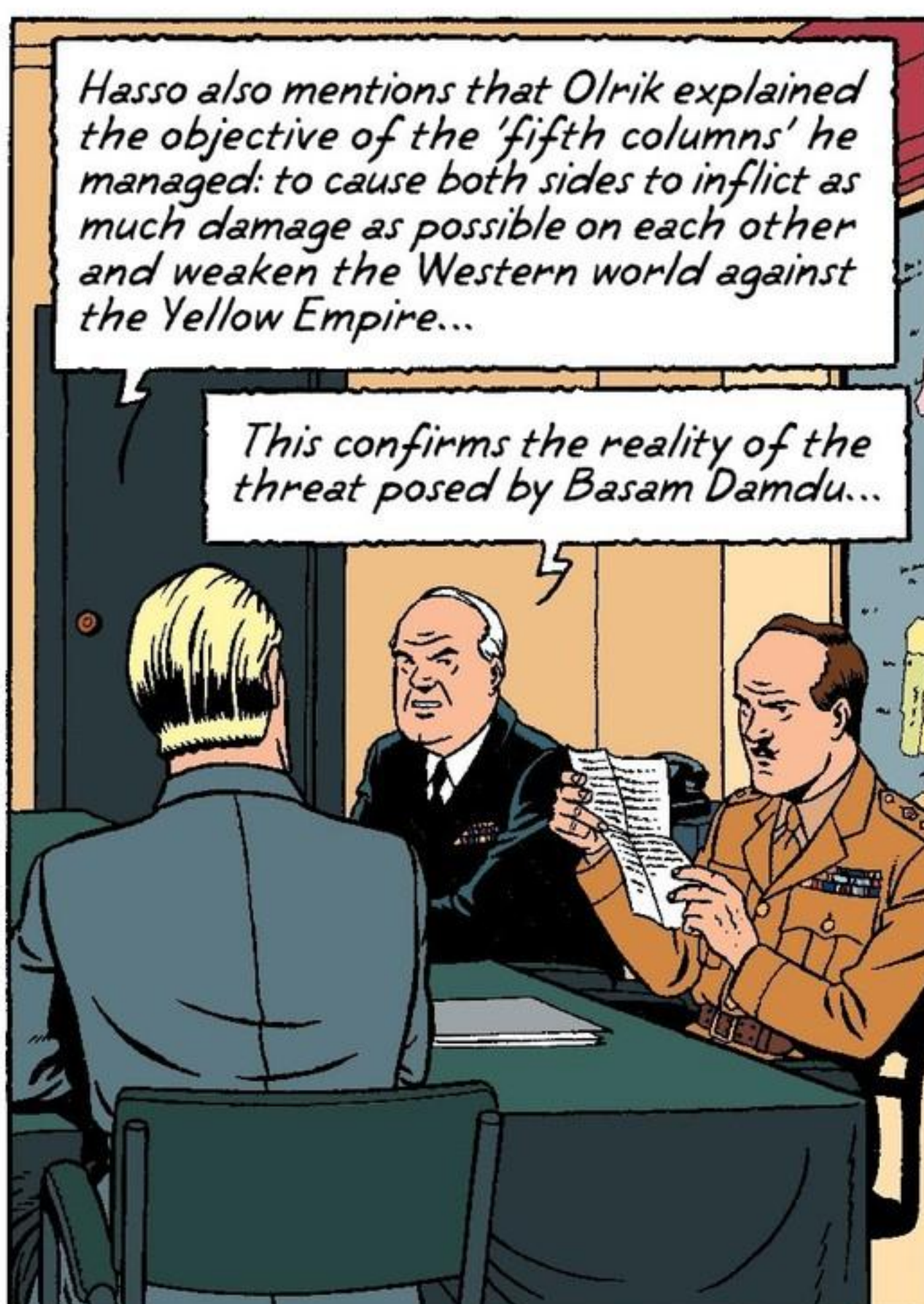
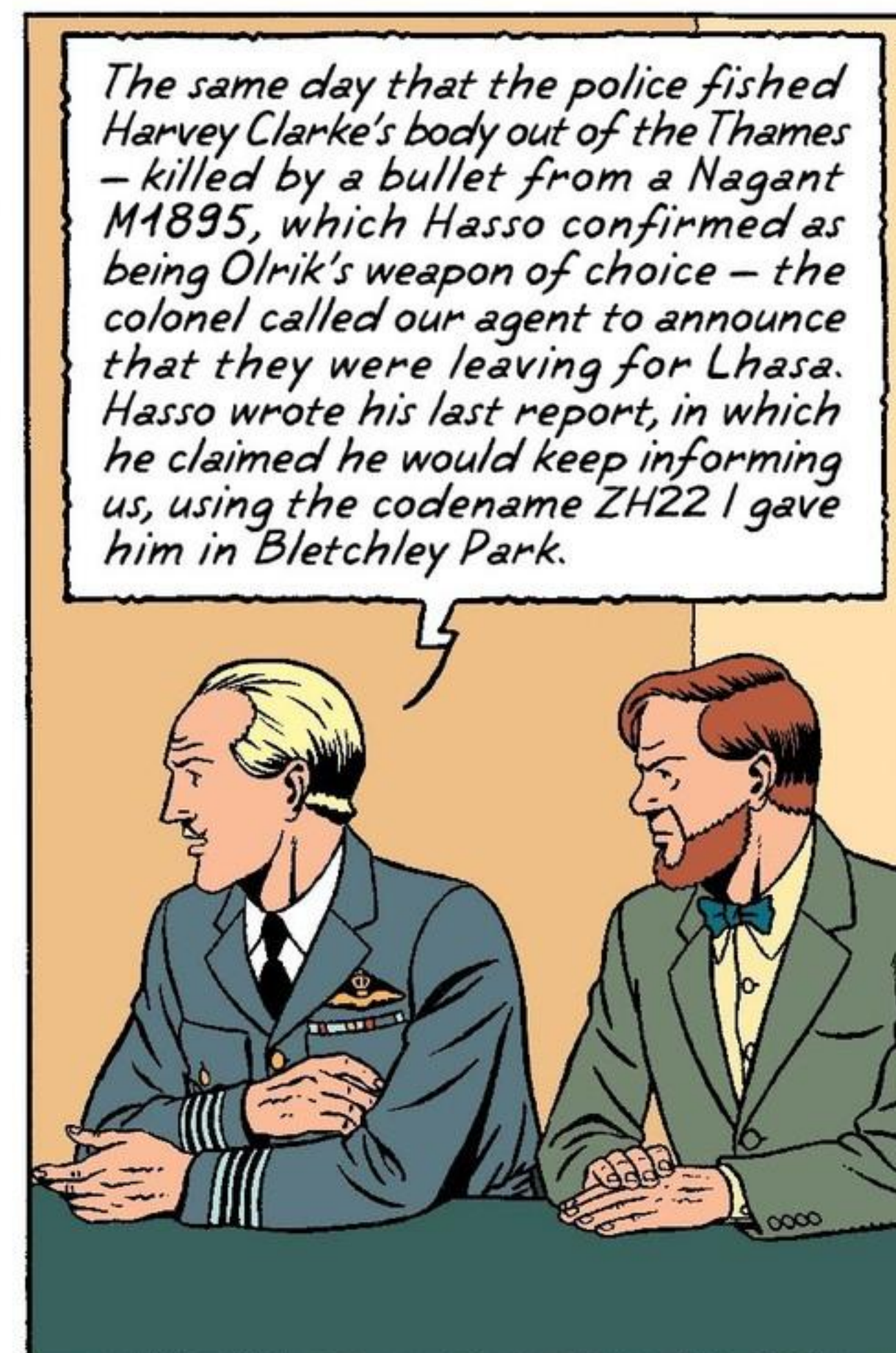
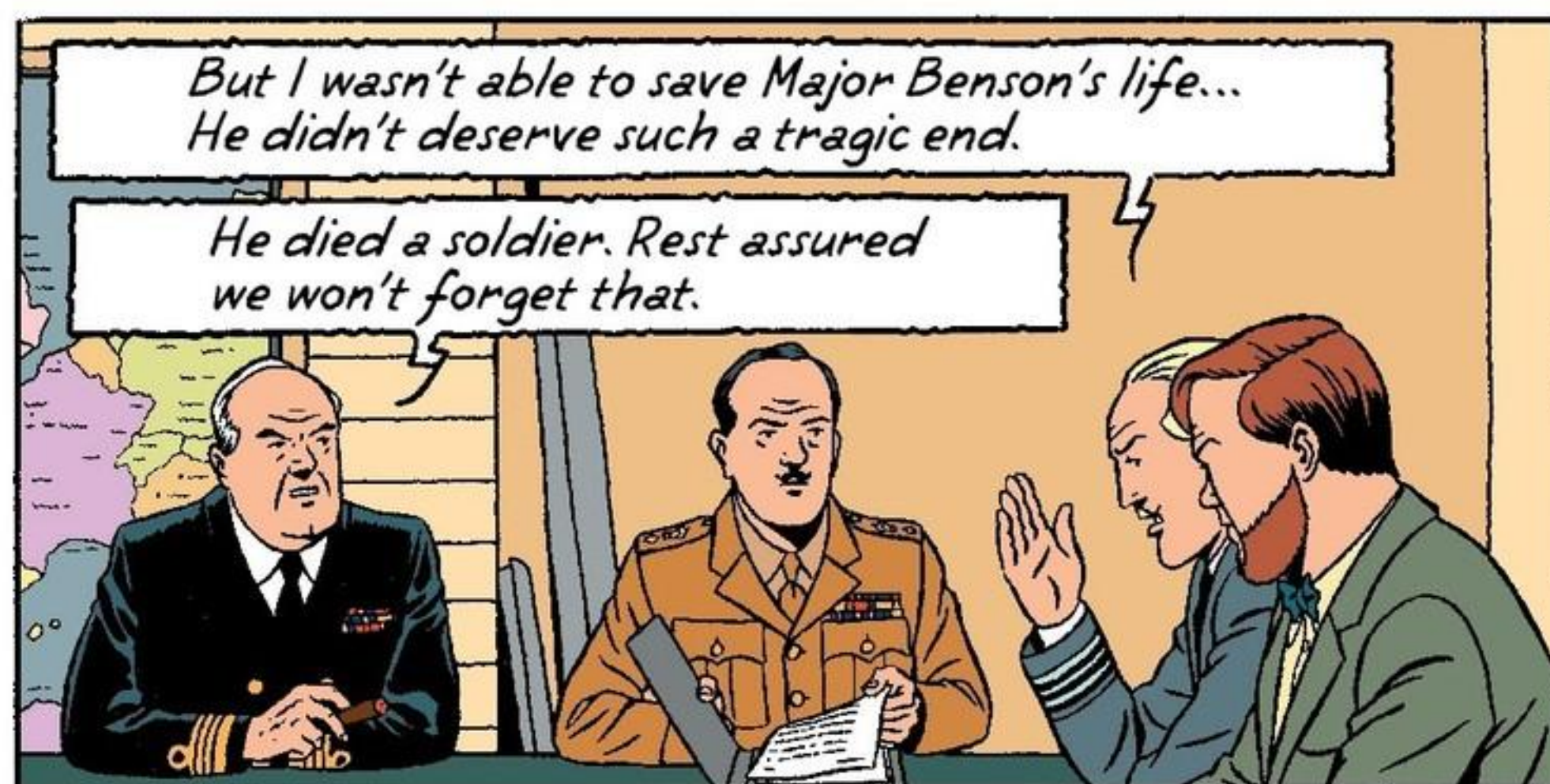
Gentlemen, please take a seat.

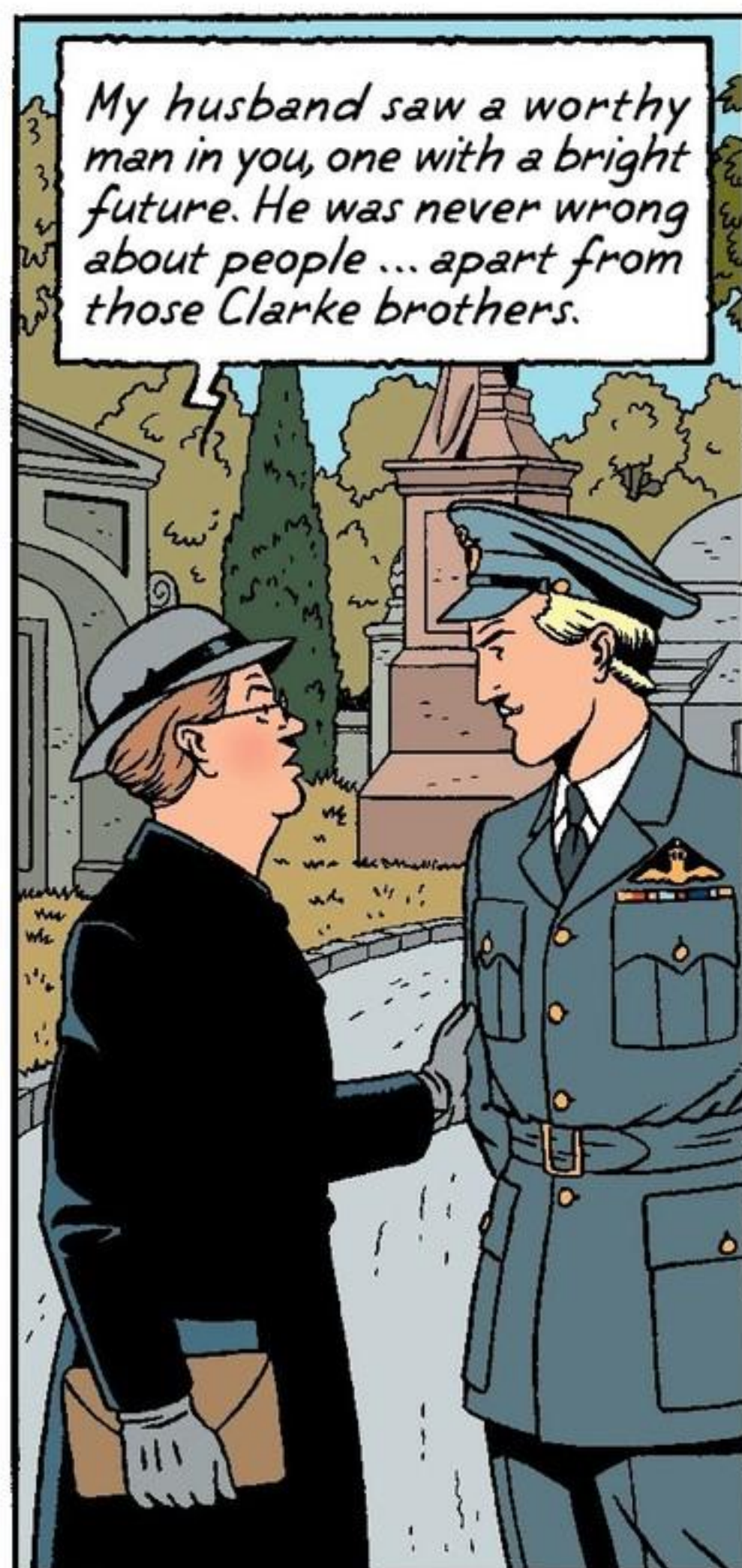


We've received confirmation that Operation Narwhal was a success. The Germans have re-deployed a large number of U-boats to Gibraltar, Professor.



We're fortunate that you were able to stop the Clarke brothers from ruining this disinformation campaign, Squadron Leader.

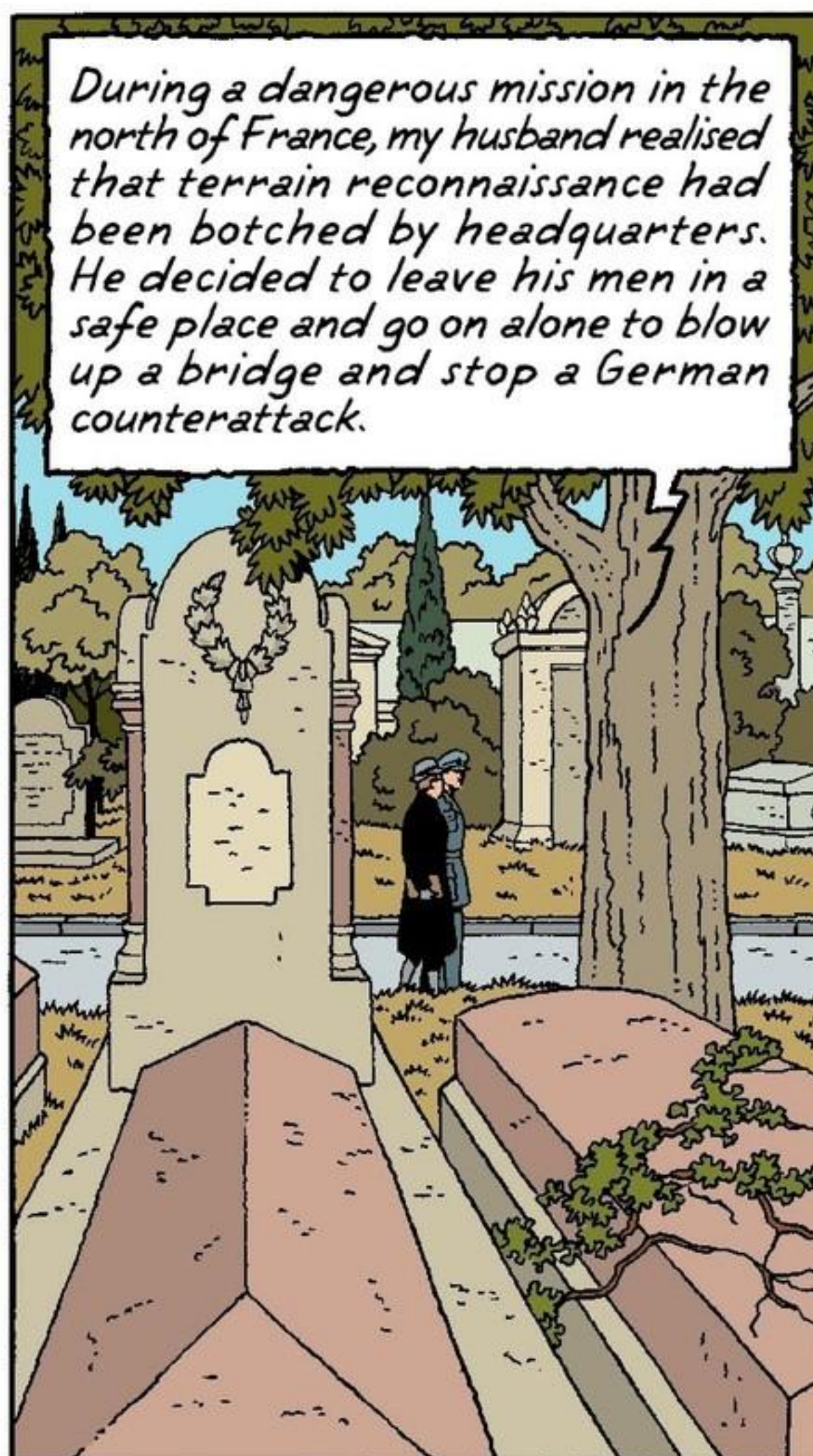




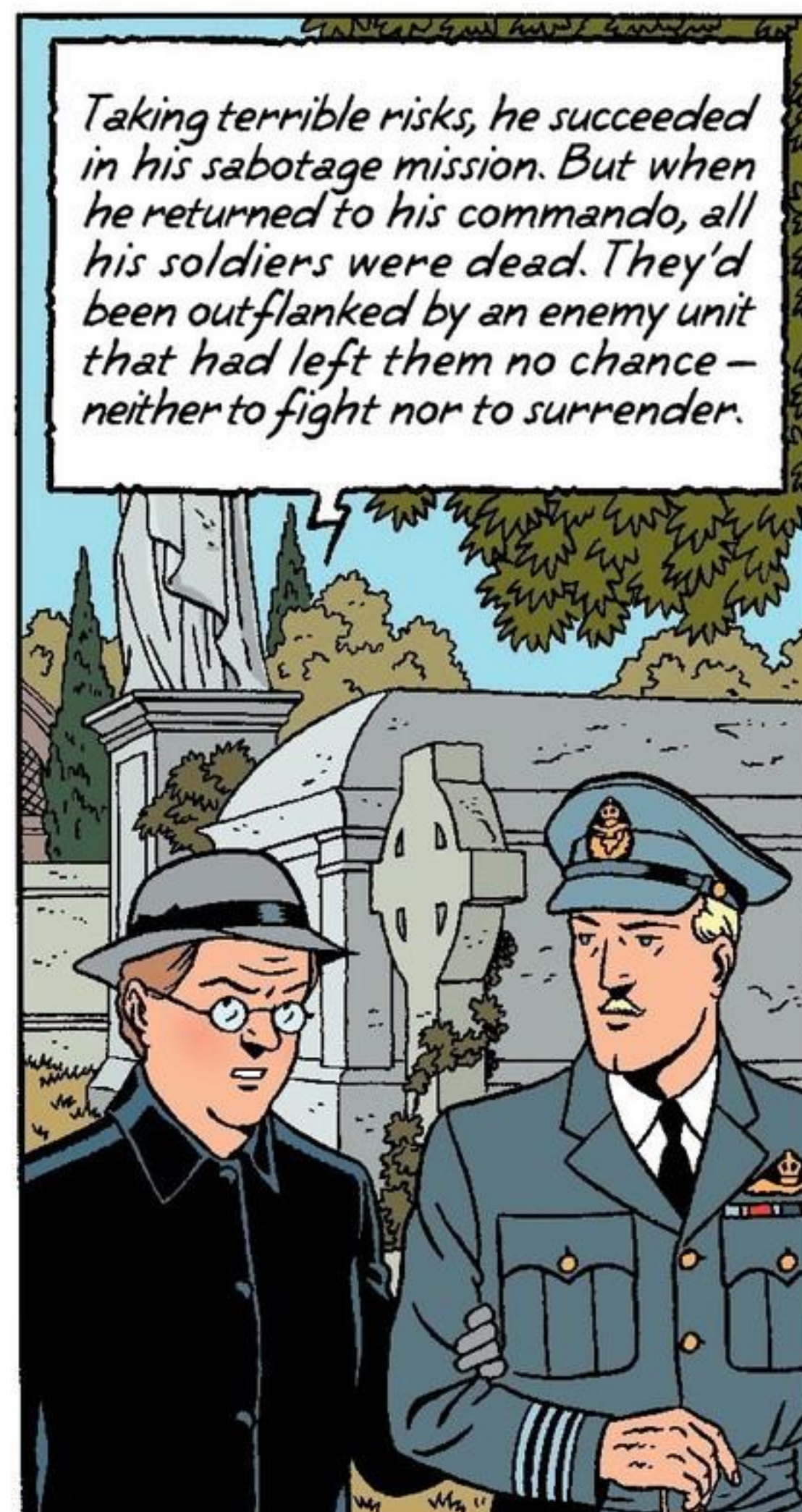
My husband saw a worthy man in you, one with a bright future. He was never wrong about people ... apart from those Clarke brothers.



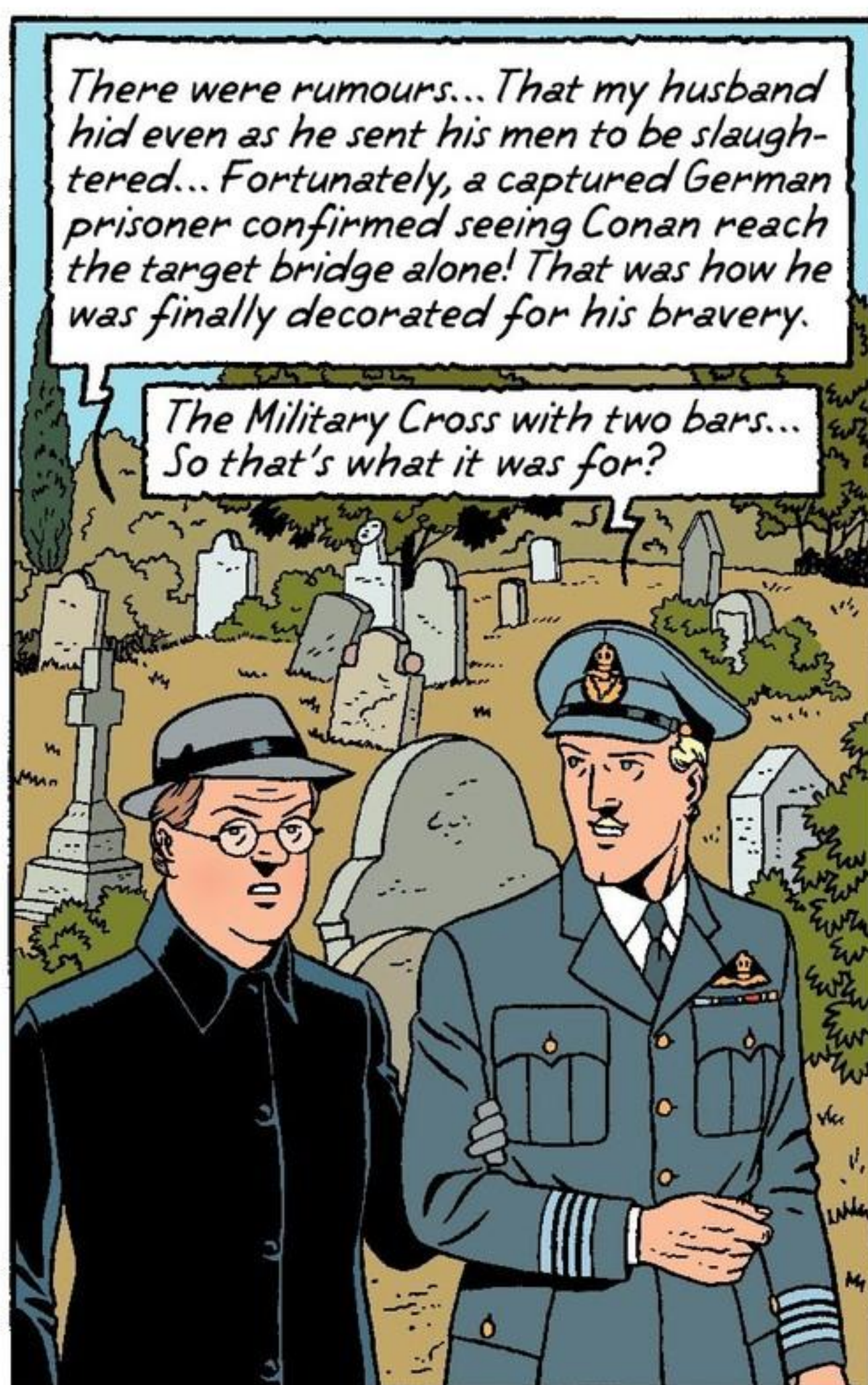
He felt guilty with regards to those boys because he'd been, quite involuntarily, responsible for the death of their father at the end of the First World War.



During a dangerous mission in the north of France, my husband realised that terrain reconnaissance had been botched by headquarters. He decided to leave his men in a safe place and go on alone to blow up a bridge and stop a German counterattack.

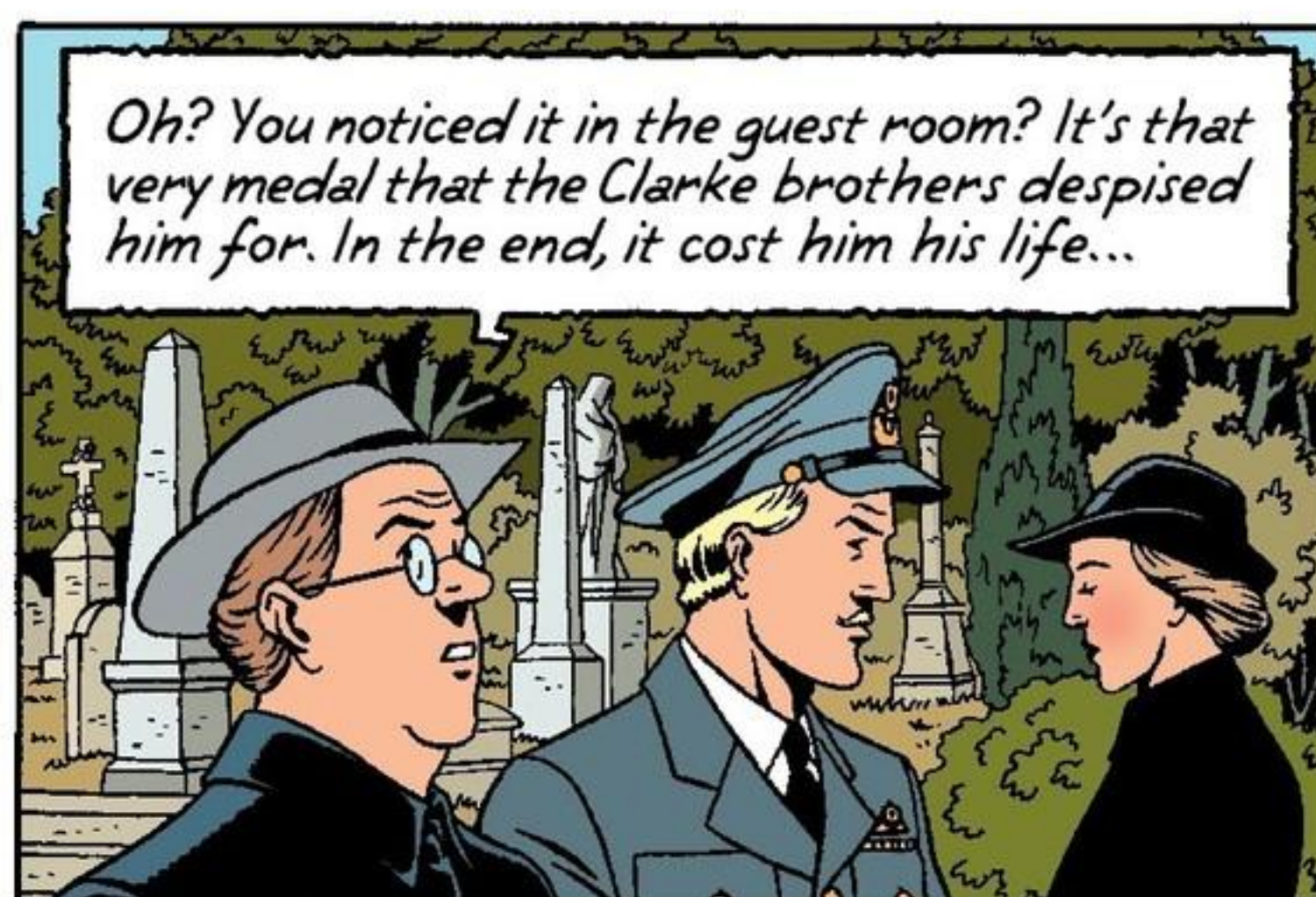


Taking terrible risks, he succeeded in his sabotage mission. But when he returned to his commando, all his soldiers were dead. They'd been outflanked by an enemy unit that had left them no chance - neither to fight nor to surrender.

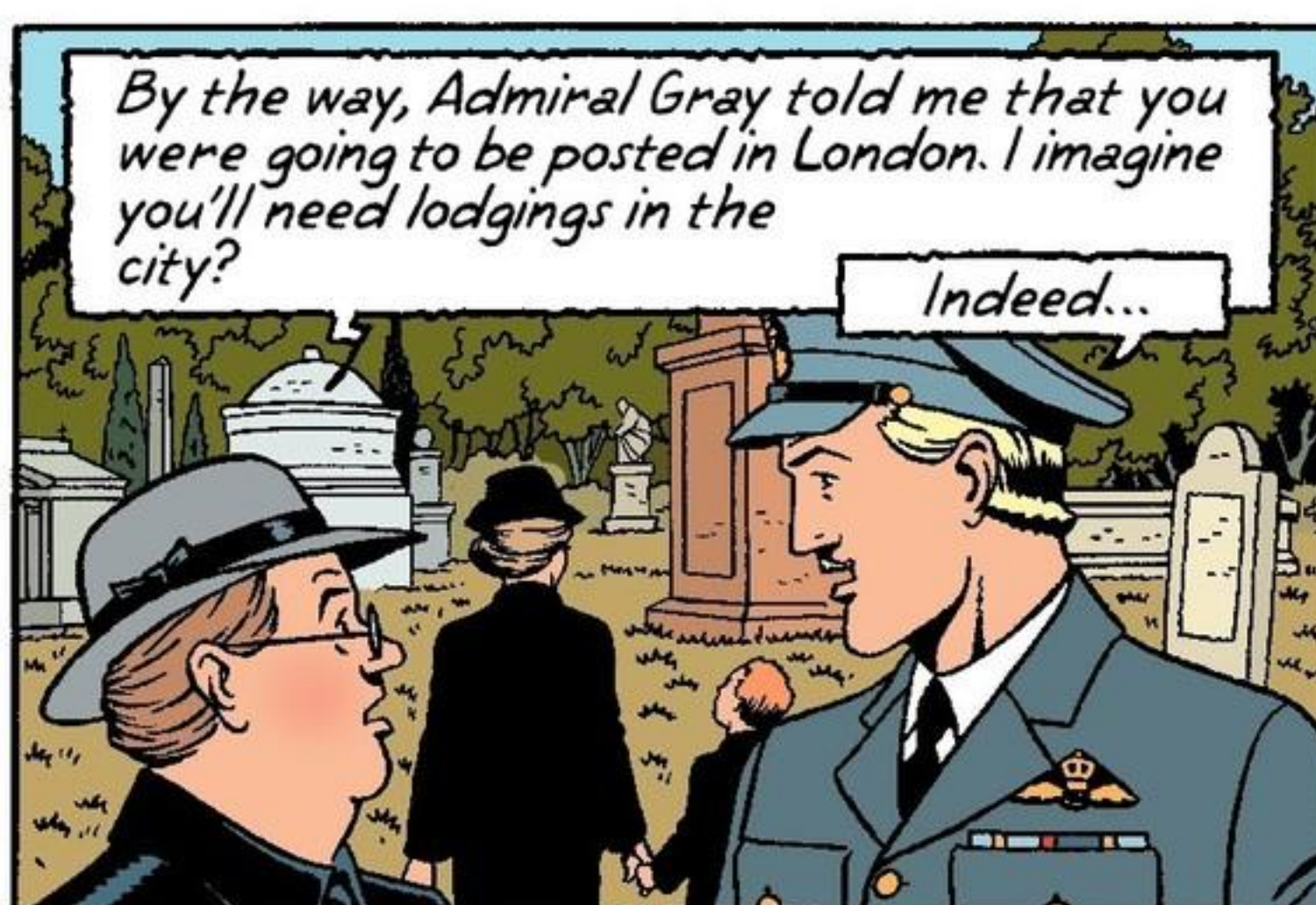


There were rumours... That my husband hid even as he sent his men to be slaughtered... Fortunately, a captured German prisoner confirmed seeing Conan reach the target bridge alone! That was how he was finally decorated for his bravery.

The Military Cross with two bars... So that's what it was for?

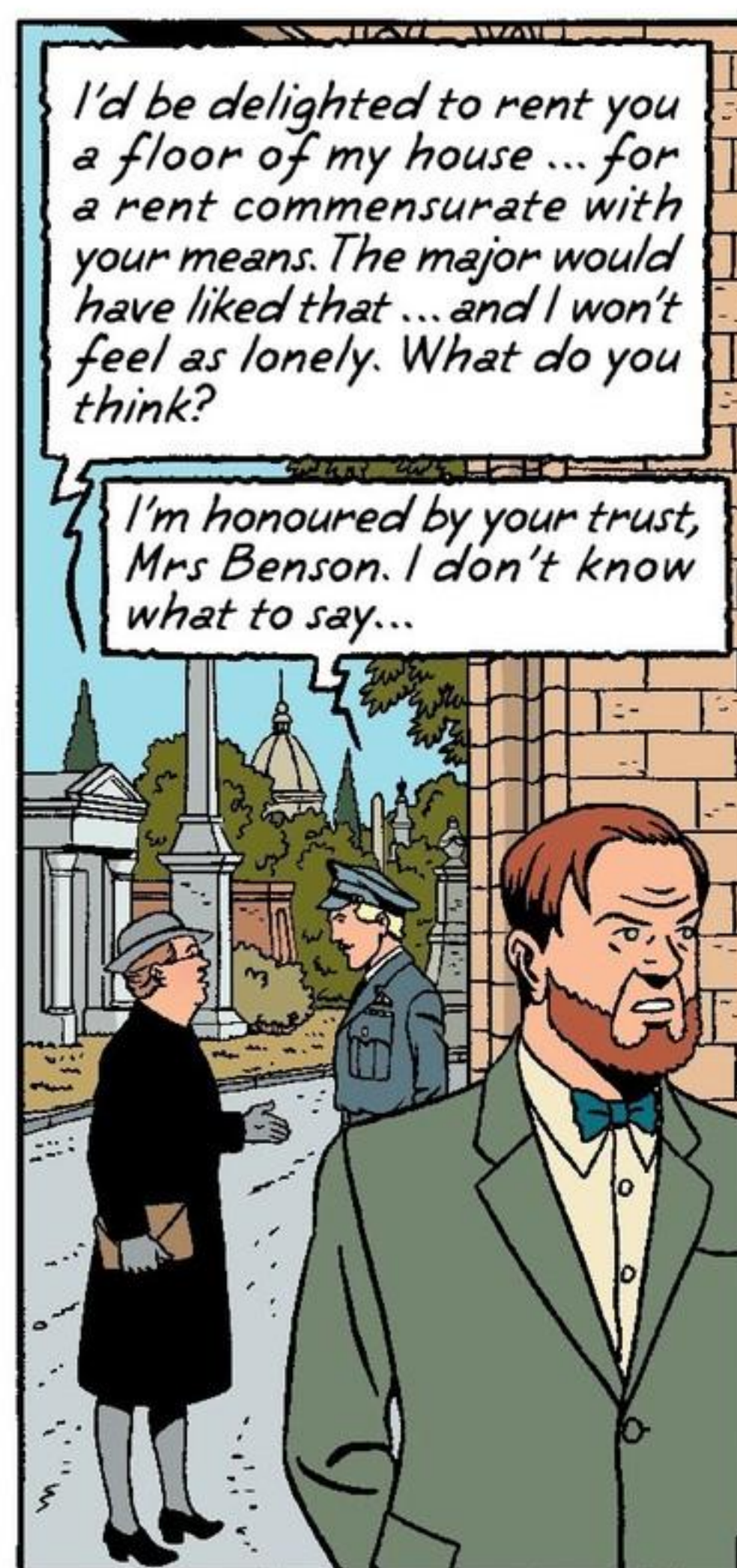


Oh? You noticed it in the guest room? It's that very medal that the Clarke brothers despised him for. In the end, it cost him his life...



By the way, Admiral Gray told me that you were going to be posted in London. I imagine you'll need lodgings in the city?

Indeed...



I'd be delighted to rent you a floor of my house ... for a rent commensurate with your means. The major would have liked that ... and I won't feel as lonely. What do you think?

I'm honoured by your trust, Mrs Benson. I don't know what to say...



In that case, Mr Blake, just say yes...

A LITTLE OVER TWO YEARS GO BY BETWEEN D-DAY, THE NORMANDY LANDINGS...

ONE PENNY FOR KING AND EMPIRE 8TH MAY 1945

TODAY IS VICTORY DAY!

The prime minister will speak at 3 p.m. and the King at 9 p.m.

NO. 15,364 ONE PENNY FOR KING AND EMPIRE 26TH JULY 1945

CLEMENT ATTLEE AND THE LABOUR PARTY WIN THE ELECTIONS!

CLEMENT ATTLEE BECOMES PRIME MINISTER!

NO. 15,375 ONE PENNY FOR KING AND EMPIRE 6TH AUGUST 1945

THE UNITED STATES DROPS AN ATOMIC BOMB ON HIROSHIMA, JAPAN!

Daily Mail

NO. 15,542 ONE PENNY FOR KING AND EMPIRE 20TH JANUARY 1946

FRANCE: GENERAL DE GAULLE ANNOUNCES HIS RESIGNATION FROM THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT!

NO. 15,569 ONE PENNY FOR KING AND EMPIRE 17TH FEBRUARY 1946

EXTREME DIPLOMATIC TENSION BETWEEN THE WEST AND THE YELLOW EMPIRE!

NO. 15,707 ONE PENNY FOR KING AND EMPIRE 5TH JULY 1946

THE USURPER BASAM DAMDU, SELF-PROCLAIMED EMPEROR OF TIBET, REJECTS THE INTERNATIONAL COMMUNITY'S DISARMAMENT DEMANDS!



...AND A CERTAIN EVENING IN SEPTEMBER 1946. IN LONDON, THE PRIME MINISTER HAS CONVENED AN AD-HOC CABINET COMMITTEE AT 10 DOWNING STREET.



...Our agent Hasso works directly for Colonel Olrik, who has become head of the Intelligence Service and the dictator's military advisor. Hasso has even managed to get promoted to the rank of Captain in Basam Damdu's army. I have absolute trust in him.



Prime Minister, gentlemen, if Agent ZH22 is warning us that a large-scale global attack is imminent, it's because it is.



Your opinion, Colonel Menzies?



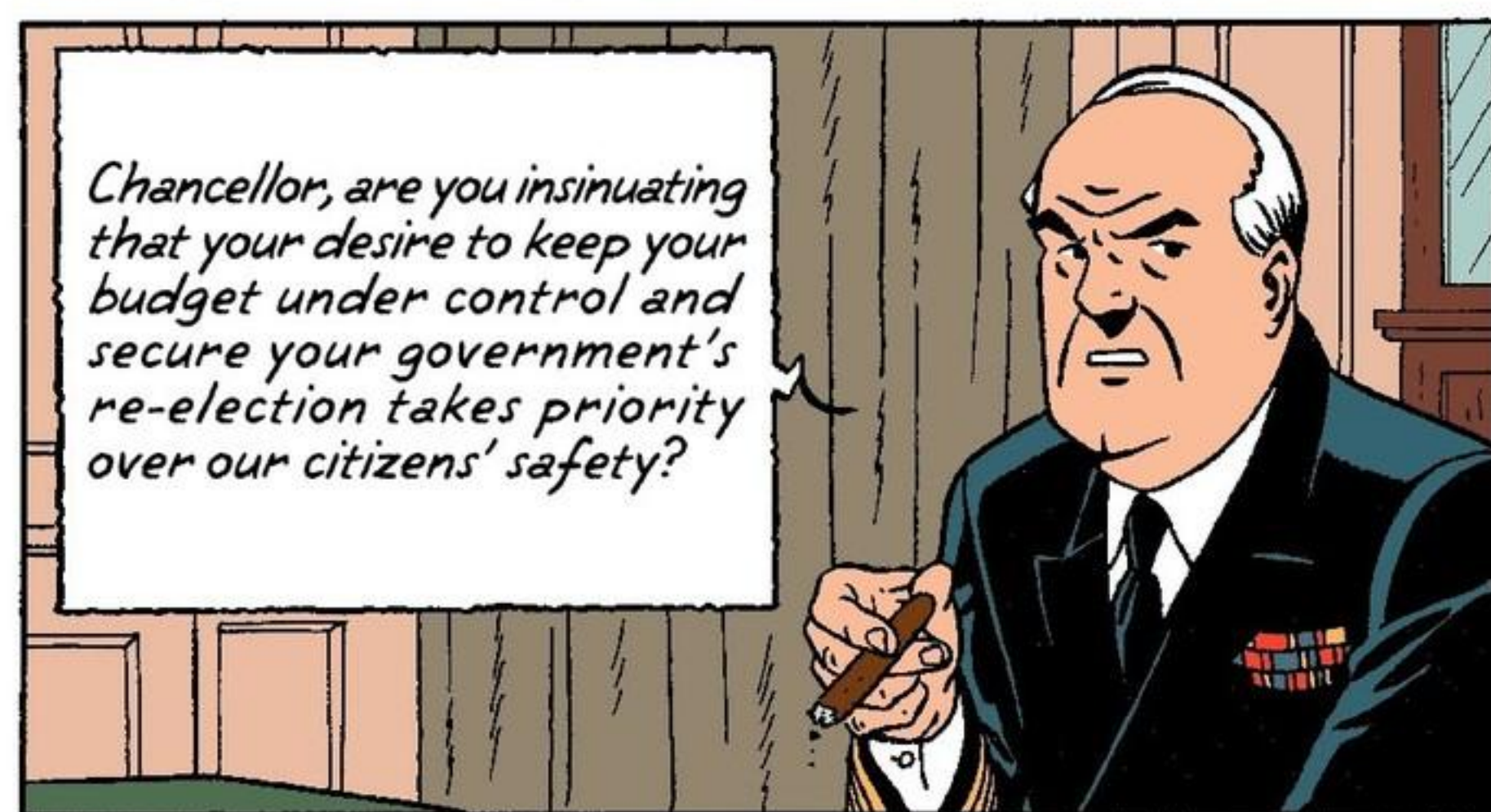
My men have detected signs of tension among the individuals we've been watching for three years – the so-called fifth columns – as well as increased message traffic. Something important is in the books – in that I concur with Squadron L... I mean Captain Blake.



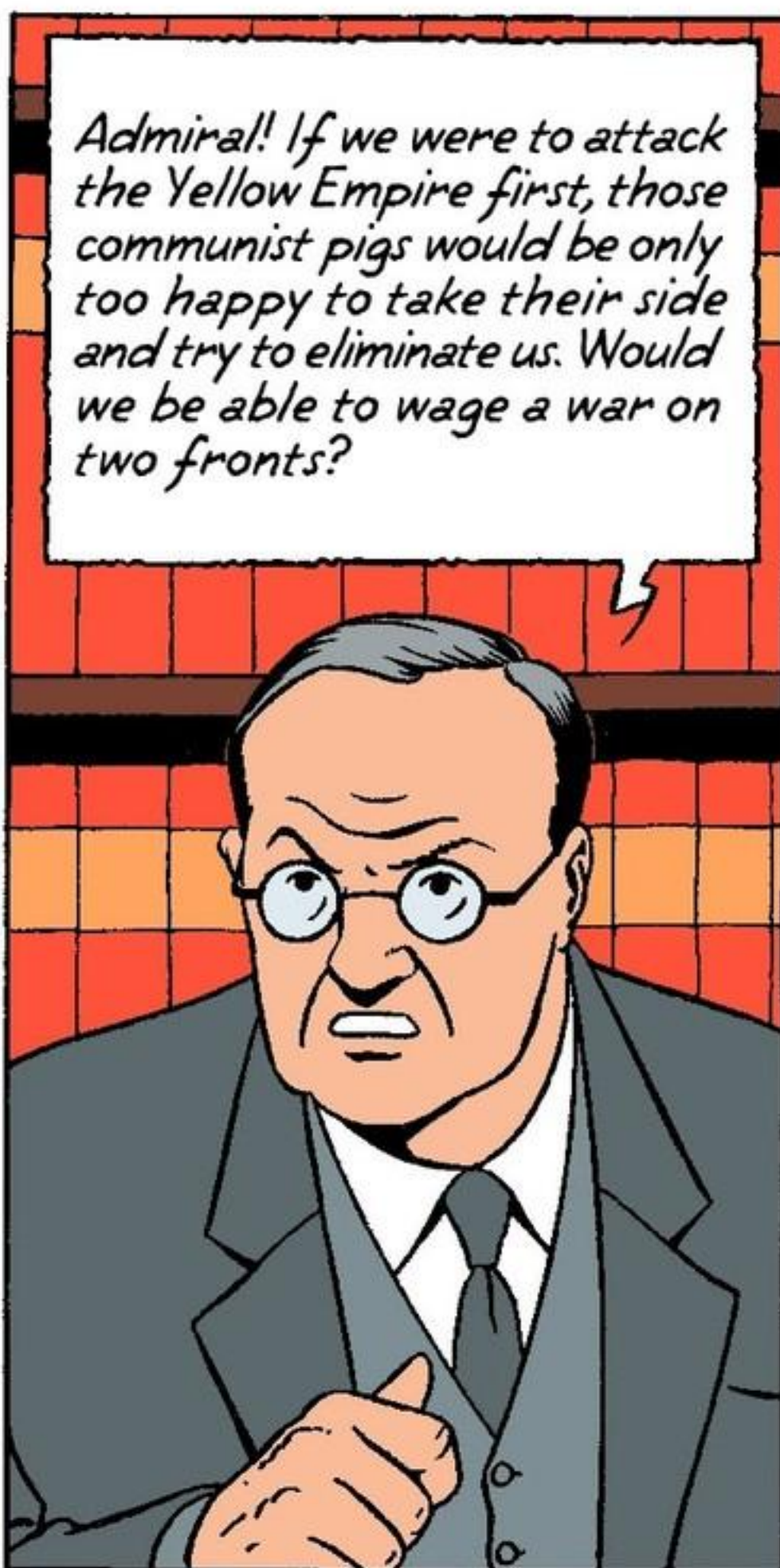
With all due respect, Prime Minister, I don't understand this hesitation. All our information is consistent. An attack seems imminent and we must mobilise our forces without delay.



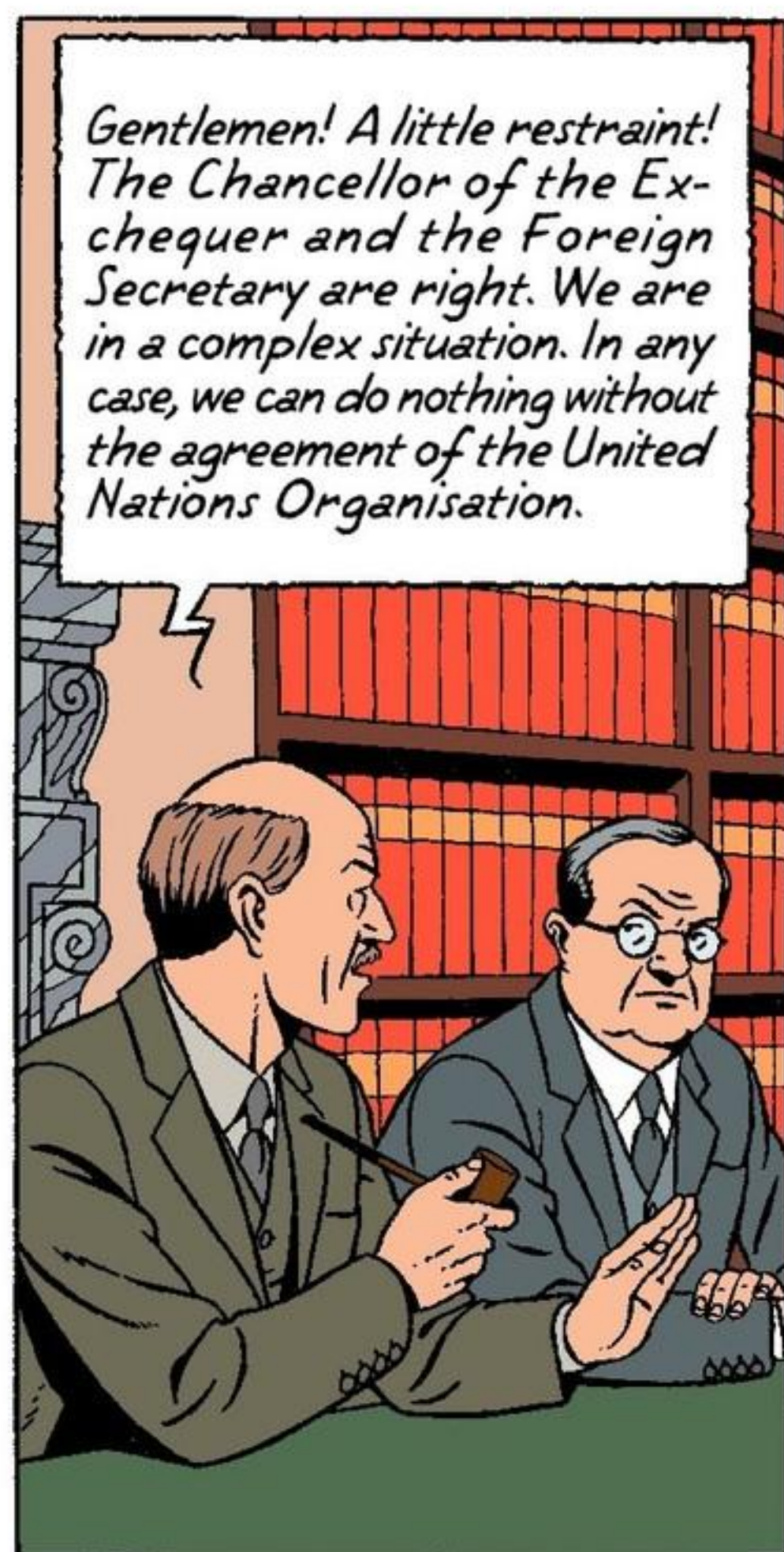
Mobilise?! Our finances are depleted and public opinion has barely recovered from the war. It would be suicide for Mr Attlee to propose...



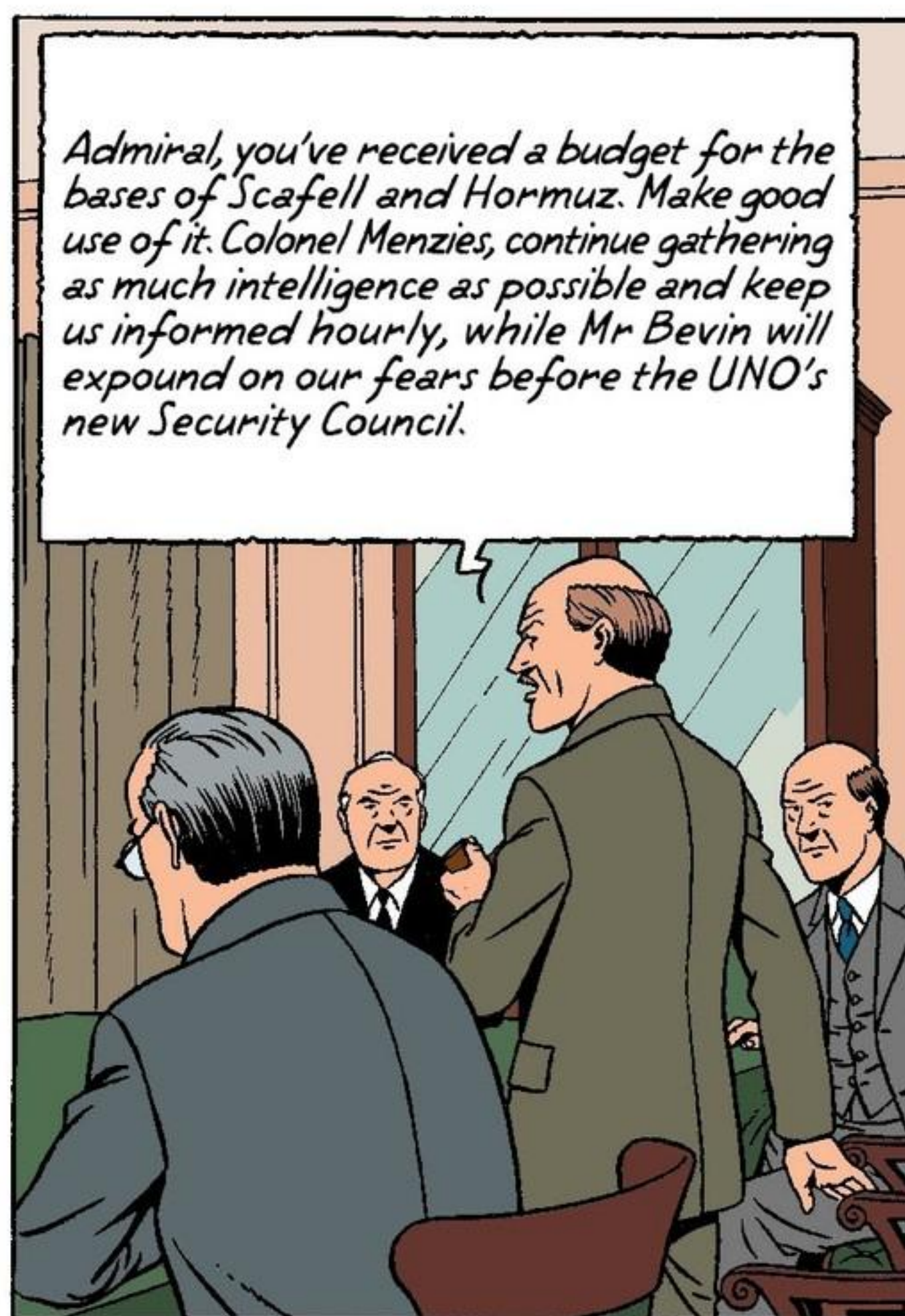
Chancellor, are you insinuating that your desire to keep your budget under control and secure your government's re-election takes priority over our citizens' safety?



Admiral! If we were to attack the Yellow Empire first, those communist pigs would be only too happy to take their side and try to eliminate us. Would we be able to wage a war on two fronts?



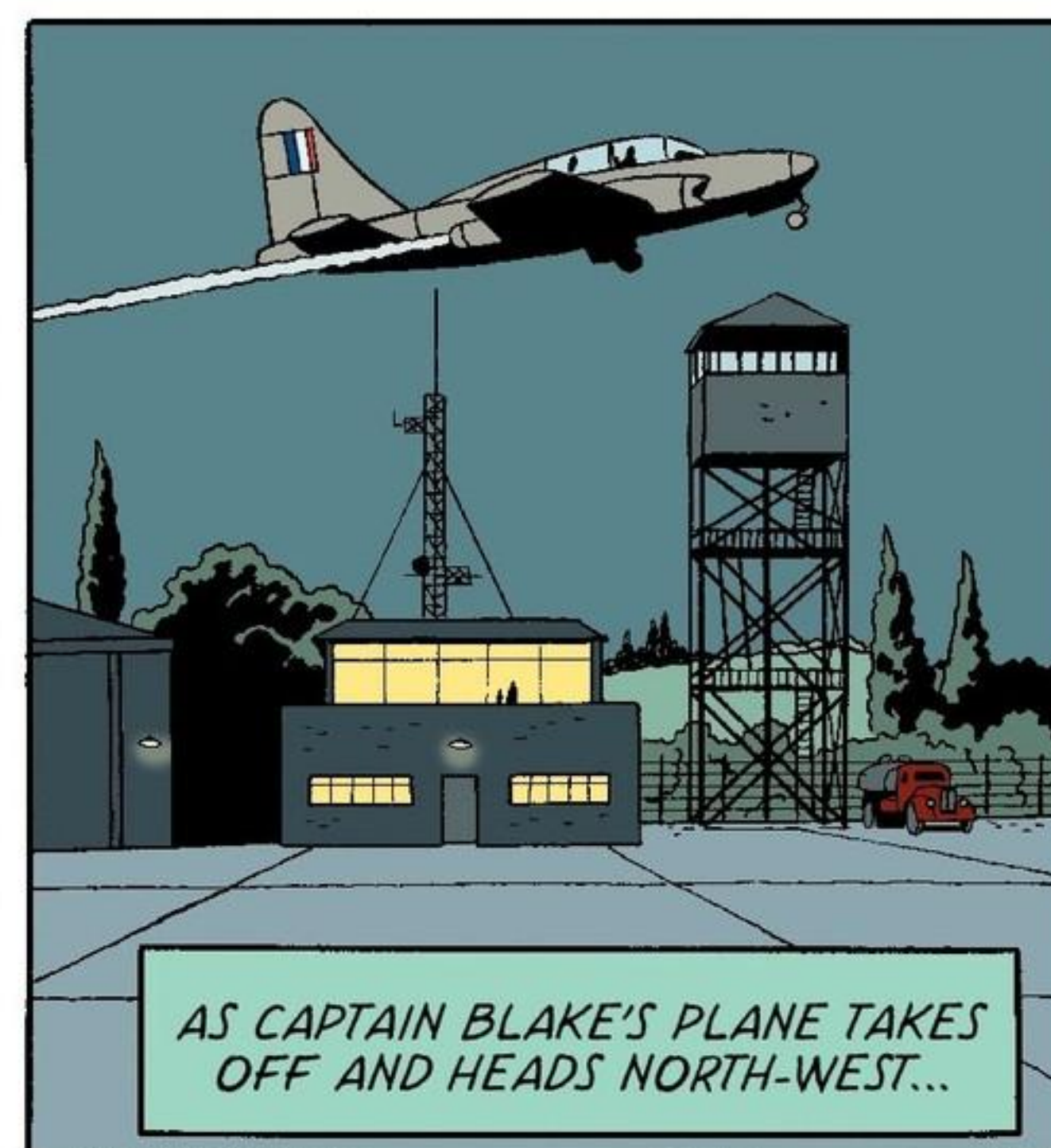
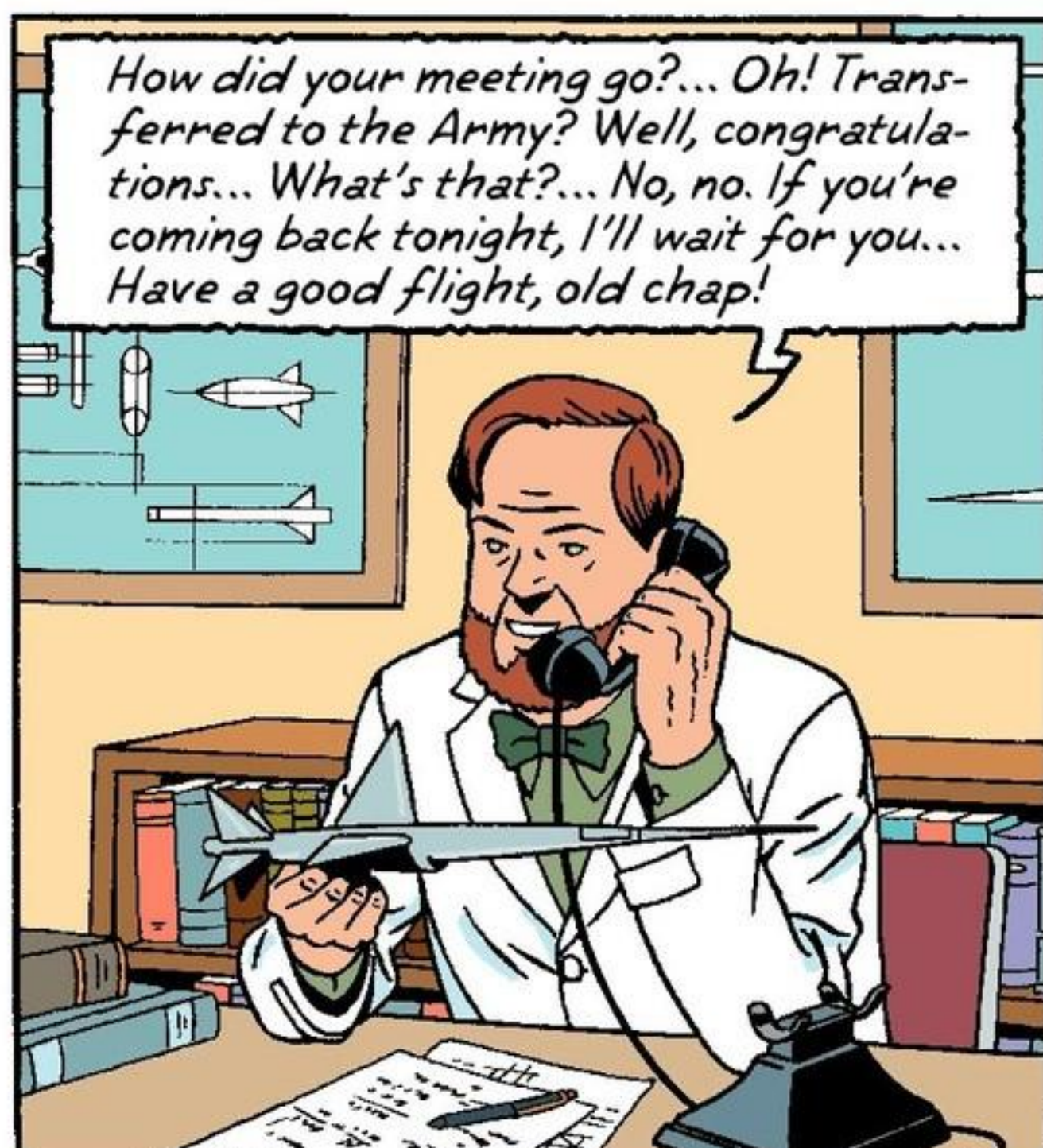
Gentlemen! A little restraint! The Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Foreign Secretary are right. We are in a complex situation. In any case, we can do nothing without the agreement of the United Nations Organisation.



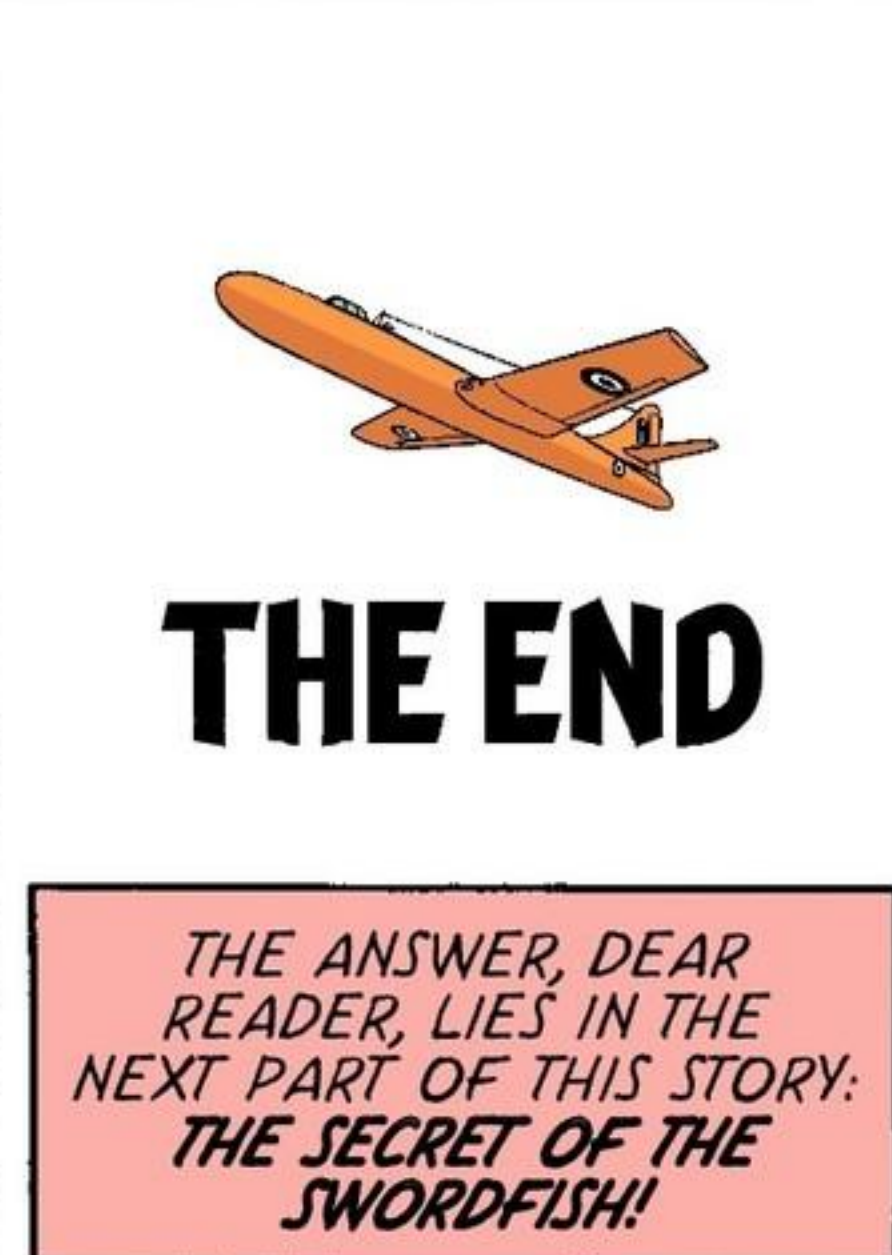
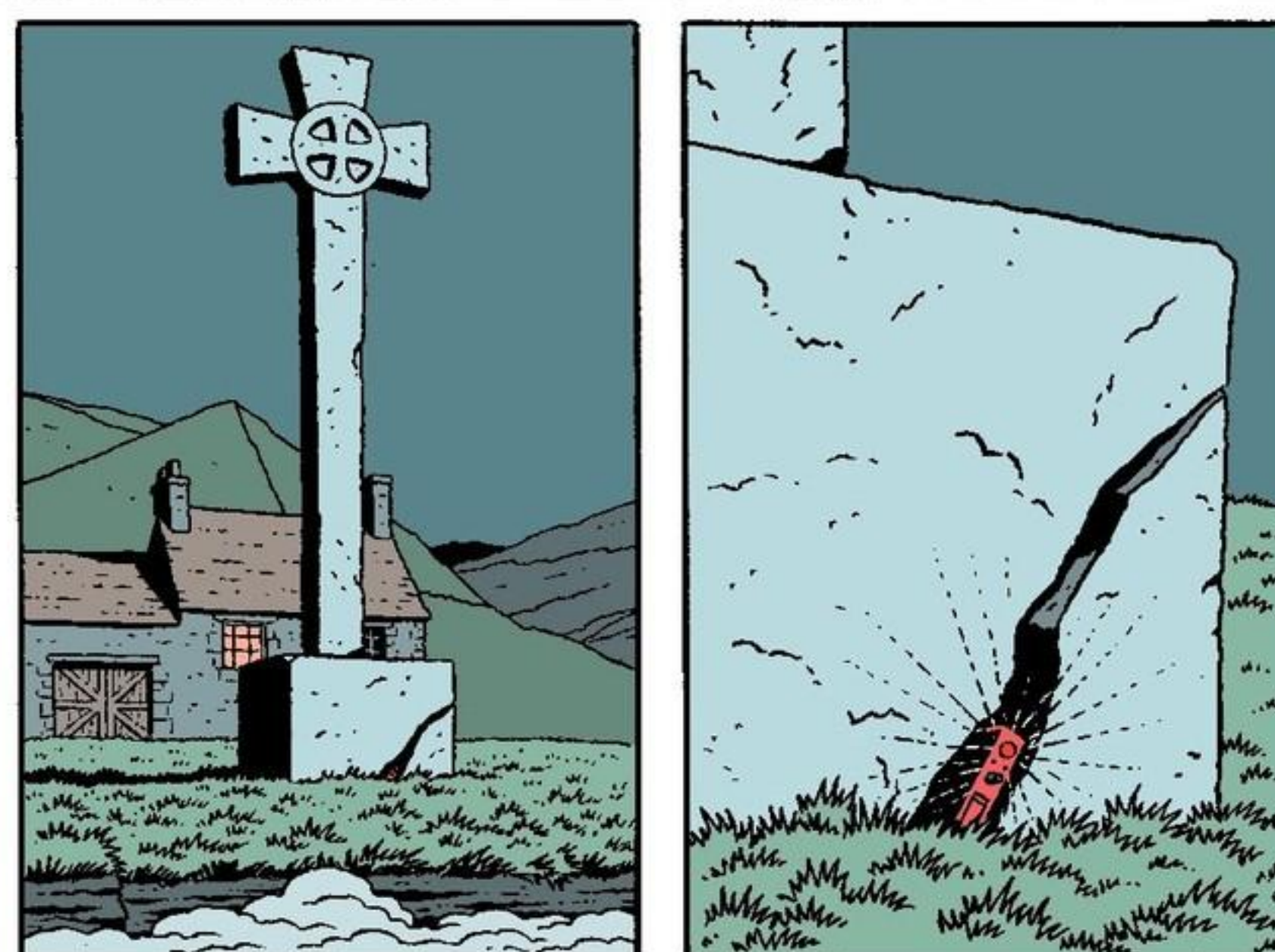
Admiral, you've received a budget for the bases of Scafell and Hormuz. Make good use of it. Colonel Menzies, continue gathering as much intelligence as possible and keep us informed hourly, while Mr Bevin will expound on our fears before the UNO's new Security Council.



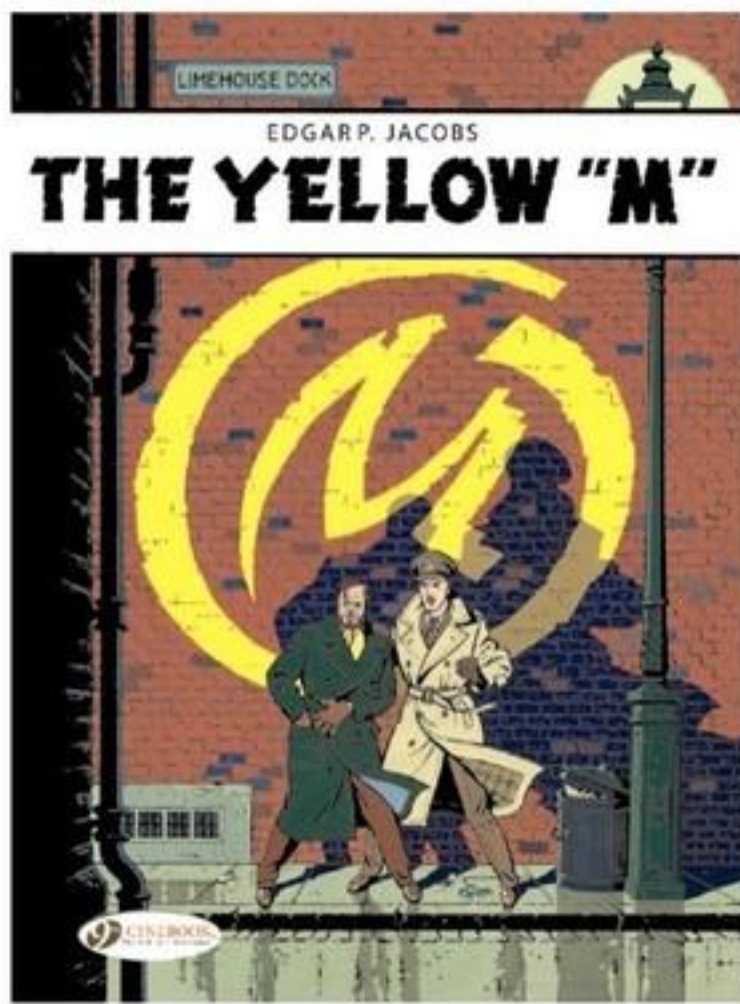
As for you, Captain Blake, I must encourage you to do your utmost in order to complete the Swordfish project as quickly as possible. Gentlemen, I'm counting on all of you.



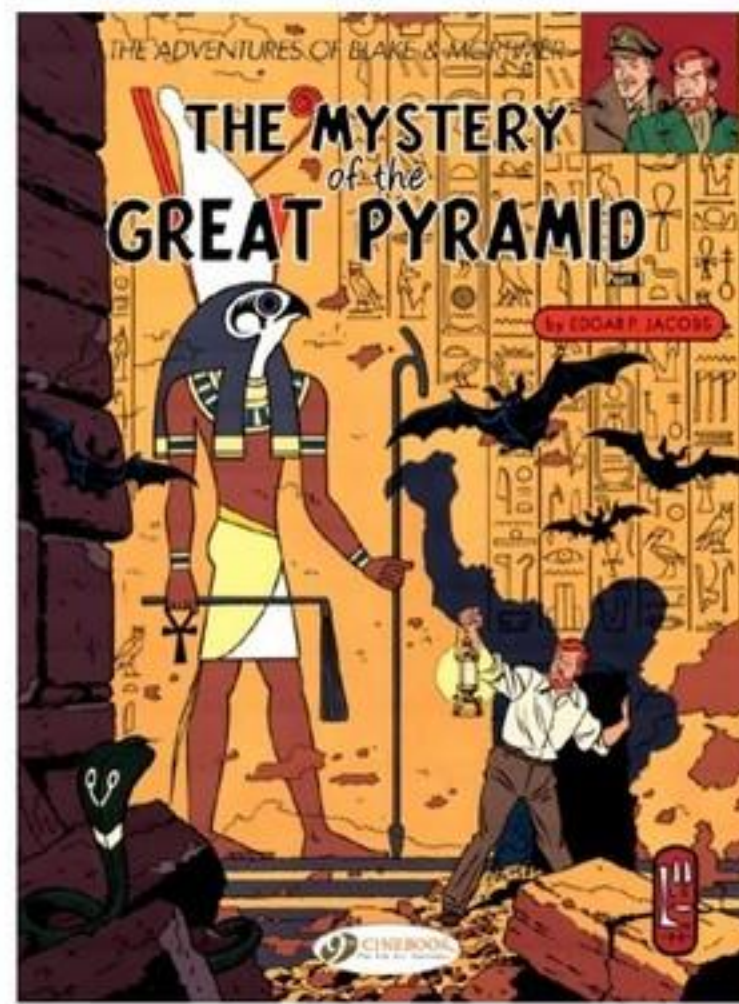
...A TIMER HAS SWITCHED ON THE TRANSMITTER THAT WILL ALLOW THE ENEMY'S AIR RAID TO PINPOINT THE LOCATION OF THE SECRET BASE AT SCAFELL.



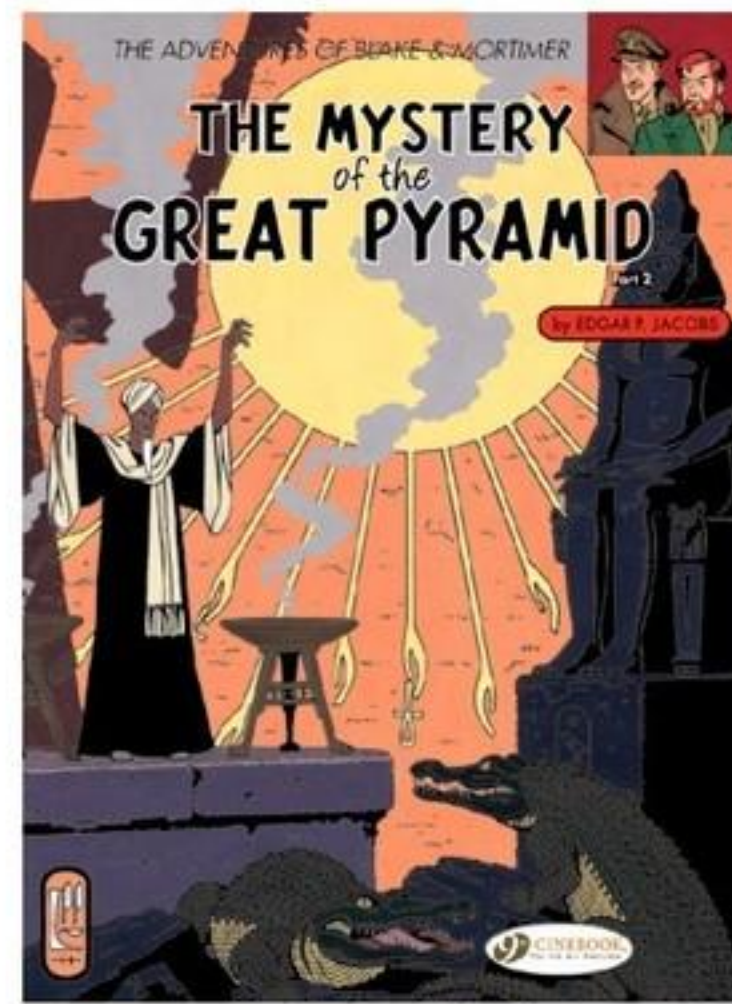
THE ADVENTURES OF BLAKE & MORTIMER



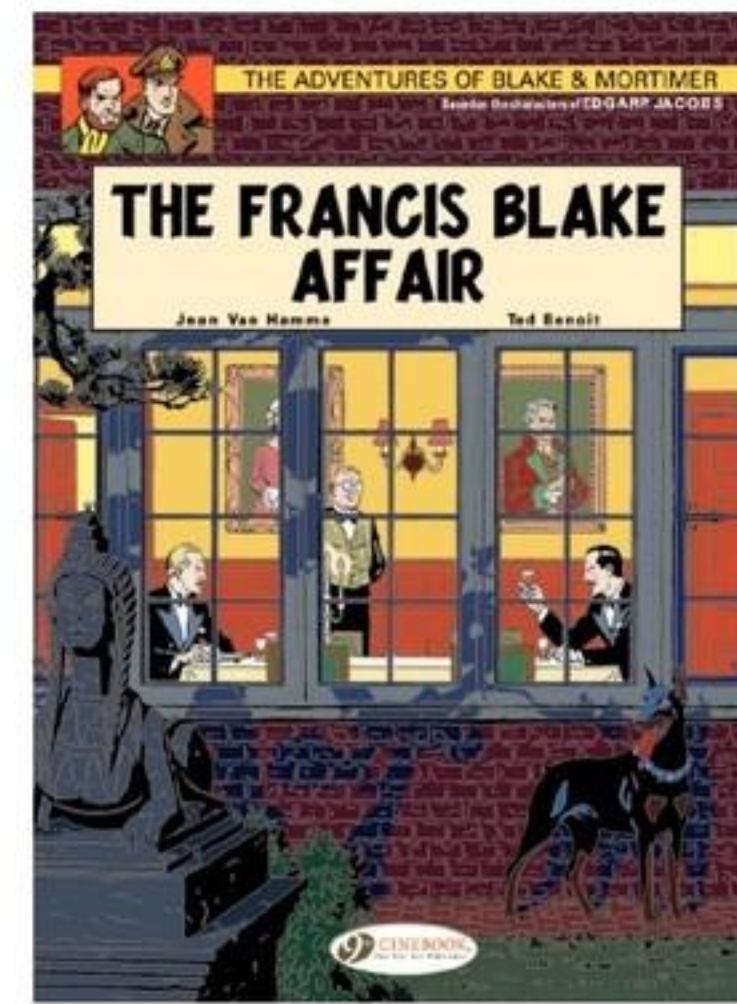
1-The Yellow "M"
EDGAR P. JACOBS



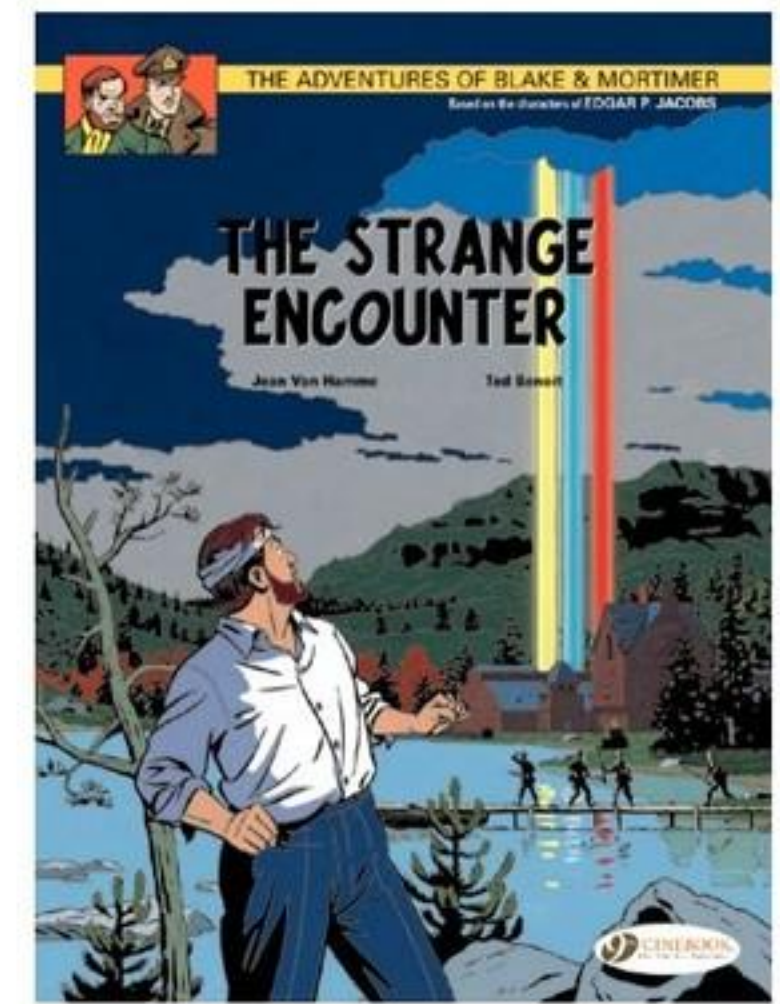
2-The Mystery of the Great Pyramid Part 1
EDGAR P. JACOBS



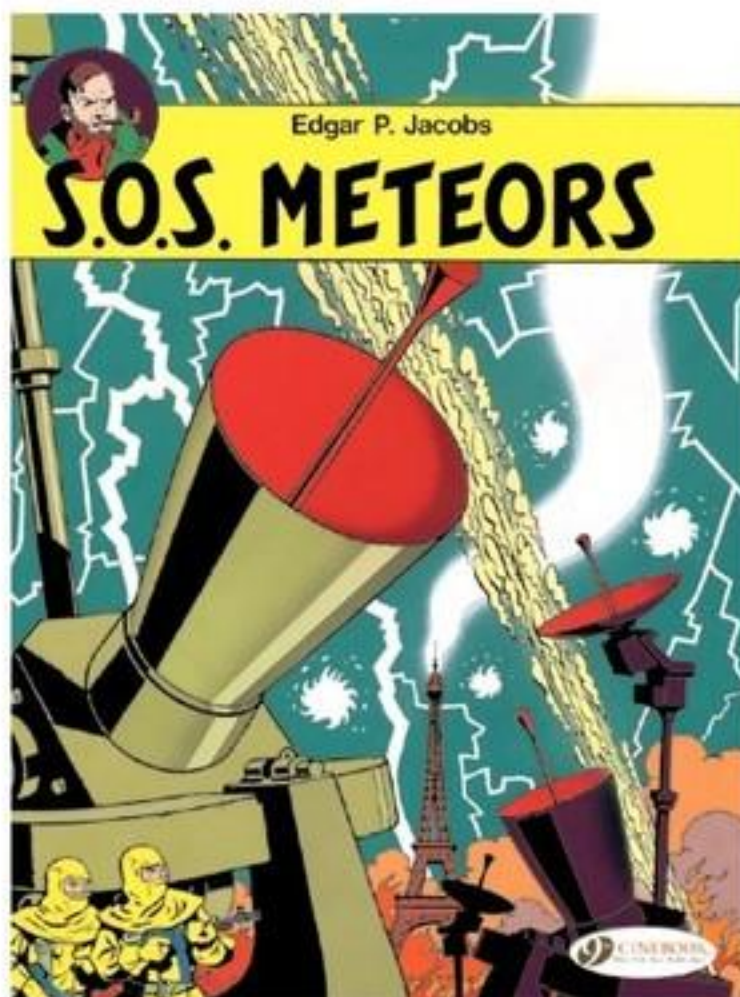
3-The Mystery of the Great Pyramid Part 2
EDGAR P. JACOBS



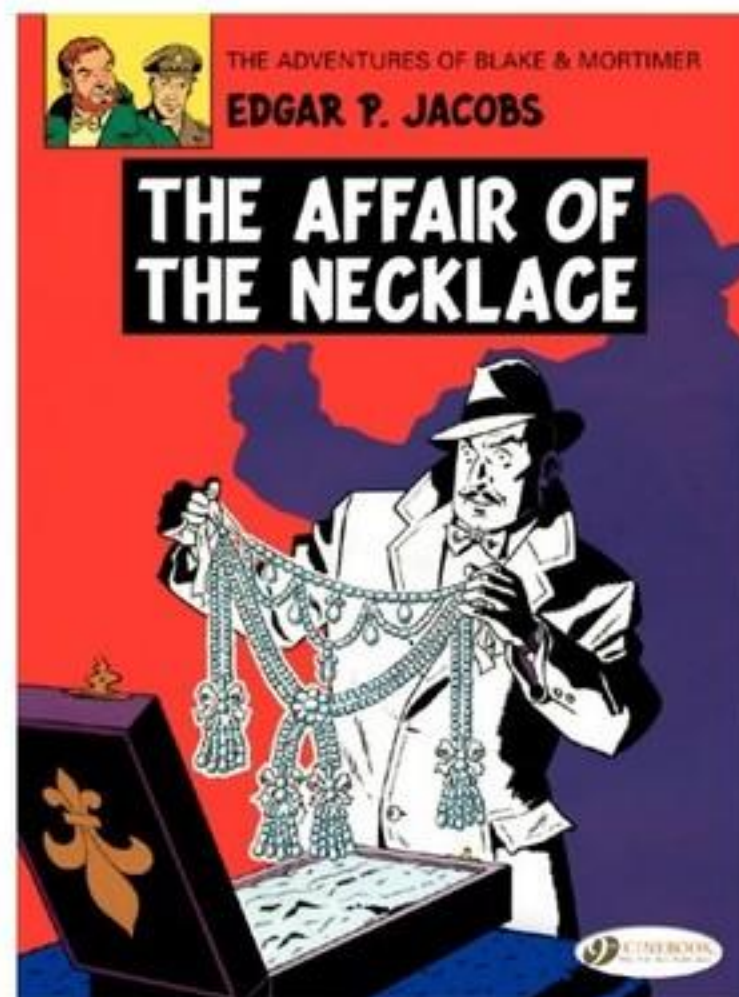
4-The Francis Blake Affair
VAN HAMME - BENOIT



5-The Strange Encounter
VAN HAMME - BENOIT



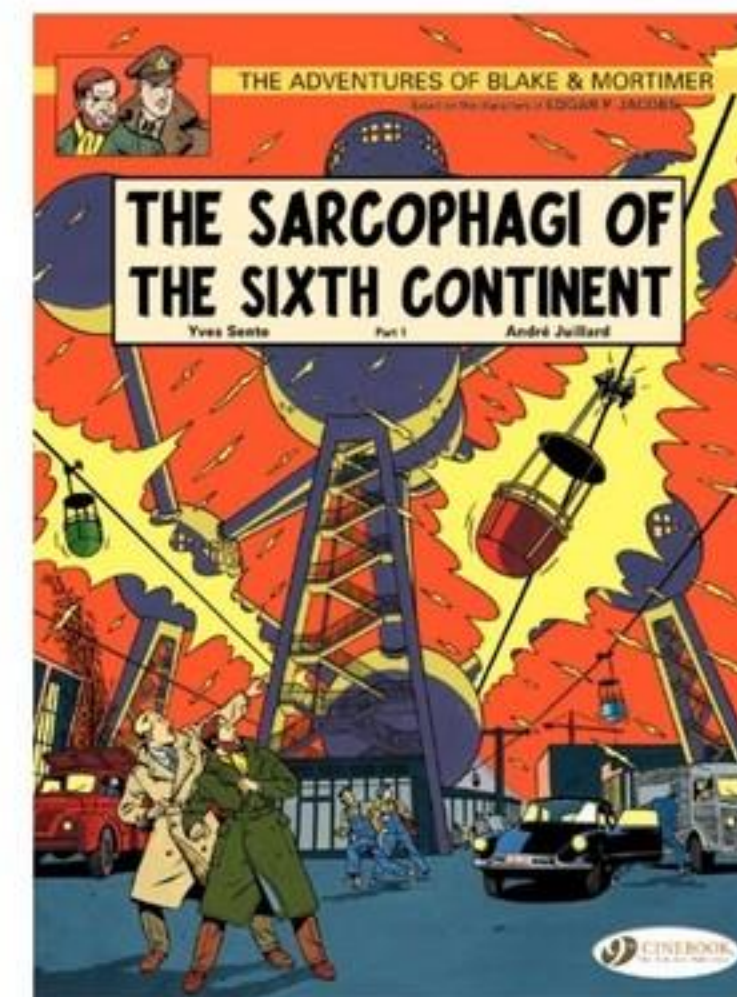
6-S.O.S. Meteors
EDGAR P. JACOBS



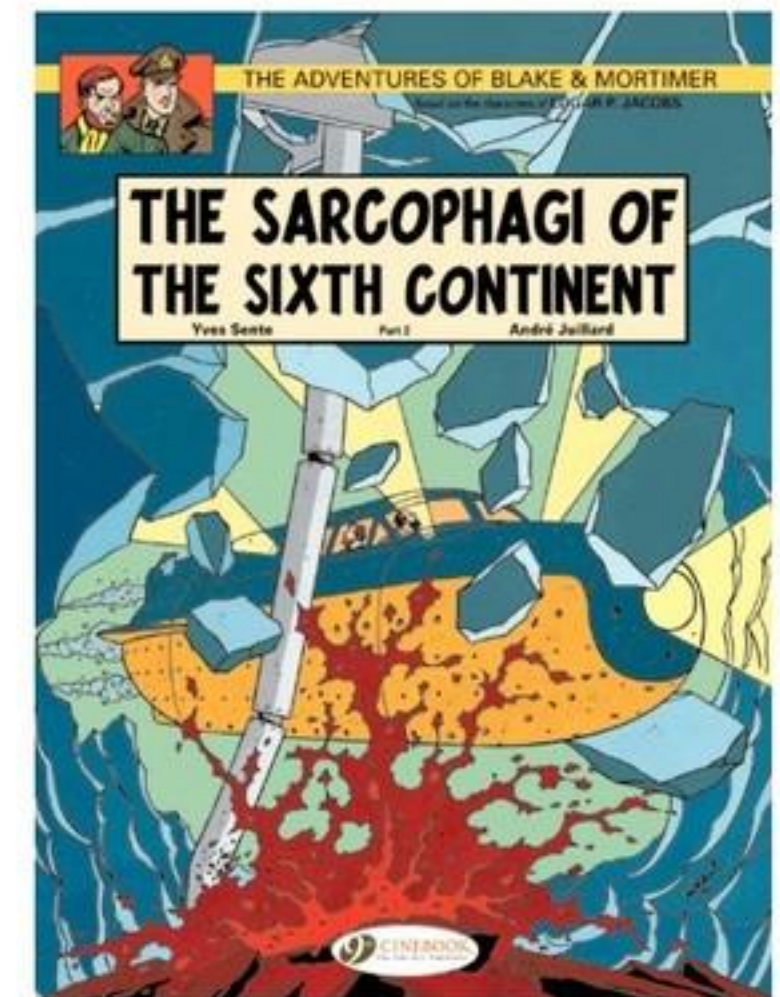
7-The Affair of the Necklace
EDGAR P. JACOBS



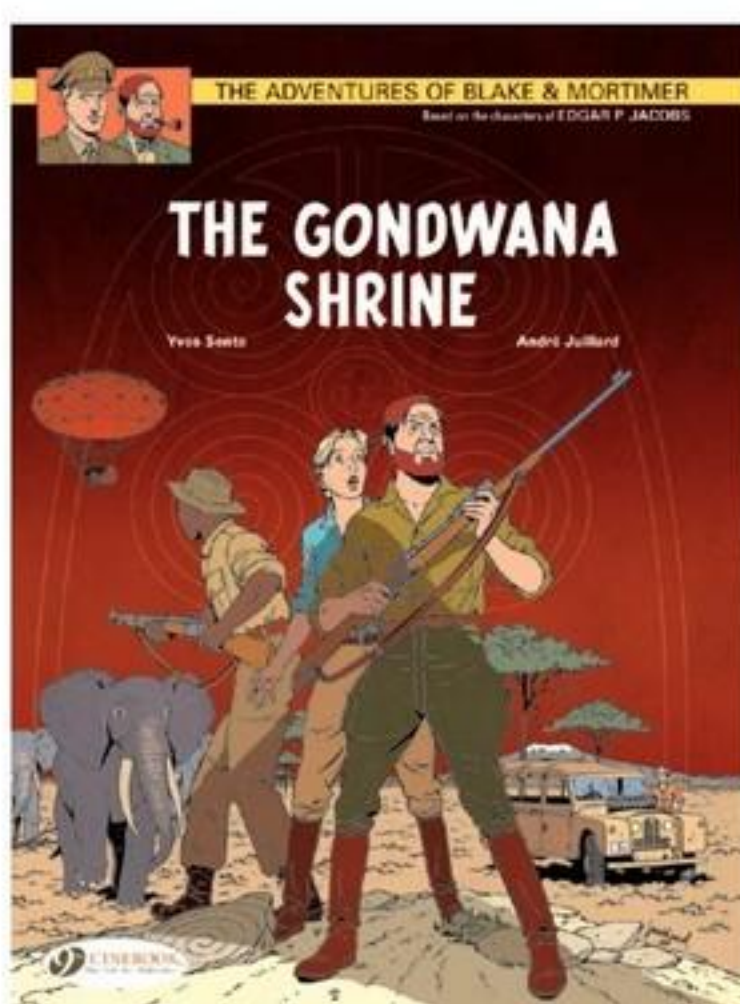
8-The Voronov Plot
SENTE - JUILLARD



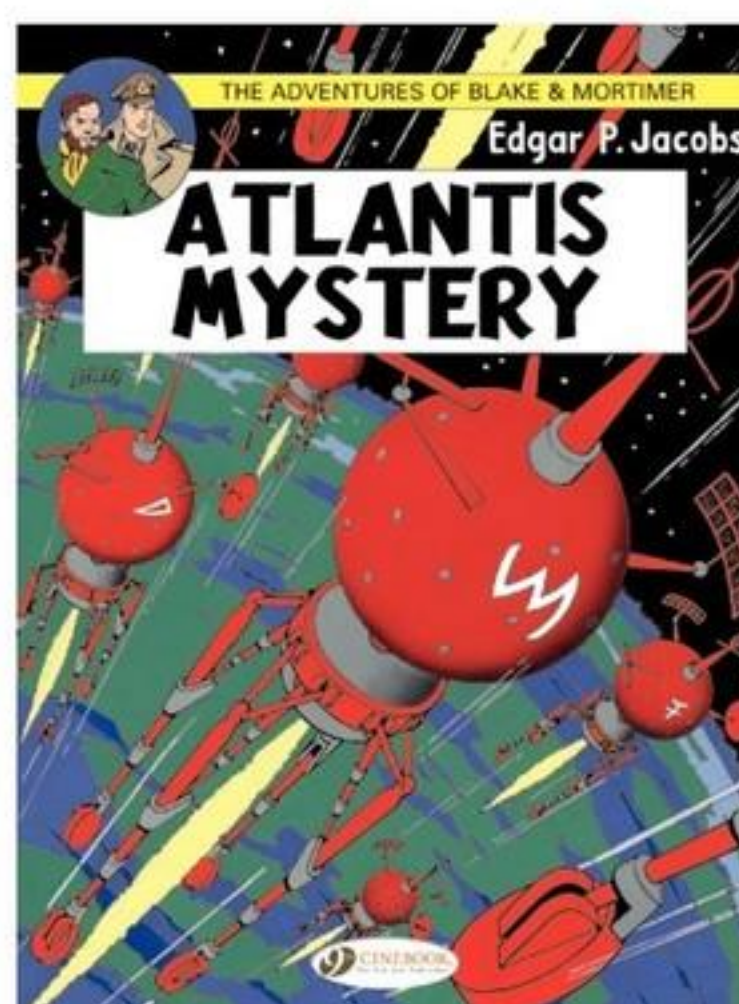
9-The Sarcophagi of the Sixth Continent Part 1
SENTE - JUILLARD



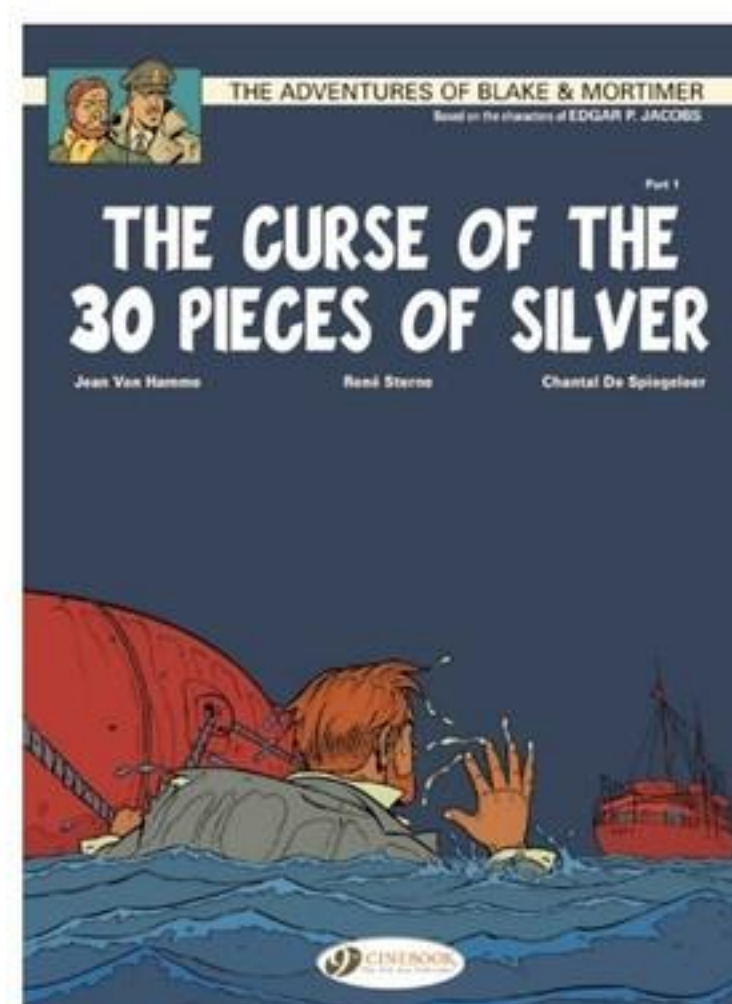
10-The Sarcophagi of the Sixth Continent Part 2
SENTE - JUILLARD



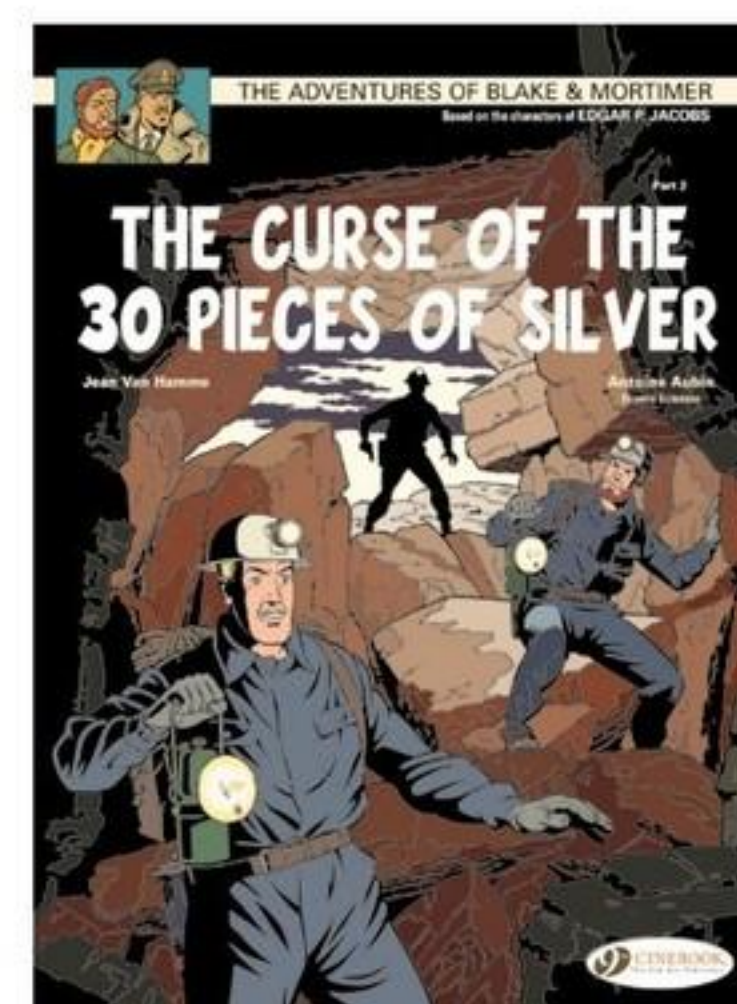
11-The Gondwana Shrine
SENTE - JUILLARD



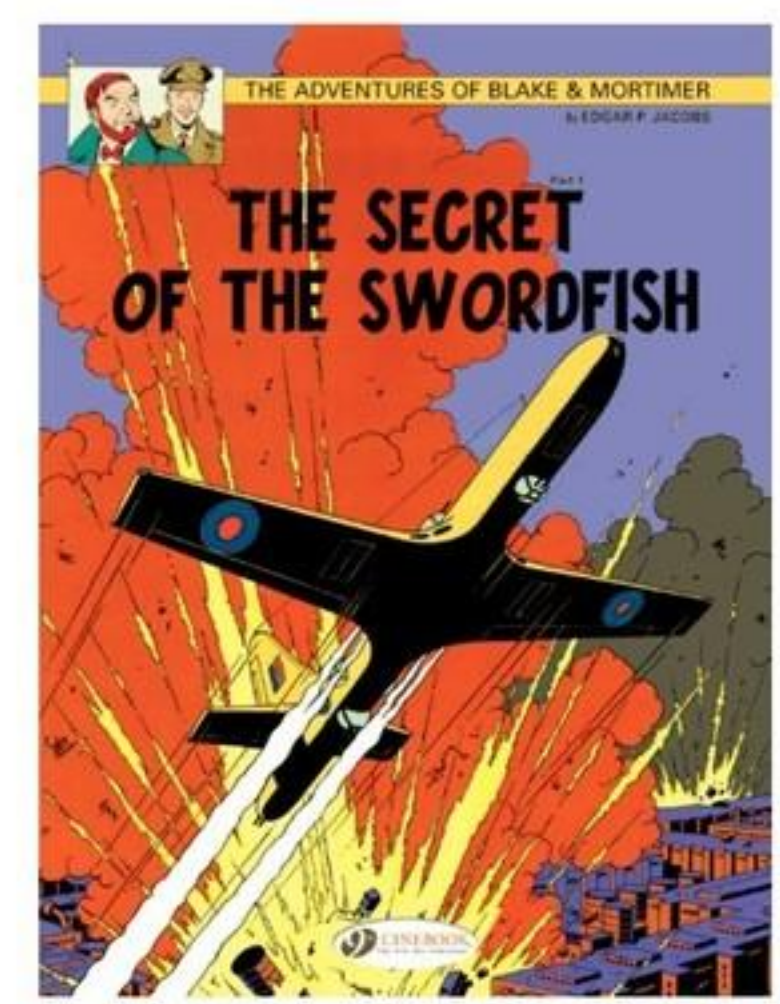
12-Atlantis Mystery
EDGAR P. JACOBS



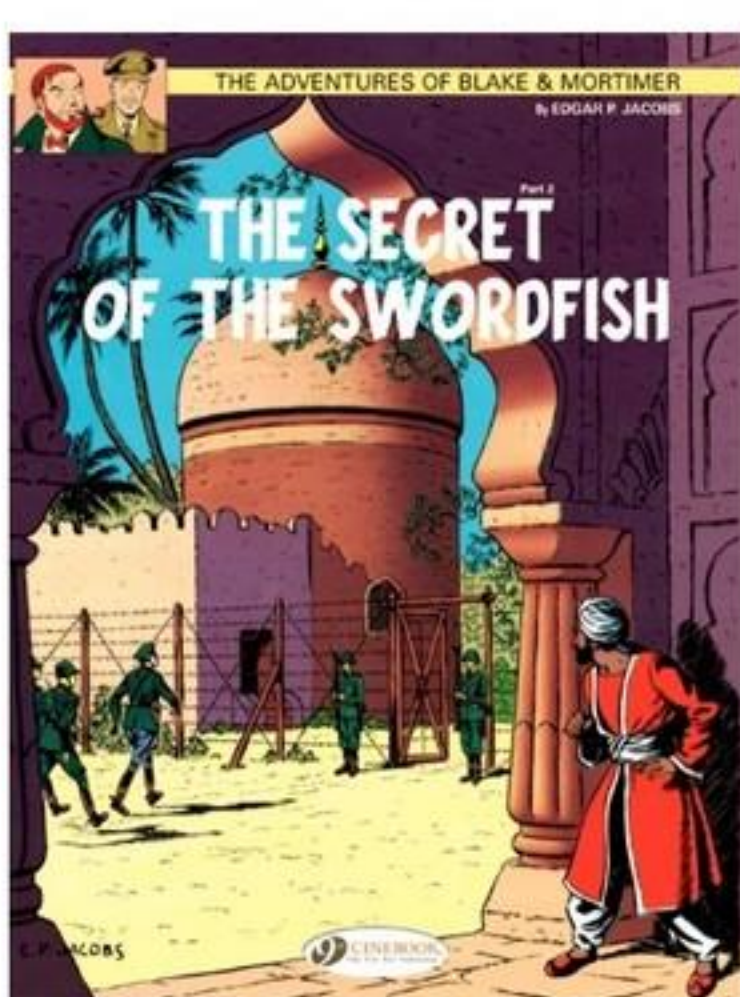
13-The Curse of the 30 Pieces of Silver Part 1
VAN HAMME - STERNE - DE SPIEGELEER



14-The Curse of the 30 Pieces of Silver Part 2
VAN HAMME - AUBIN - SCHRÉDER



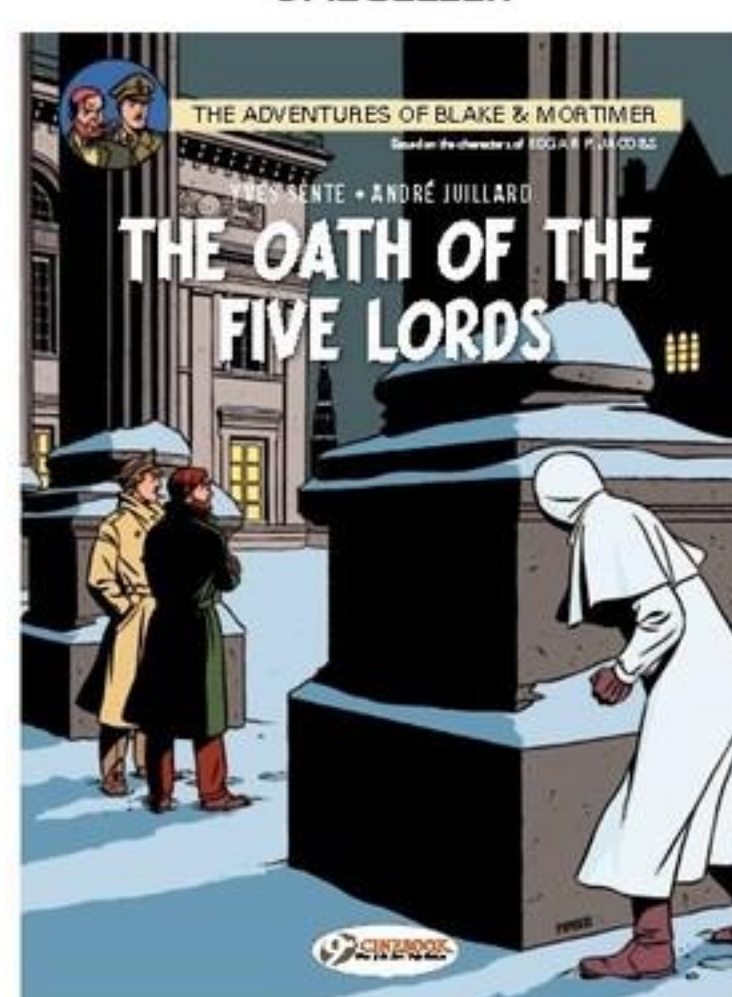
15-The Secret of the Swordfish Part 1
EDGAR P. JACOBS



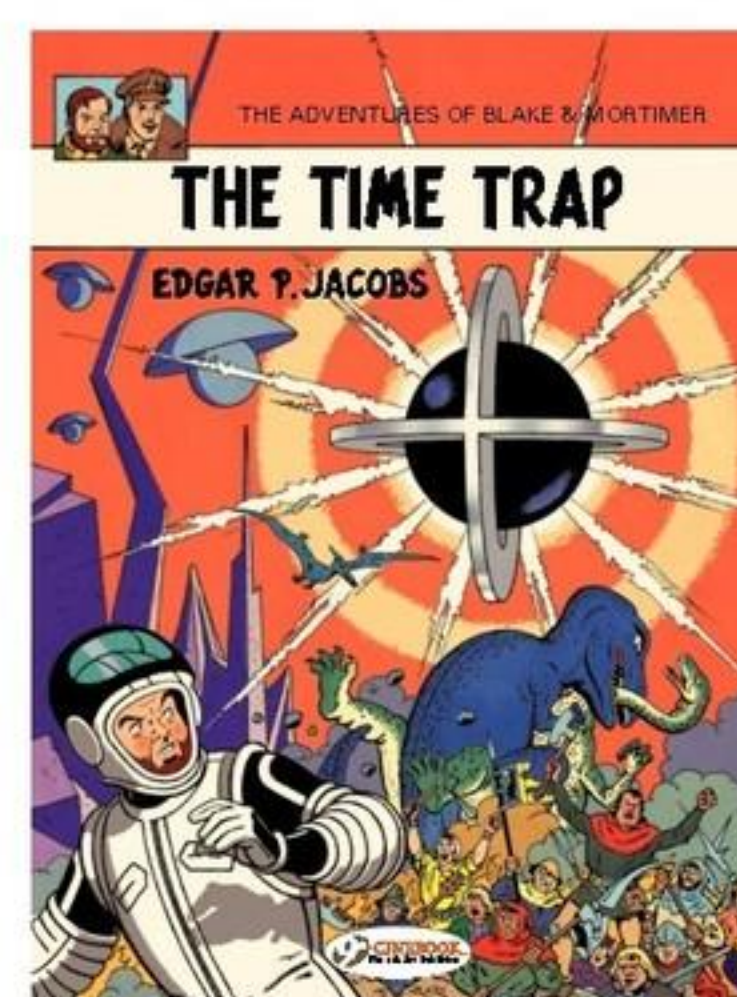
16-The Secret of the Swordfish Part 2
EDGAR P. JACOBS



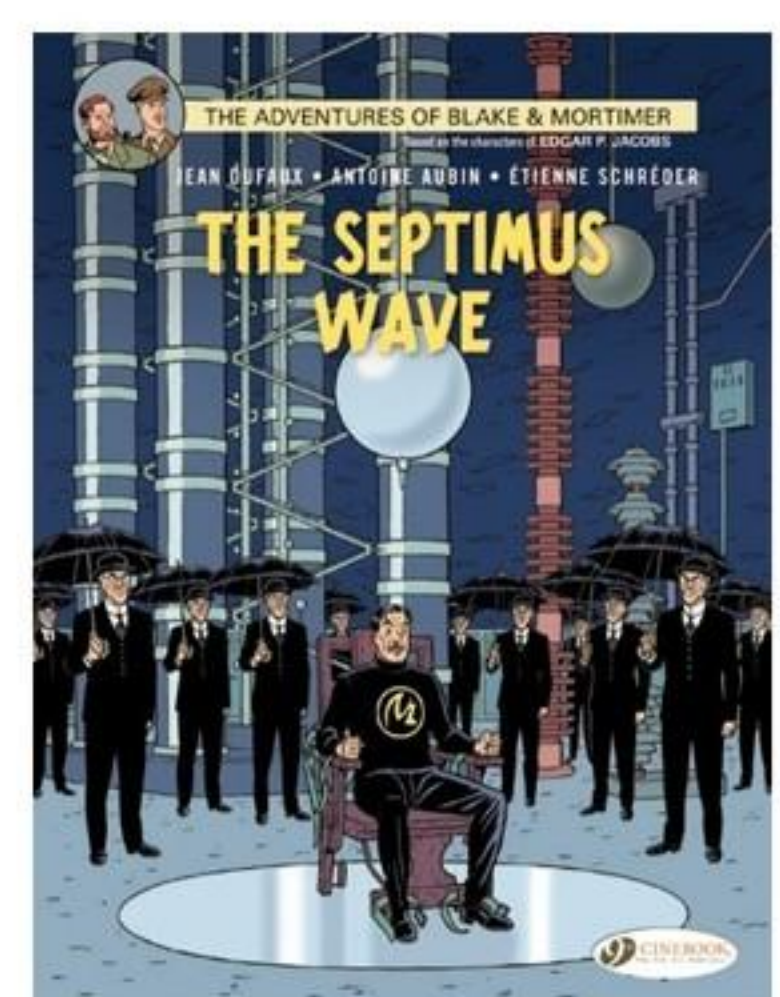
17-The Secret of the Swordfish Part 3
EDGAR P. JACOBS



18-The Oath of the Five Lords
SENTE - JUILLARD



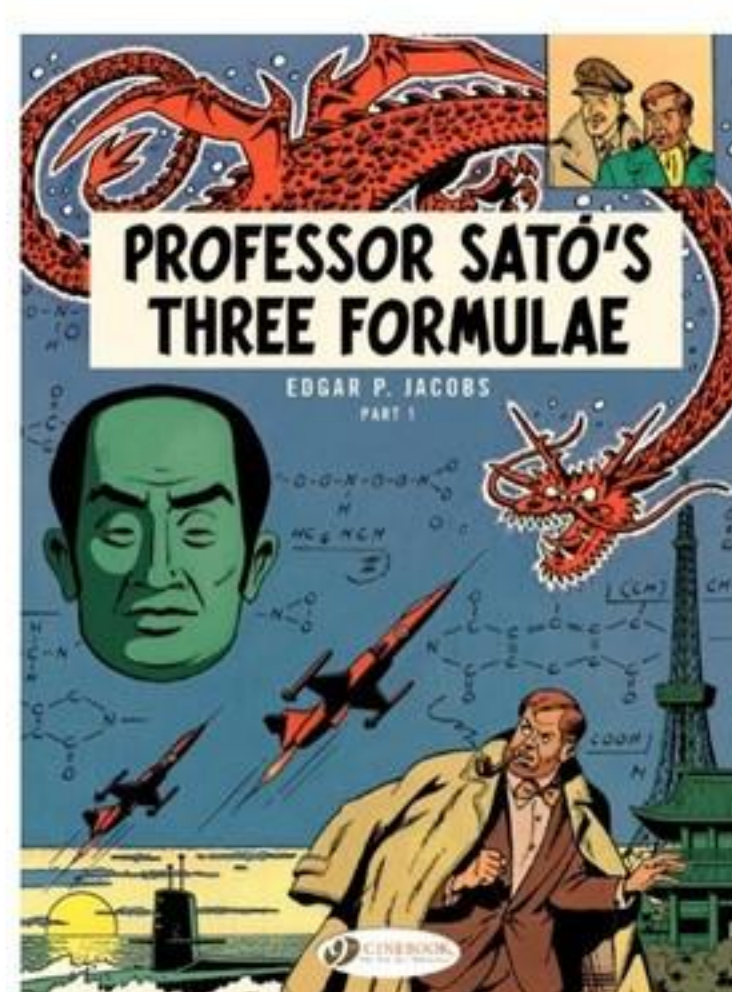
19-The Time Trap
EDGAR P. JACOBS



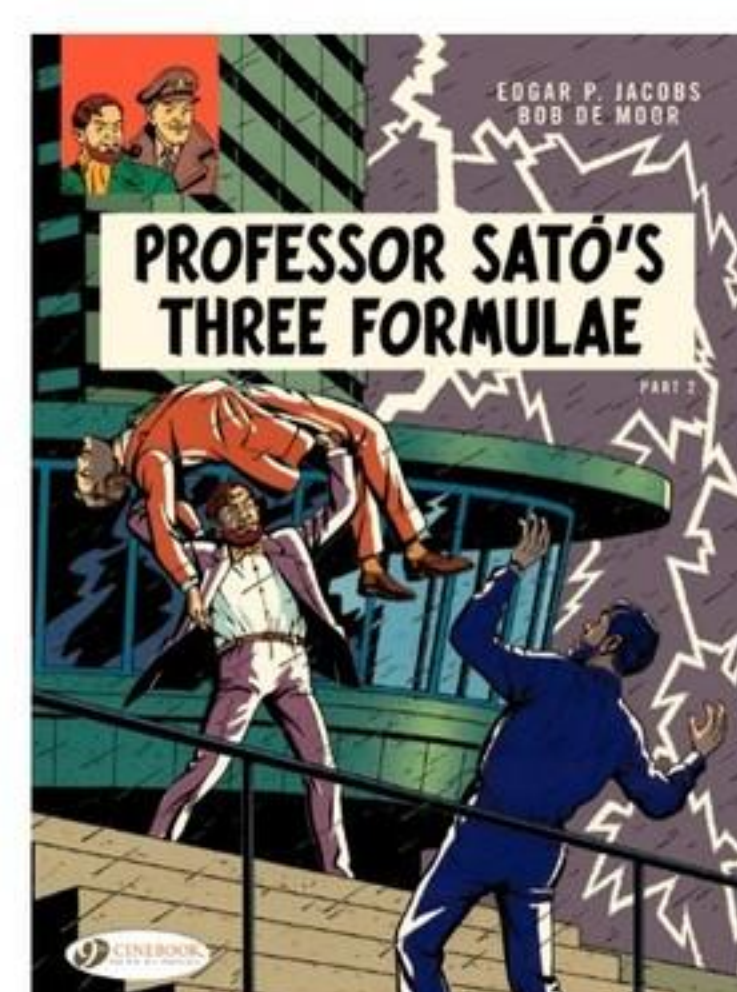
20-The Septimus Wave
DUFAUX - AUBIN - SCHRÉDER



20-Plutarch's Staff
SENTE - JUILLARD



22-Professor Sató's Three Formulae
Part 1
EDGAR P. JACOBS



23-Professor Sató's Three Formulae
Part 2
JACOBS - DE MOOR

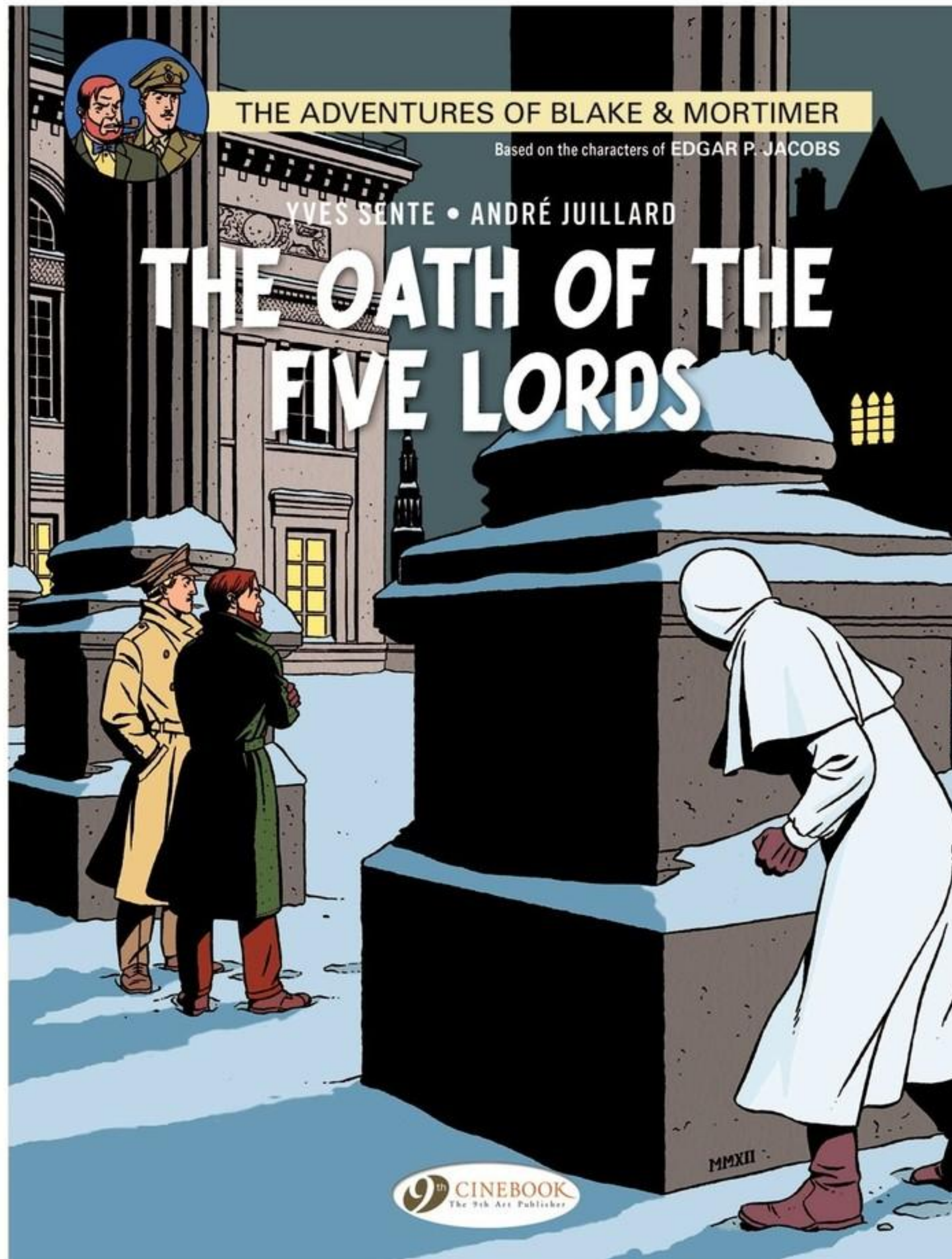
THE OATH OF THE FIVE LORDS

Yves Sente

André Juillard

Based on the characters of **EDGAR P. JACOBS**

© Editions Blake & Mortimer / Studio Jacobs (Dargaud-Lombard s.a.) - Sente & Juillard



1919. Colonel Lawrence — Lawrence of Arabia — has an unpleasant meeting with an MI5 agent who confiscates his manuscript of *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom*. 35 years later, Oxford is shocked by a series of burglaries at the Ashmolean Museum, at the same time as Blake learns of the death of an old friend. The captain begins an investigation, while Mortimer looks into the thefts... But what dark connection does all of this have with Lawrence and Blake's own past?



© Rita Scaglia / Dargaud

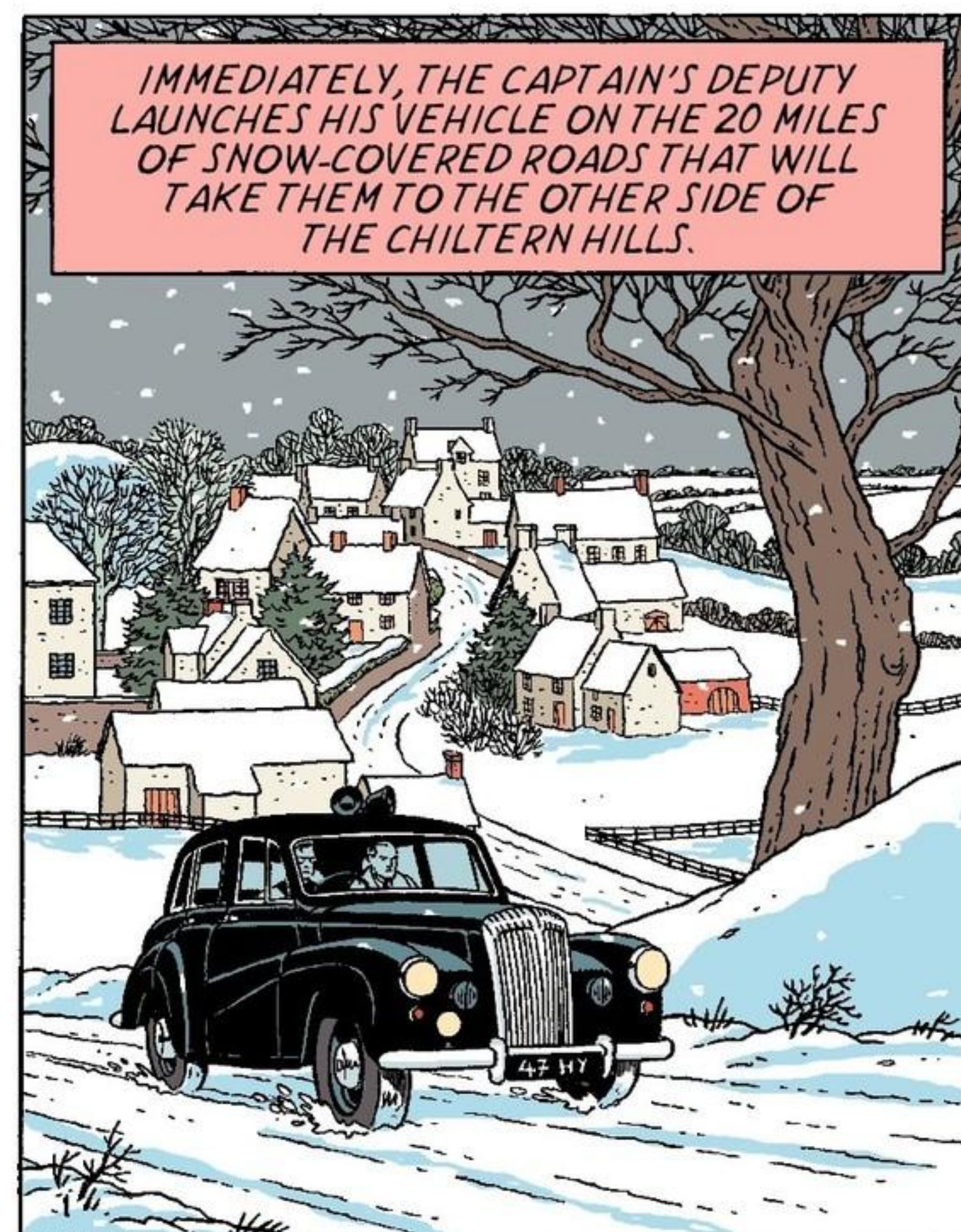
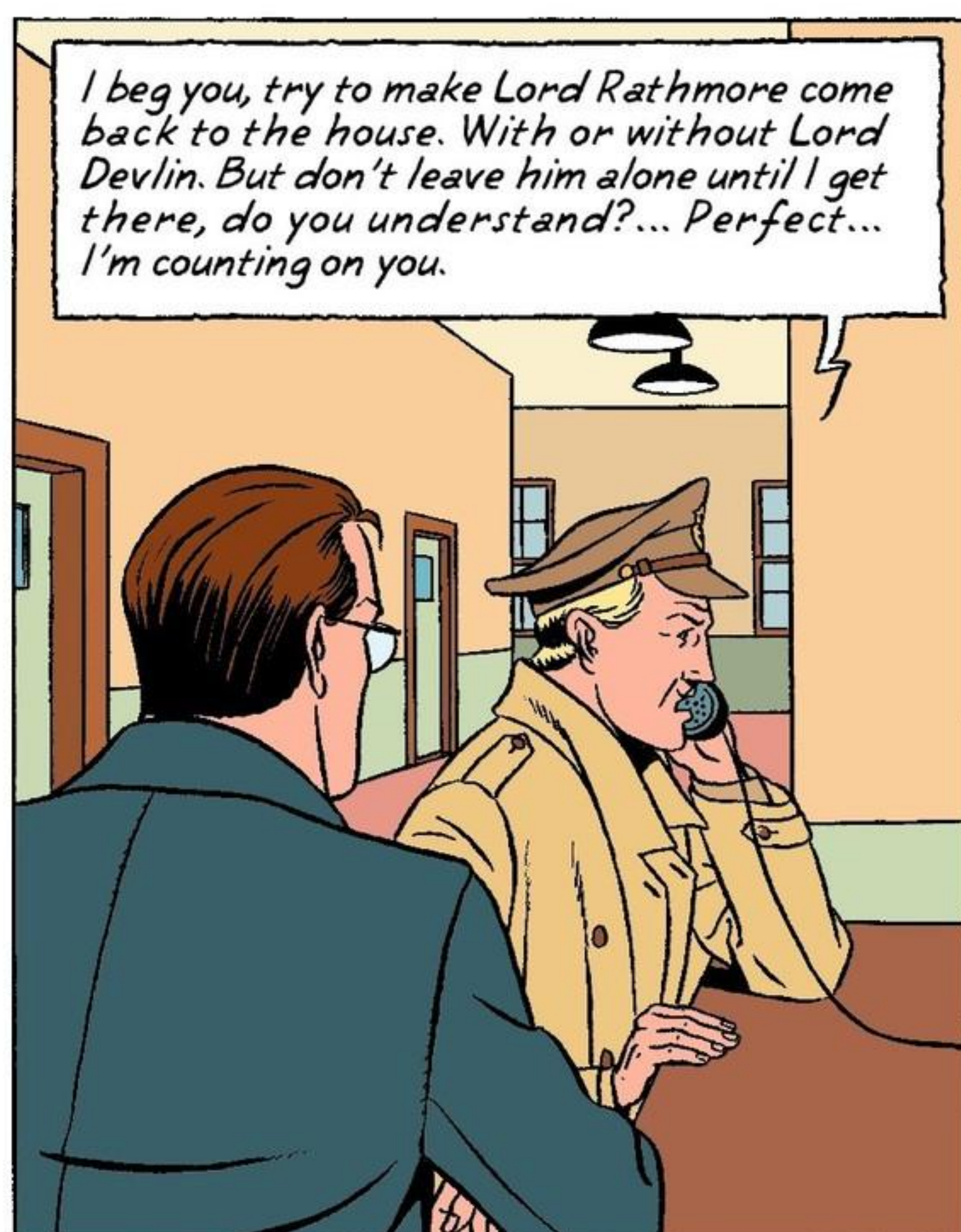
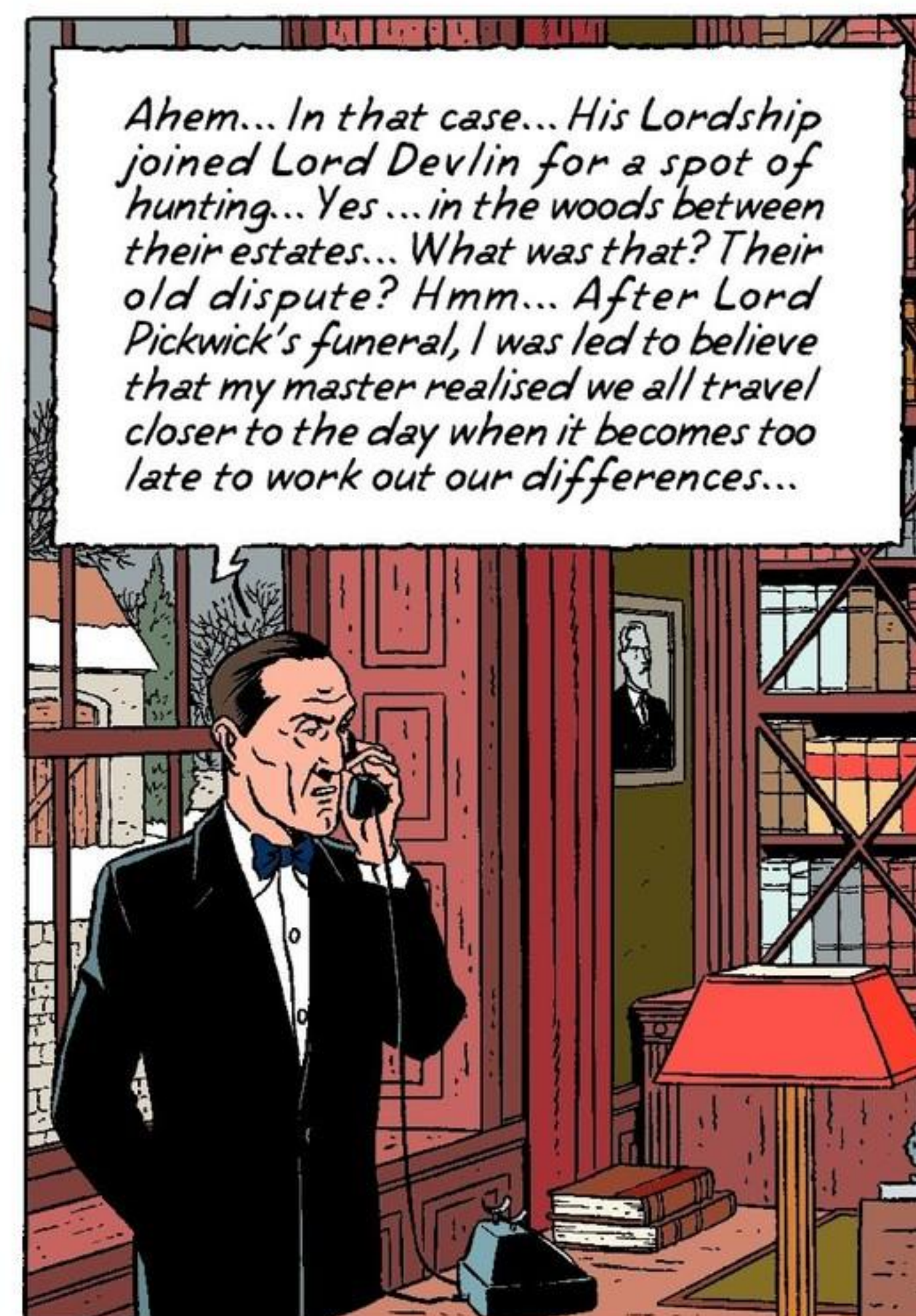
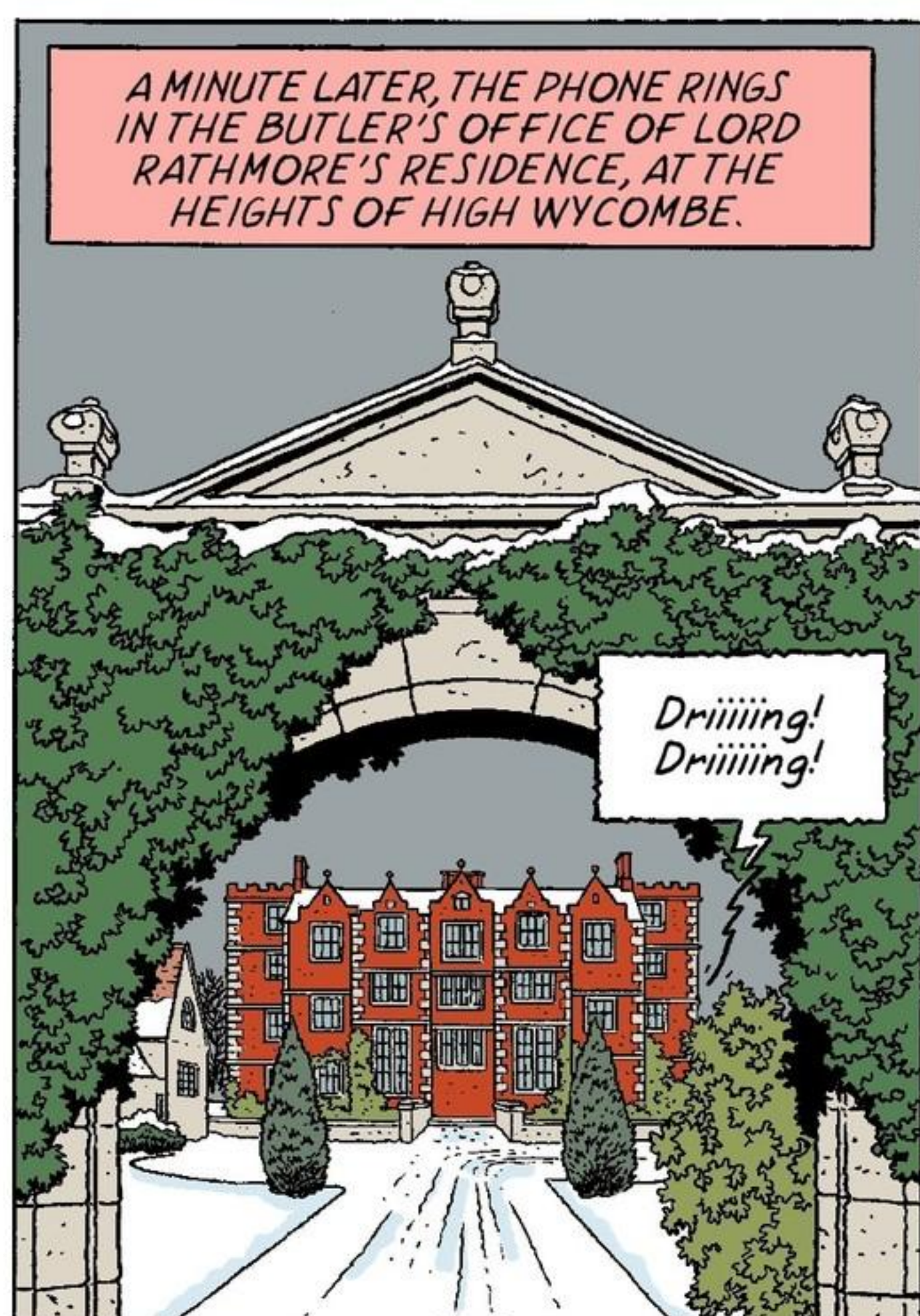
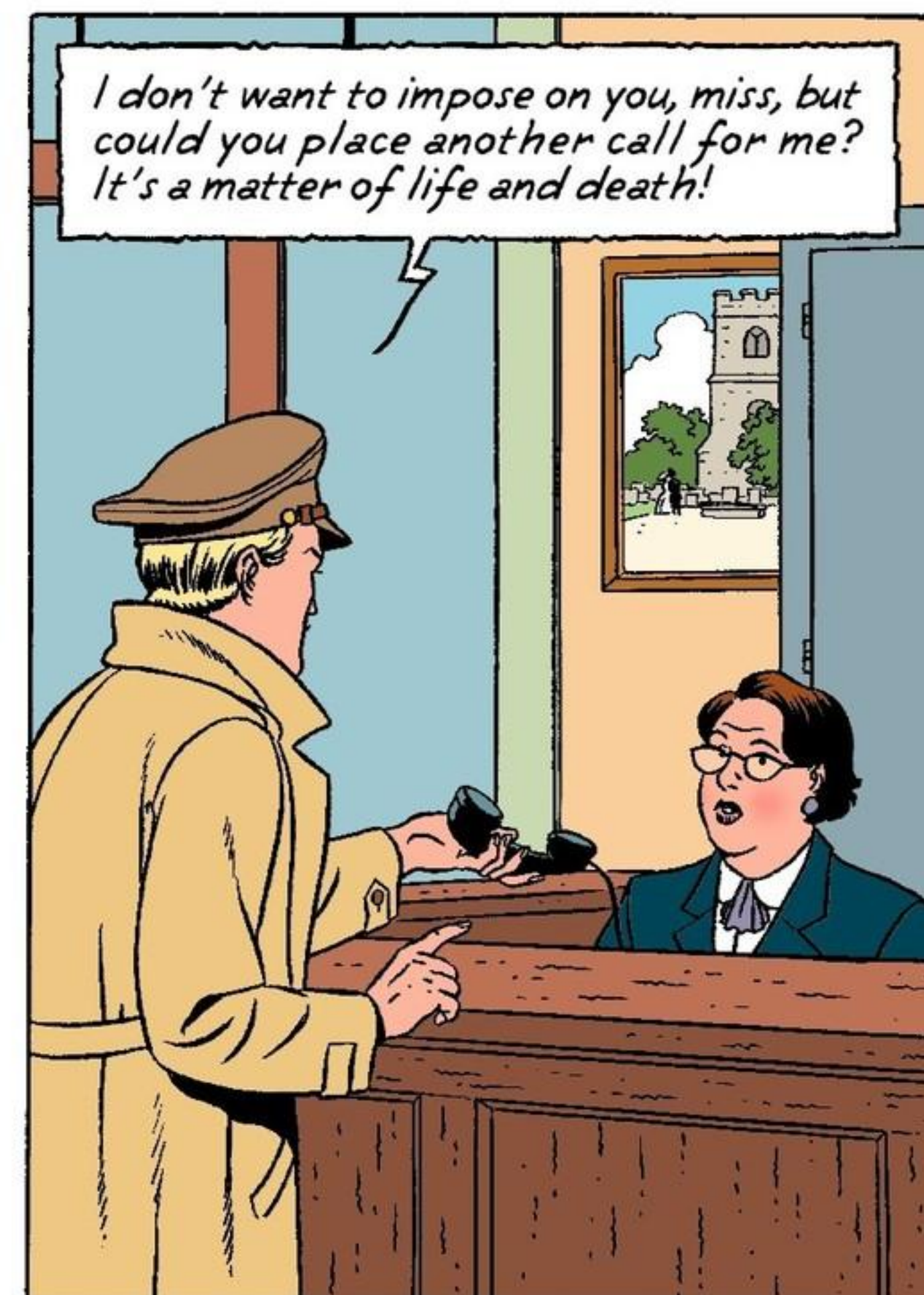
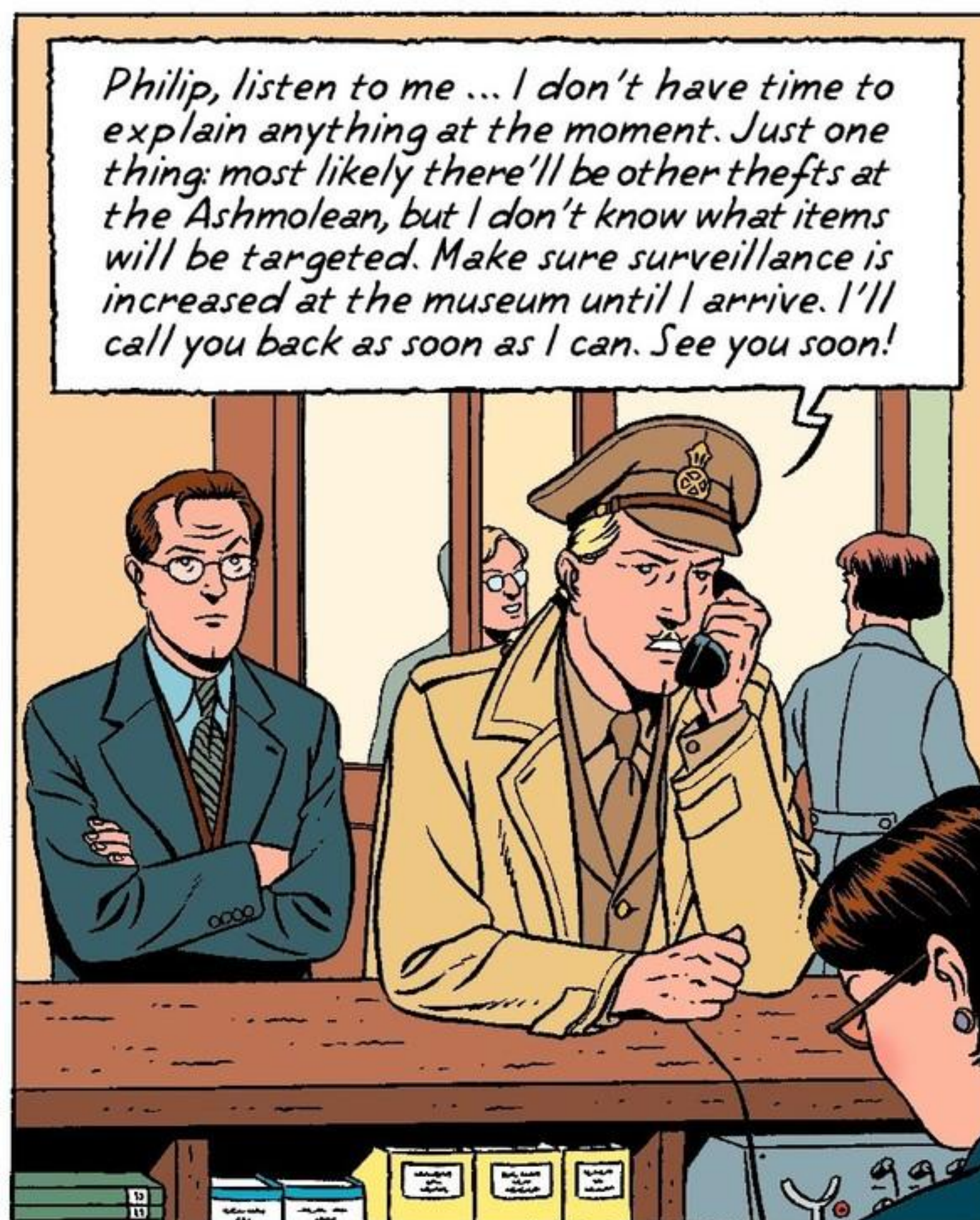
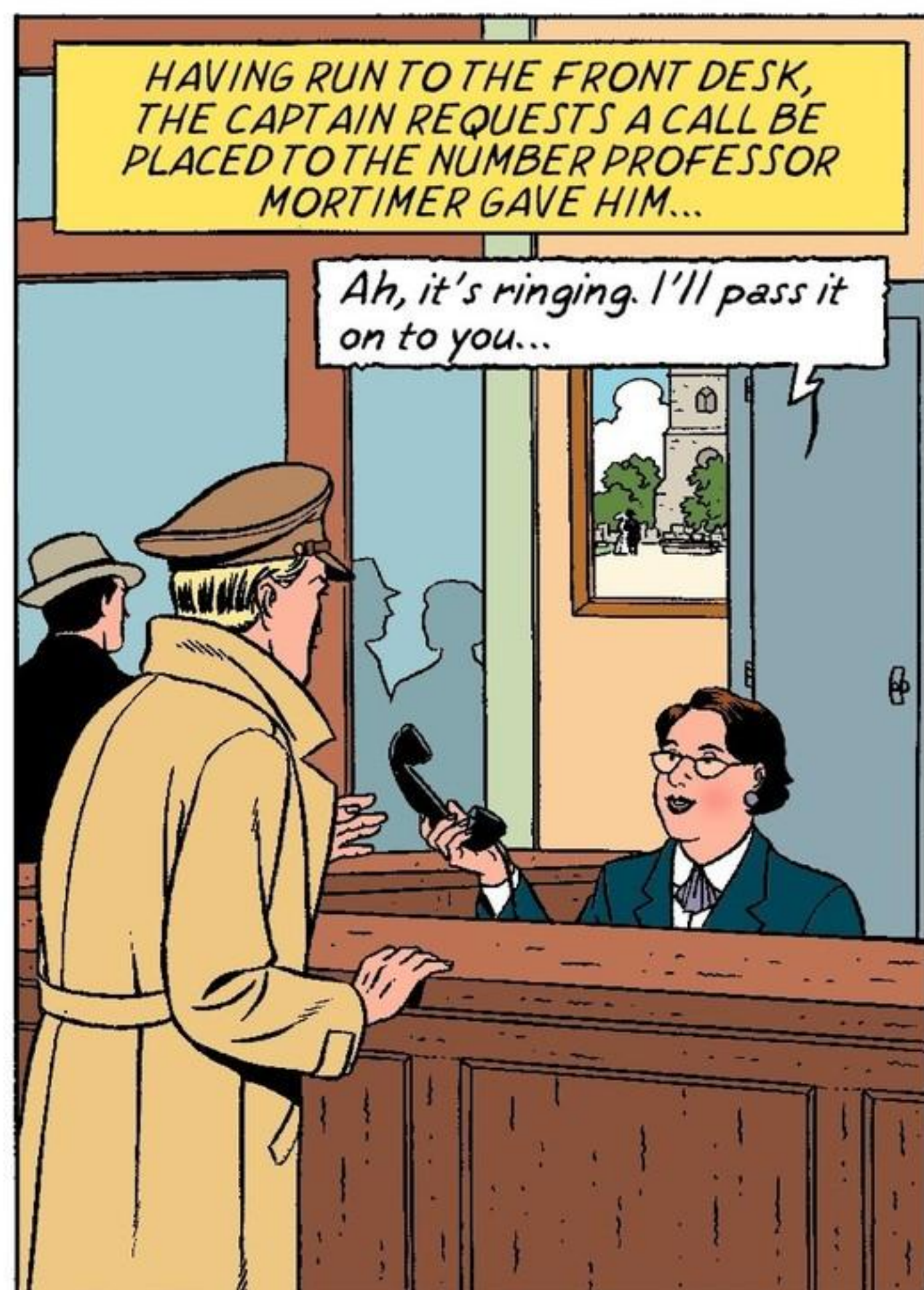


André Juillard is a celebrated artist with a career spanning more than 35 years. He has worked on famous series such as "Les Sept Vies de L'Épervier" and "Masquerouge." In 1996, he was awarded the Grand Prix at the Angoulême festival.

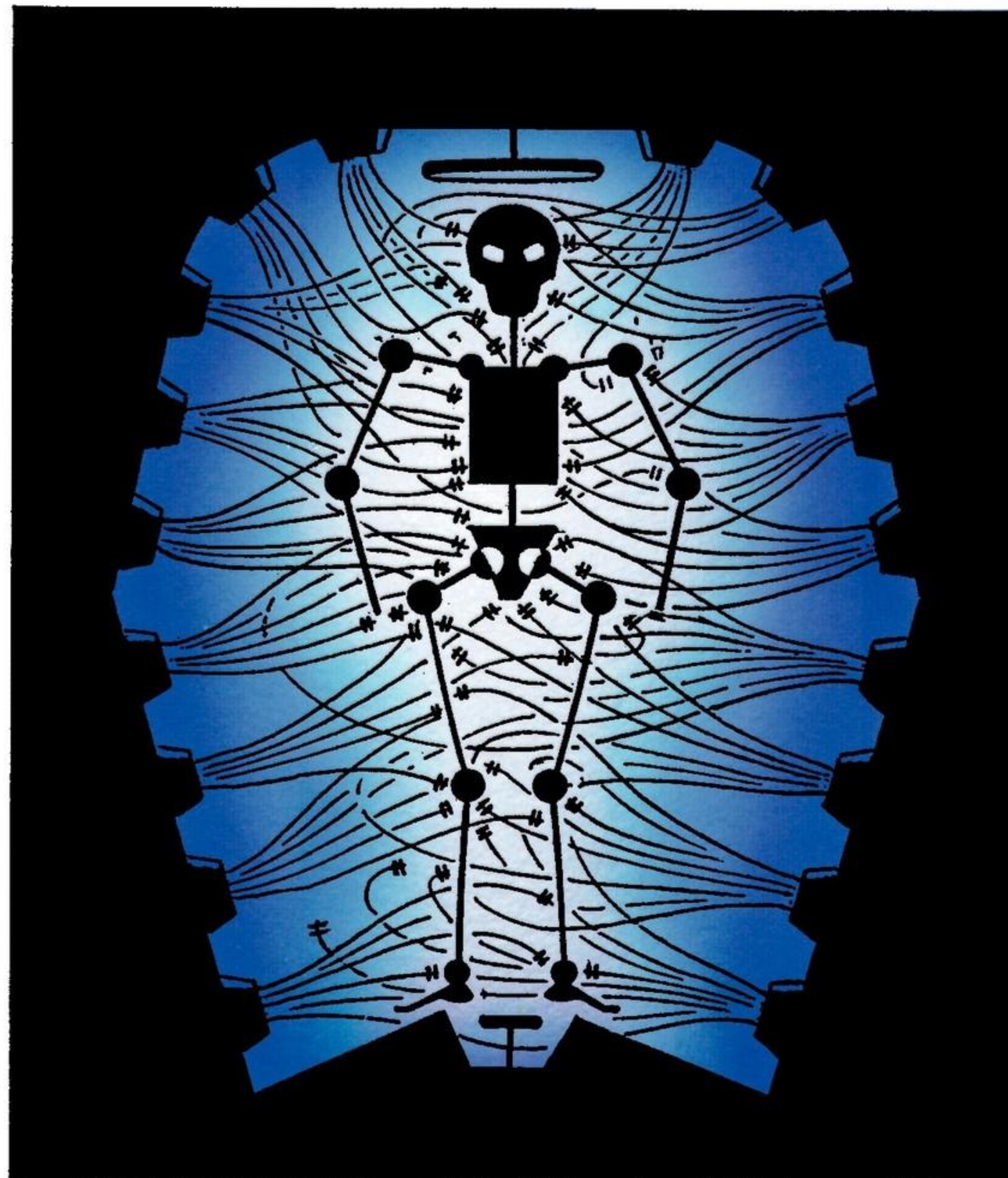
Yves Sente began writing scripts in 1999. He has already acquired considerable clout, being chosen as successor to **Jean Van Hamme** for the series "Thorgal" (with **Grzegorz Rosinski**) and "XIII" (with **Iouri Jigounov**), and working with **Jean Van Hamme** on "Blake & Mortimer."



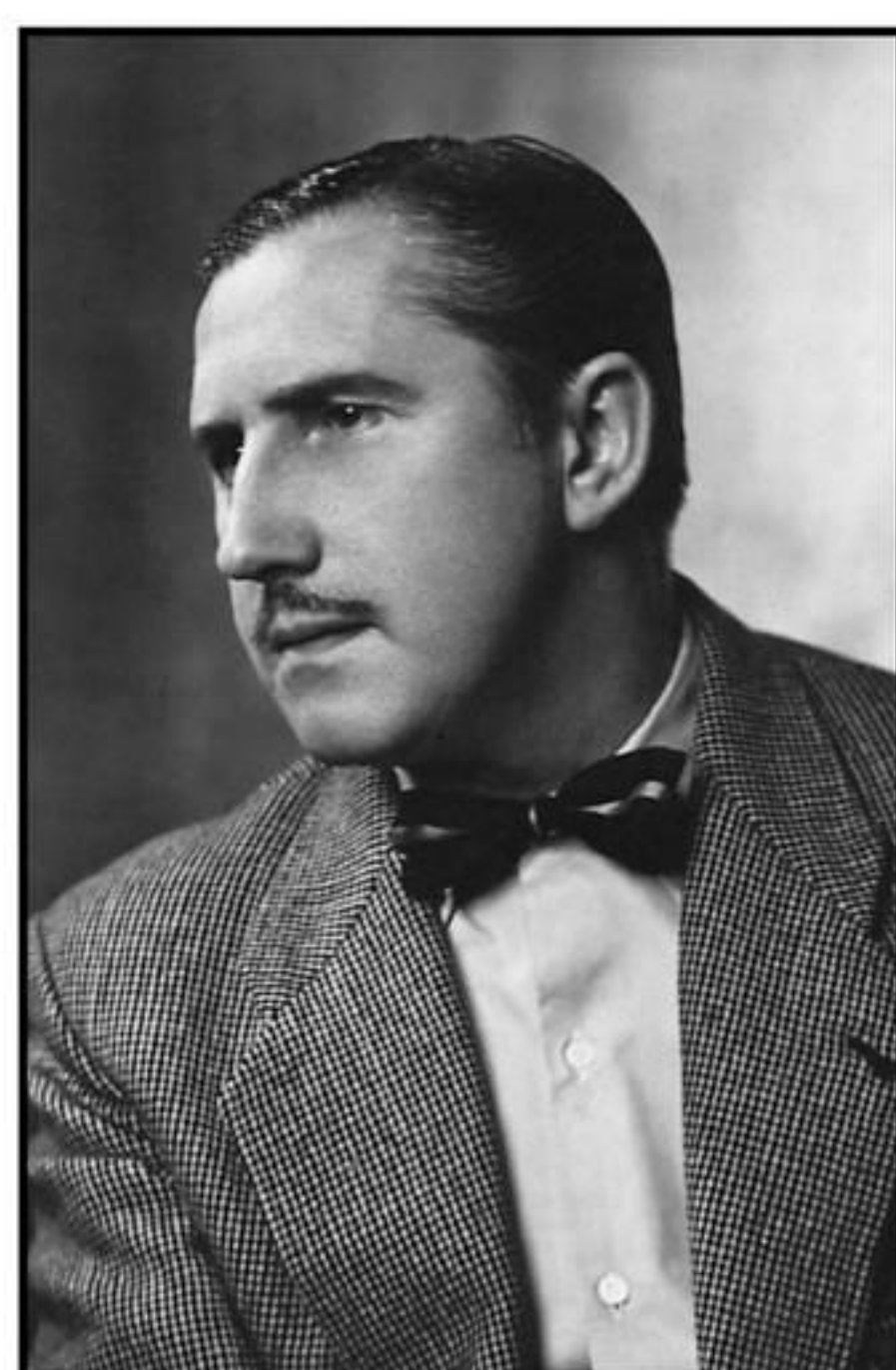
© E. Charneux / Dargaud



MORTIMER VISITS JAPAN AND TANGLES WITH HIGHLY ADVANCED ROBOTS – AS YOU DO!



© 2013- Editions Blake & Mortimer / Studio Jacobs (Dargaud-Lombard s.a.)



EDGARP. JACOBS – 1946

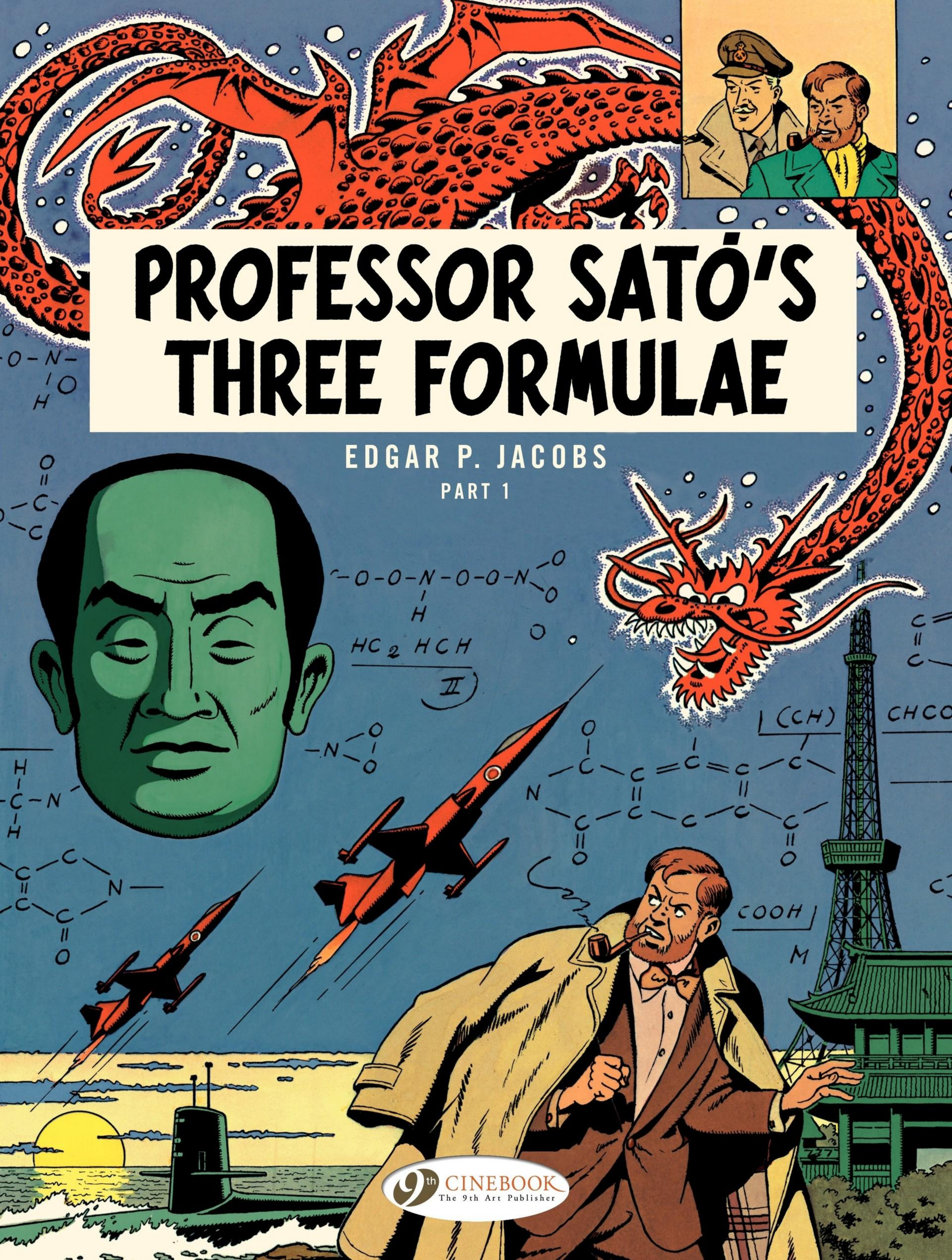
PROFESSOR SATÓ'S THREE FORMULAE

Part 1

FEBRUARY 2016

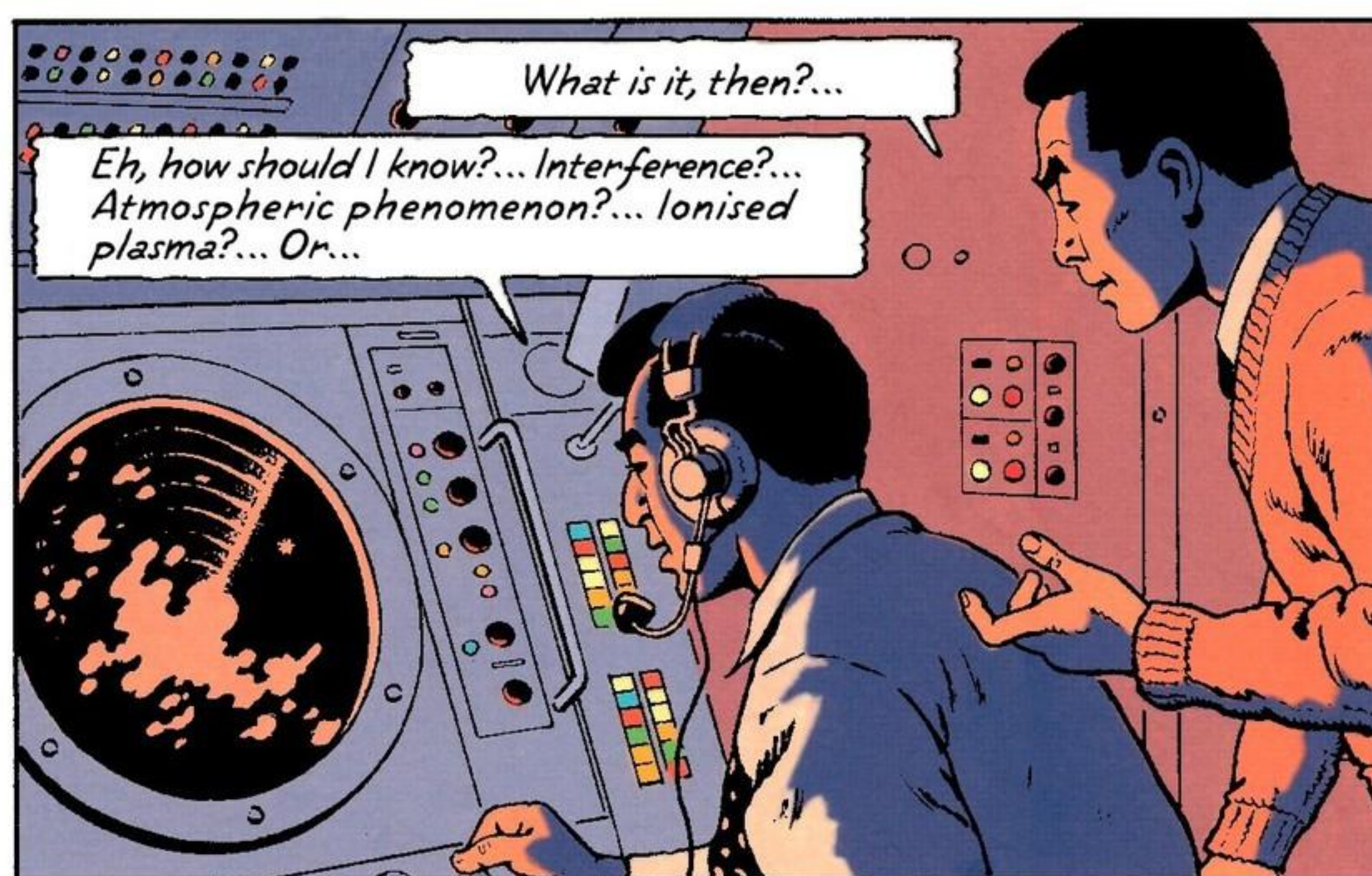
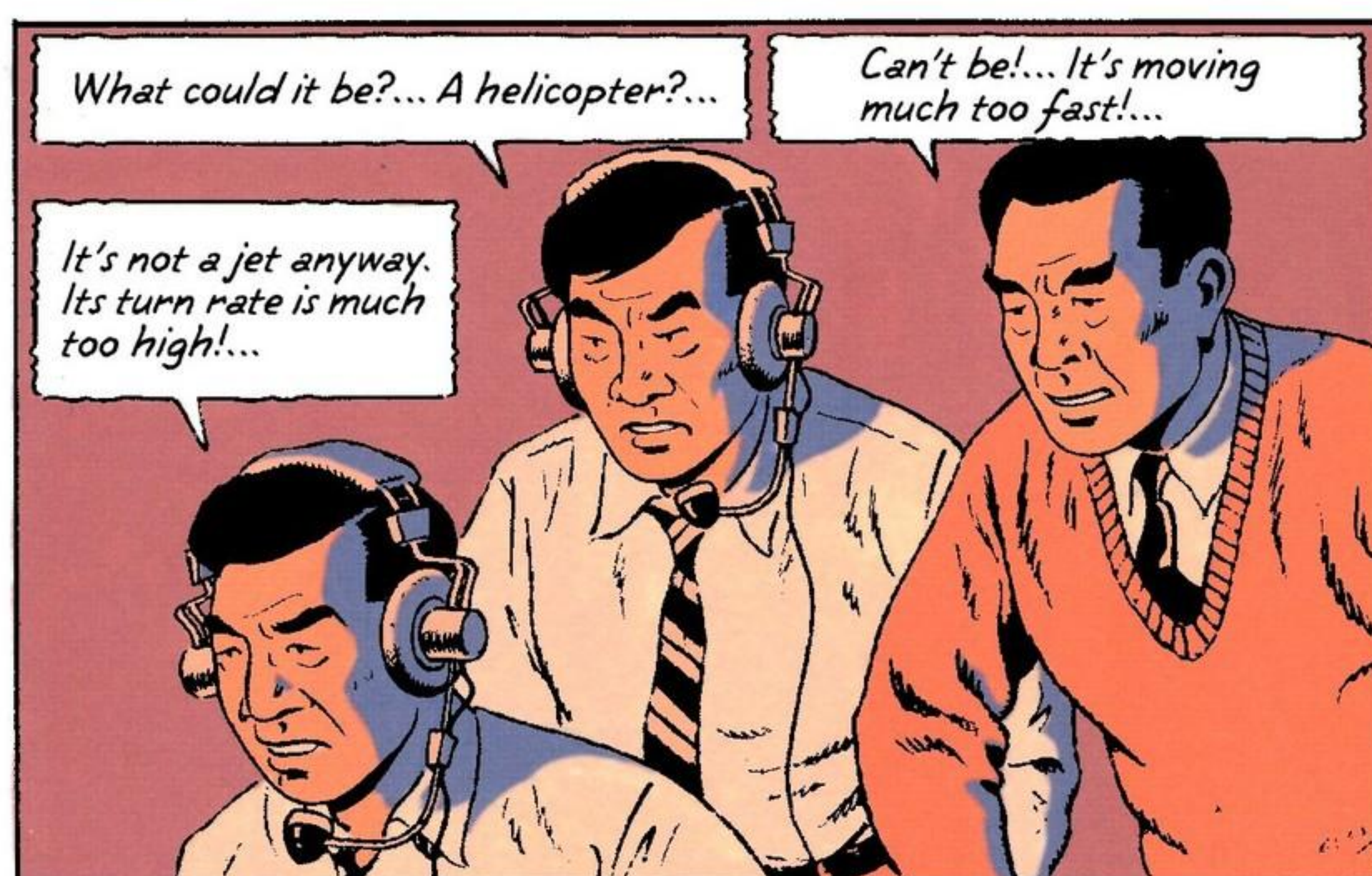
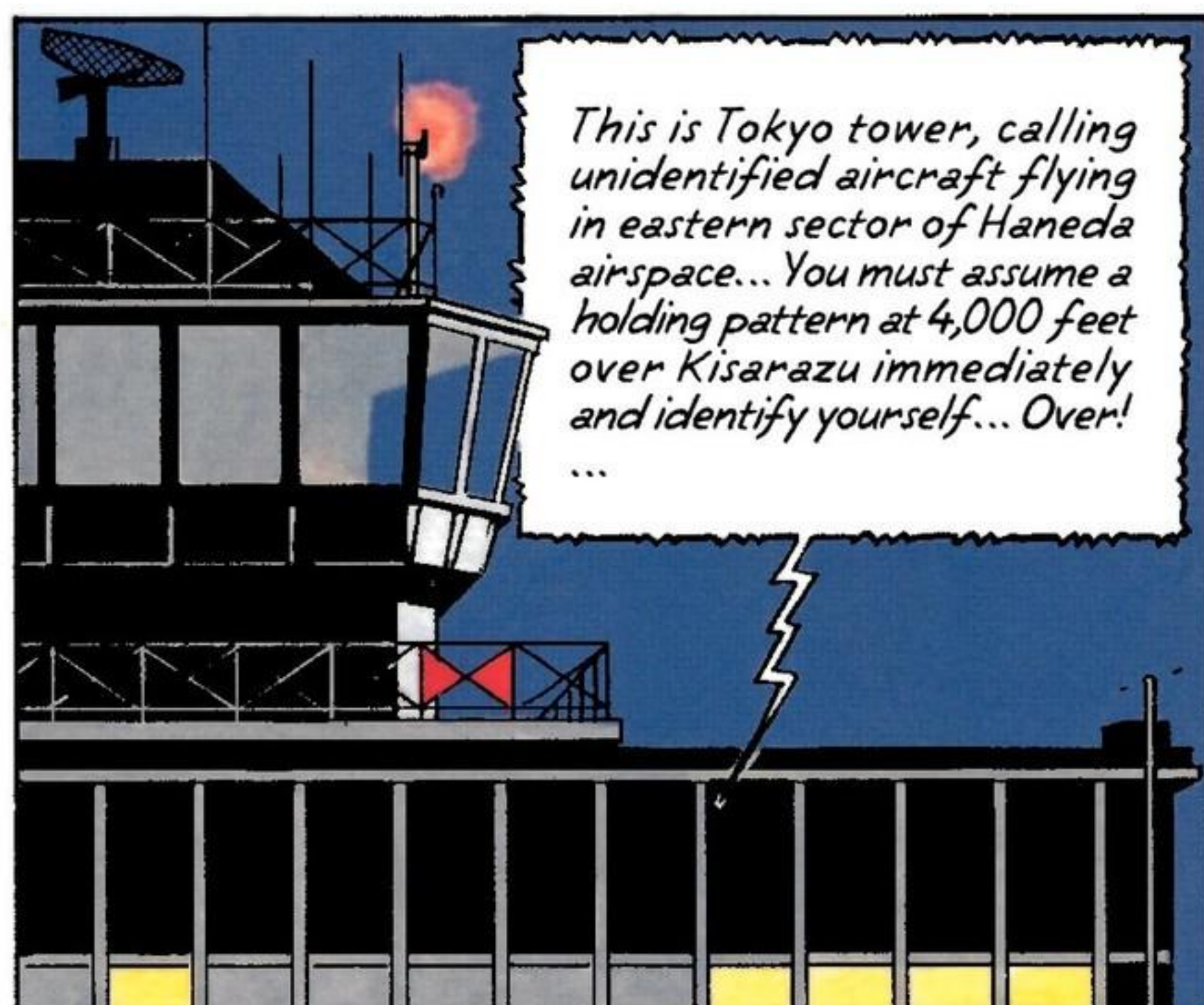
PUBLISHED BY





PROFESSOR SATÓ'S THREE FORMULAE

EDGAR P. JACOBS
PART 1



**DAMMIT!

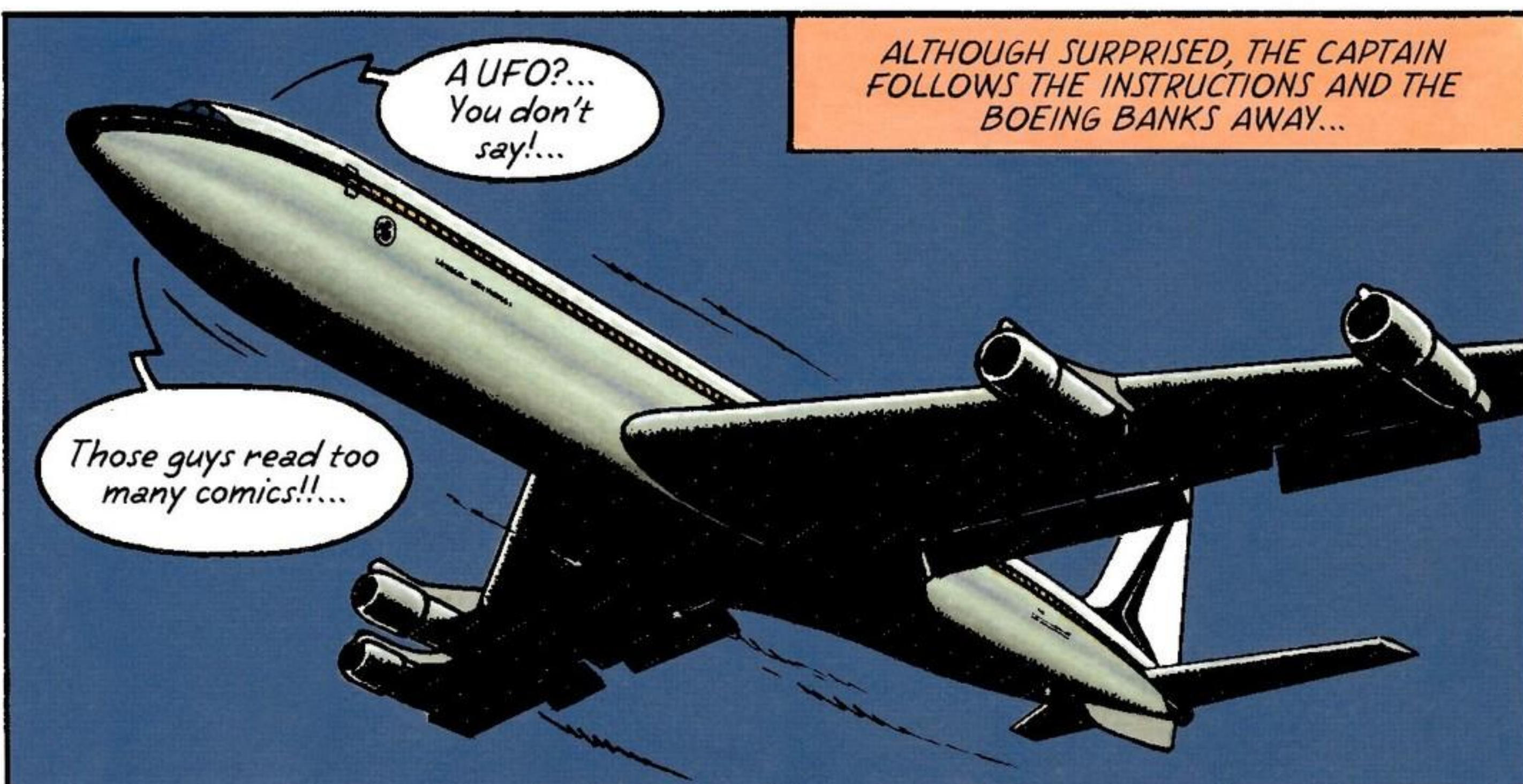
PROFESSOR SATO'S THREE FORMULAE

Tokyo tower to AF 117... Maintain 2,500 feet and assume a holding pattern!... There's ... something... er... a UFO is in the approach sector... Out!...



A UFO?... You don't say!...

Those guys read too many comics!...



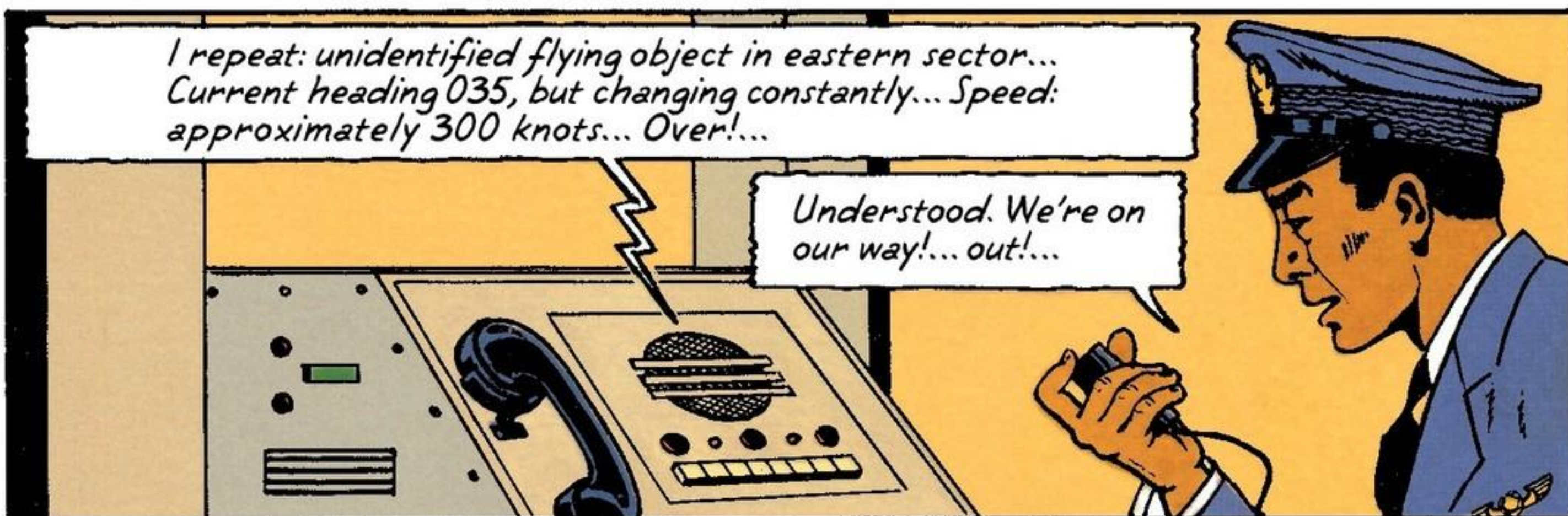
ALTHOUGH SURPRISED, THE CAPTAIN FOLLOWS THE INSTRUCTIONS AND THE BOEING BANKS AWAY...

Better call the JASDF*, now - quickly!...



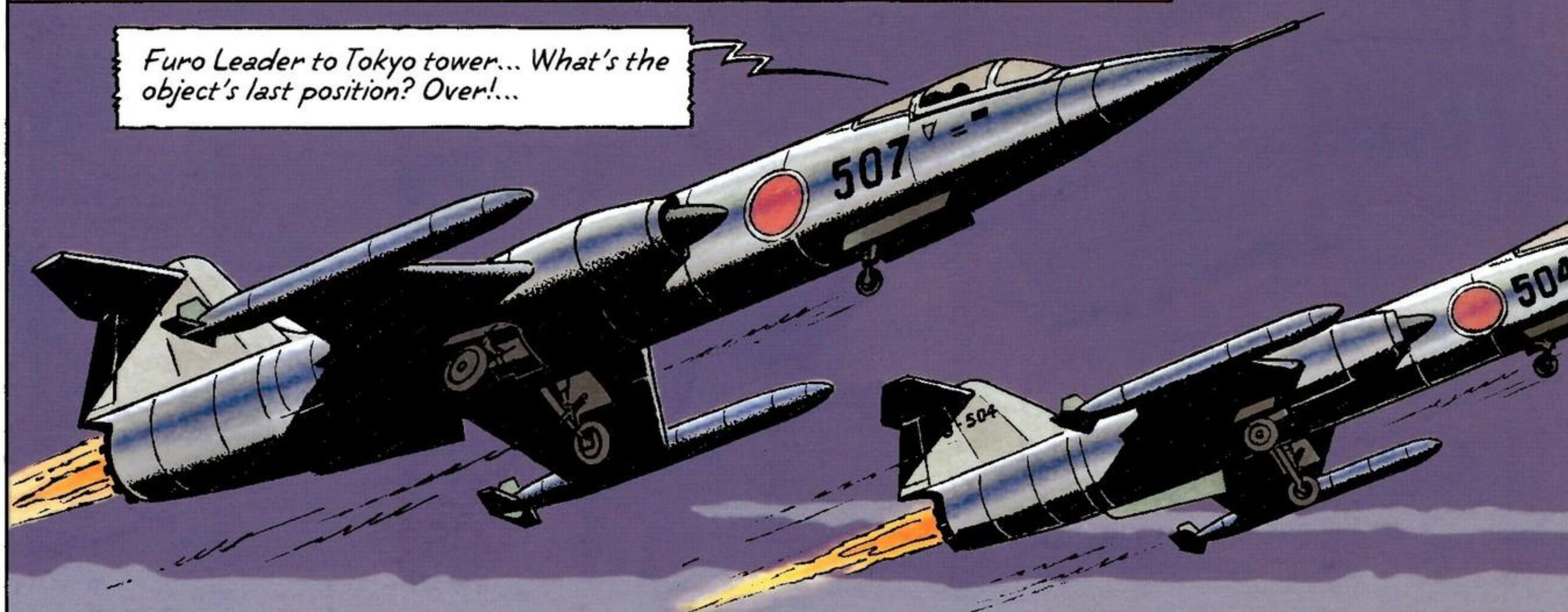
I repeat: unidentified flying object in eastern sector... Current heading 035, but changing constantly... Speed: approximately 300 knots... Over!...

Understood. We're on our way!... out!...



MOMENTS LATER, THE TWO STARFIGHTERS ON ALERT TAKE OFF WITH A DEAFENING HOWL...

Furo Leader to Tokyo tower... What's the object's last position? Over!...



This is Tokyo tower... The UFO is currently six miles to our north west. Make your heading 140... Ganbatte!*** Out!...



Furo Leader to Furo 2... First one to see the flying saucer wins a bottle of sake!...



You're on!

WHILE THE INTERCEPTORS RUSH FORWARD, THE AIR CONTROLLERS FOLLOW THE MANOEUVRES OF THEIR STRANGE QUARRY ON THEIR SCREENS...

Look at him zig-zag!... 160... 90... 120... Ah! They're getting near!



AT THAT MOMENT...

This is Furo Leader... I have the target in sight at 12 o'clock!***



*JAPANESE AIR SELF-DEFENCE FORCES
**GOOD LUCK!
***STRAIGHT AHEAD

PROFESSOR SATO'S THREE FORMULAE

Edgard Félix Pierre Jacobs (1904–1987), better known under his pen name Edgar P. Jacobs, was a comic book creator (writer and artist), born in Brussels, Belgium. It has been said of Jacobs that he didn't remember a time when he hadn't drawn.

Jacobs assisted fellow Belgian Hergé (Georges Prosper Remi) in the recasting of Hergé's *Tintin in the Congo*, *Tintin in America*, *King Ottokar's Sceptre* and *The Blue Lotus* for book publication. He also contributed directly to both the drawing and storylines for the Tintin double-albums *The Secret of the Unicorn/Red Rackham's Treasure* and *The Seven Crystal Balls/Prisoners of the Sun*.

When the comics magazine Tintin was launched on 26th September 1946, it included Jacobs' story *Le secret de l'Espadon* (*The Secret of the Swordfish*). This story would be the first in the Blake and Mortimer series.

The characters of Captain Francis Blake, dashing head of MI5, his friend Professor Philip Mortimer, a nuclear physicist, and their sworn enemy Colonel Olrik became legendary heroes of the 9th art in the long-running series.

After Jacobs' death in 1987, Bob de Moor completed his unfinished last story. In the mid-1990s, the series was continued by the Jacobs Studios with new teams of writers and artists.



ORIGINAL FRENCH EDITION		
1	1950	Le secret de l'Espadon, T1
2	1953	Le secret de l'Espadon, T2
3	1953	Le secret de l'Espadon, T3
4	1954	Le mystère de la Grande Pyramide, T1
5	1955	Le mystère de la Grande Pyramide, T2
6	1956	La marque Jaune
7	1957	L'énigme de l'Atlantide
8	1959	S.O.S. Météores
9	1962	Le piège diabolique
10	1967	L'affaire du collier
11	1971	Les trois formules du professeur Satō, T1
12	1990	Les trois formules du professeur Satō, T2 (Jacobs/De Moor)
13	1996	L'affaire Francis Blake (Van Hamme/Benoit)
14	2000	La machination Voronov (Sente/Juillard)
15	2001	L'étrange rendez-vous (Van Hamme/Benoit)
16	2003	Les sarcophages du Sixième Continent, T1 (Sente/Juillard)
17	2004	Les sarcophages du Sixième Continent, T2 (Sente/Juillard)
18	2008	Le sanctuaire du Gondwana (Sente/Juillard)
19	2009	La malédiction des 30 deniers, T1 (Van Hamme/Sterne/De Spiegeleer)
20	2010	La malédiction des 30 deniers, T2 (Van Hamme/Aubin)
21	2012	Le serment des cinq Lords (Sente/Juillard)
22	2013	L'onde Septimus (Dufaux/Aubin/Schröder)
23	2014	Le bâton de Plutarque (Sente/Juillard)

CINEBOOK EDITION		
15	2013	The Secret of the Swordfish, Part 1
16	2013	The Secret of the Swordfish, Part 2
17	2013	The Secret of the Swordfish, Part 3
2	2007	The Mystery of the Great Pyramid, Part 1
3	2008	The Mystery of the Great Pyramid, Part 2
1	2007	The Yellow "M"
12	2012	Atlantis Mystery
6	2009	S.O.S. Meteors
19	2014	The Time Trap
7	2010	The Affair of the Necklace
22	2016	Professor Satō's Three Formulae, Part 1
23	2016	Professor Satō's Three Formulae, Part 2
4	2008	The Francis Blake Affair
8	2010	The Voronov Plot
5	2009	The Strange Encounter
9	2011	The Sarcophagi of the Sixth Continent, Part 1
10	2011	The Sarcophagi of the Sixth Continent, Part 2
11	2011	The Gondwana Shrine
13	2012	The Curse of the 30 Pieces of Silver, Part 1
14	2012	The Curse of the 30 Pieces of Silver, Part 2
18	2014	The Oath of the Five Lords
20	2015	The Septimus Wave
21	2015	Plutarch's Staff

Original title: Le Bâton de Plutarque

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LYNX-EMPIRE